The Dollars and Logic of Reordered Priorities

WALLA WALLA VALLEY ACADEMY

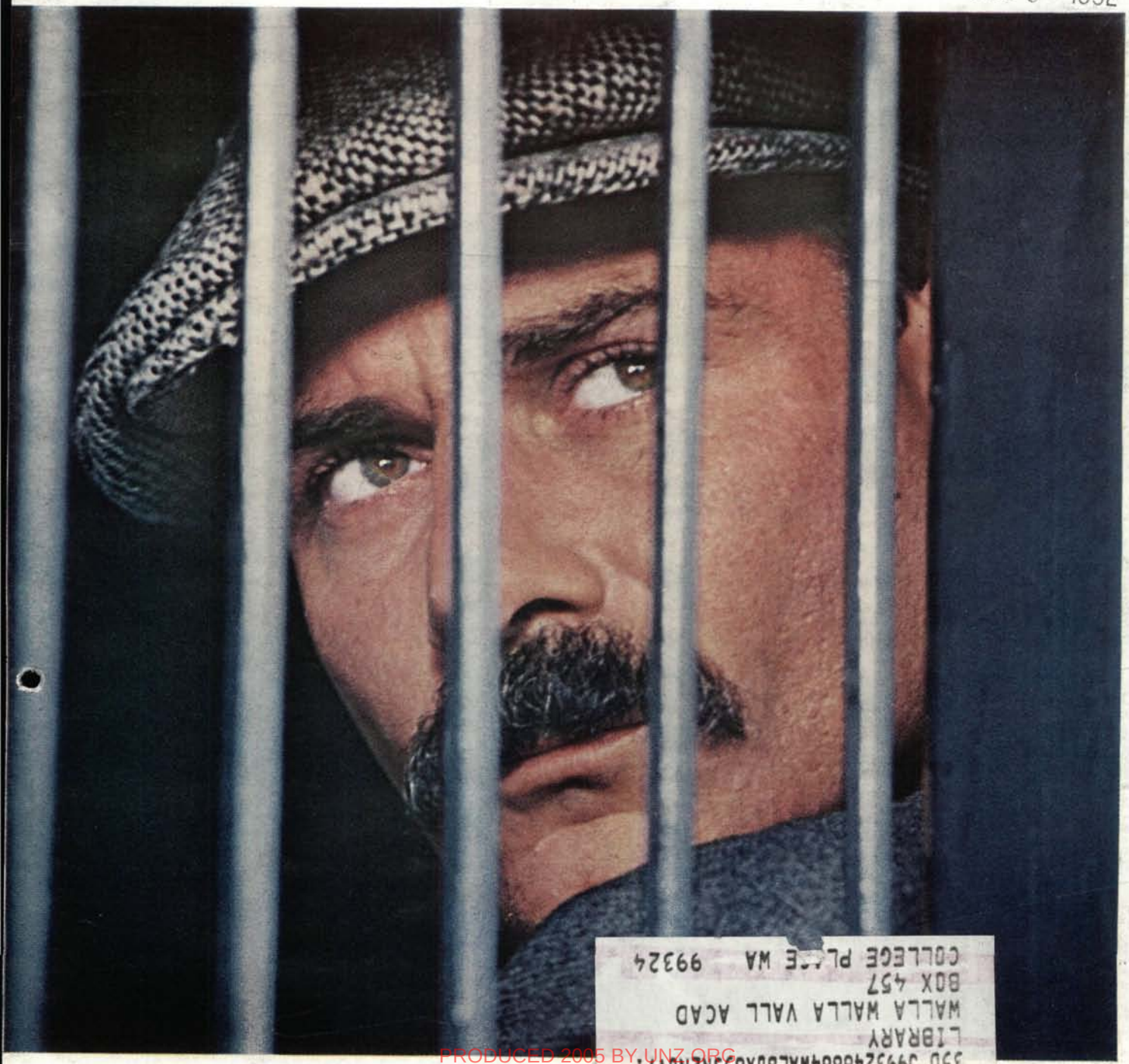
Saturday Review

October 9, 1971 / 50c

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

Sacco and Vanzetti Revived on Film / by Hollis Alpert

RECEIVED
JUL 8 1992



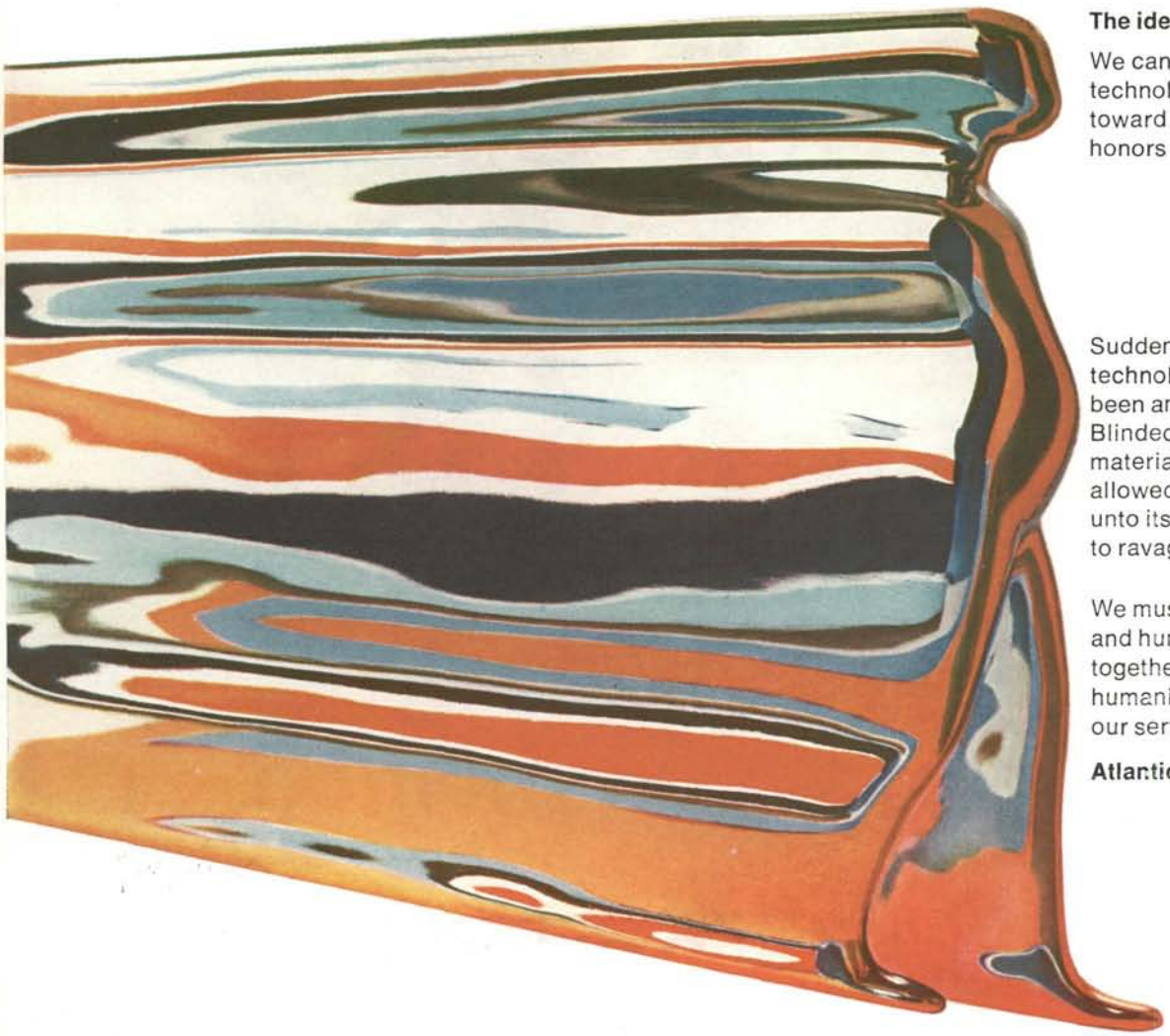
LIBRARY
WALLA WALLA VALL ACAD
BOX 457
COLLEGE PLACE WA 99324

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

artist: trova

The real

Man has created a technology that distorts his humanity.



The ideal

We can shape a new technology that moves us toward a future which honors the human dimension.

Suddenly, we know man's technological genius has not been an unmixed blessing. Blinded by its power to create material abundance, all of us allowed it to become an end unto itself and, in the process, to ravage the environment.

We must balance technological and human factors. Working together, we can build a humanized technology that is our servant, not our master.

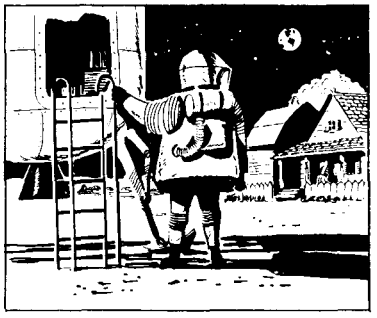
AtlanticRichfieldCompany

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

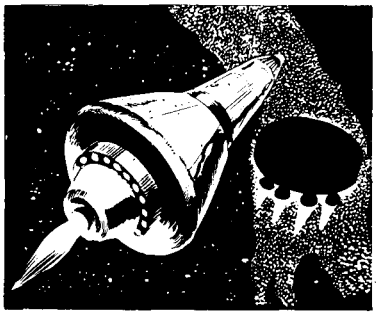
How's your Imagination Quotient?

Test yourself, then treat yourself to three volumes of fascinating mind-stretchers for just 10¢

No one on your world has ever seen the stars. A strange legend foretells something called "night" will come tomorrow for the first time in 3,000 years. What will happen when it does?



You're the first astronaut to visit another planet. Your ship lands and you find the house you grew up in. The woman on the porch is your grandmother! What's the explanation?



A great starship suddenly confronts another ship from an alien civilization. Can either race be sure the other won't conquer his world? Is there an alternative to destroying each other?

You'll find the dazzlingly imaginative, beautifully logical answers in three famous stories in *The Science Fiction Hall of Fame*—an anthology of the greatest science fiction literature of all time. And you can have this 572-page, hard-bound book—plus two more masterpieces of the world's most entertaining, provocative fiction—for just 10¢ (to help cover shipping). It's all part of the fun when you join THE SCIENCE FICTION BOOK CLUB.

Any 3 books for 10¢

As a member, you get the very best in science fiction for the astonishingly low price of $1.49 a book, plus shipping and handling. (Occasional extra-value selections are slightly more.) You agree to take only four selections or alternates in the coming year. All are handsome, hard-bound, full-length editions of science fiction's newest, most exciting discoveries, and they're described each month in the club's invigorating bulletin, *Things To Come*. So join the mind-stretching club today. We'll start you off with three books of your choice for just 10¢ (to help cover shipping). Send the coupon right away. The future beckons!

CHOOSE ANY 3 BOOKS FOR JUST 10¢

When you join the Science Fiction Book Club and agree to accept only four books during the coming year.

615. Stranger in a Strange Land by Robert A. Heinlein. He knew the Martian love secret—and it spelled his doom. Pub. ed. **$6.95**

113. First On The Moon. Exclusive story of Armstrong, Collins, and Aldrin's Apollo mission. Written with **Life** reporters; epilogue by Arthur C. Clarke. Pub. ed. **$7.95**

600. A Treasury of Great Science Fiction, ed by Anthony Boucher. 2 volume set. 1,000 pages. Counts as one book. Pub. ed. **$5.95**

806. Beyond the Beyond by Poul Anderson. Six novellas by Hugo Award winner. About scientists, pirates, "loners."

634. Sturgeon Is Alive and Well . . . 1971 Nebula Award novelette "Slow Sculpture" plus 10 other gripping stories by Theodore Sturgeon. Pub. ed. **$4.95**

620. Childhood's End by Arthur C. Clarke. Mankind's last generation on earth. "Wildly fantastic!" — Atlantic. Pub. ed. **$4.50**

613. A Time of Changes by Robert Silverberg. Brilliant novel of strange planet where human beings must despise themselves and "I" and "Me" become filthy obscenities.

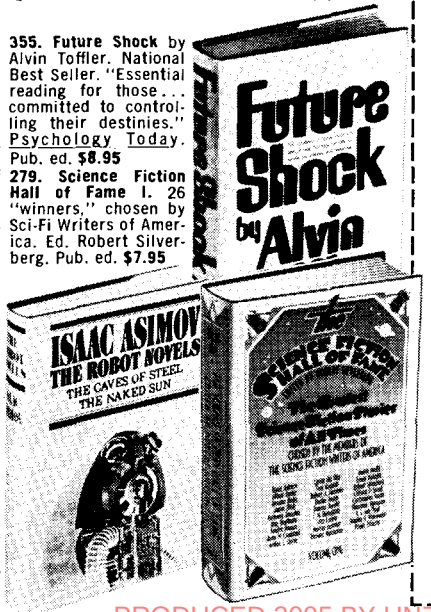
229. The Robot Novels by Isaac Asimov. Two of his greatest creations, the emotionally charged "The Caves of Steel" and "The Naked Sun." Pub. ed. **$5.90**

619. I Sing The Body Electric! by Ray Bradbury. 18 major pieces —Bradbury's first collection in five years. Pub. ed. **$6.95**

415. Slaughterhouse Five by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. The incredible odyssey of Billy Pilgrim lost in the hideous moments of existence. Pub. ed. **$5.95**

355. Future Shock by Alvin Toffler. National Best Seller. "Essential reading for those . . . committed to controlling their destinies." Psychology Today. Pub. ed. **$8.95**

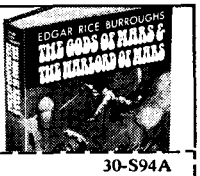
279. Science Fiction Hall of Fame I. 26 "winners," chosen by Sci-Fi Writers of America. Ed. Robert Silverberg. Pub. ed. **$7.95**



EXTRA FREE GIFT

with trial membership

Two sensational classics in one volume by Edgar Rice Burroughs. **The Gods of Mars** and **The Warlord of Mars.** Both complete novels, each part of Burroughs' famous Martian Series.



30-S94A

Science Fiction Book Club
Dept. 10-SRX, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in the Science Fiction Book Club and send me the 3 books whose numbers I have written in the boxes below. Bill me just 10c (to help cover shipping) for all 3. My extra gift, Edgar Rice Burrough's **The Gods of Mars** and **The Warlord of Mars,** will be included **FREE** with trial membership.

About every 4 weeks, send me the club's bulletin, **Things to Come,** describing the 2 coming Selections and a variety of Alternate choices. If I wish to receive both Selections, I need do nothing; they will be shipped to me automatically. Whenever I don't want 1 of the 2 Selections or prefer an Alternate, or no book at all, I will notify you by the date specified by returning the convenient form always provided.

I need take only 4 Selections or Alternates during the coming year, and may resign any time thereafter. Most books are only $1.49, plus a modest charge for shipping and handling. Occasionally, extra-value Selections are slightly higher.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I may return the entire introductory package within 10 days. Membership will be canceled and I will owe nothing.

MR.
MRS. *Print name*
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP

Office use only

WALLA WALLA VALLEY ACADEMY

Book Club editions are sometimes reduced in size, but they are all full-length, hard-cover books you will be proud to add to your permanent library. Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No-fault auto insurance. are for it, shouldn't

Some people say no-fault is the answer to all the auto insurance problems. Everything from the high costs to the length of time it can take to collect a claim.

Some people say no-fault is the answer to nothing.

Several states already have it.

Several more are considering making it law.

We happen to think that, while no-fault is a good place to begin, there are a great many more things that should be done.

However, knowing what you think of insurance companies—and knowing that some of you may find it a bit hard to believe that any insurance company could be for anything that could lower rates and make claims easier to collect—we'd like to do something better than give you our opinion.

We'd like to supply you with enough information to have your own opinion. (After all, it is your money that's at stake.)

So if you call or write The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, we'll send you out a simple explanation of no-fault. As unbiased as we can make it.

We'll tell you what major no-fault insurance plans have been passed or are being considered.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If insurance companies you be against it?

We'll tell you how the various plans are supposed to work.

We'll tell you what problems they could solve and what problems they can't possibly solve.

And, of course, we'll tell you what we think ought to be done.

Then you can make up your own mind. Before your state legislators make up theirs.

And if you have any less lofty questions on your mind—or any problems—our Office of Consumer Information will do its best to help you with them too.

Call toll-free weekdays, from 9 to 5 Eastern Time **(800) 243-0191.**

Call collect from Connecticut **277-6565.**

Or you can write, if you prefer, to The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Connecticut 06115.

THE TRAVELERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

Auschwitz, Buchenwald, Treblinka —the names of Nazi concentration camps are dark scars on our history. They, and the men and women who lived and died in them, have been the subjects of many books. But no book until now has told the extraordinary story of BLOCK 26: SABOTAGE AT BUCHENWALD, which we have just published. Pierre Julitte has written the book in the form of a novel, but all the events he describes really happened; only names and minor details are fictionalized.

Julitte, who was born in France in 1910, and fought in World War I, joined General de Gaulle's staff in 1940. By the following year, he was part of the French intelligence network in enemy-occupied territory. After his arrest by the Gestapo, in March of 1943, he spent twenty-five months in prisons and concentration camps. It was during that time that the events in BLOCK 26 took place.

Near the concentration camp at Buchenwald, where a number of former French resistance fighters were imprisoned, the Germans built a curious-looking factory, the Mibau, whose purpose was a closely-guarded secret. One of the French prisoners (Julitte), working at the Mibau, painstakingly unravelled the mystery—and discovered that he and his friends were helping to construct Hitler's secret weapon, the V-2 rocket. Skeletons in rags, staggering with fatigue, drained by dysentery, threatened with atrocious punishment, they began sabotaging one of the most perfectly dissimulated cogs in the Nazi war machine.

Novelist Joseph Kessel, who was a member of the Free French Air Force, says of BLOCK 26, "One rarely comes across a testimonial of such quality, of such intensity. And the astounding adventure it reveals to the reader has, to my knowledge, no counterpart." Nor to our knowledge, either. A book that plumbs the lowest depths of human barbarity, BLOCK 26 at the same time shows how heroic human beings can be.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

BLOCK 26: SABOTAGE AT BUCHENWALD ($6.95), by Pierre Julitte and translated by Francis Price, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 633 Canal Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130.

October 9, 1971

Saturday Review

Cover story, page 53

Sacco and Vanzetti Revived on Film

by Hollis Alpert

Cover: Gian Maria Volonte as Bartolomeo Vanzetti in the Italian film "Sacco and Vanzetti"

IDEAS

The Dollars and Logic of Reordered Priorities
22 Battling the Balance Sheet by Lawrence S. Ritter
26 All the Muscle at One-Third the Cost by Seymour Melman

EDITORIAL
28 What Will the 135 Million Do? by Richard L. Tobin

BOOKS

31 The Enormous Spider Web of Warren's World by John W. Aldridge, an essay review of Robert Penn Warren's "Meet Me in the Green Glen"
31 Index of Books Reviewed

COMMUNICATIONS

63 This Program May Be Harmful to Your Child by Richard L. Tobin
64 Letters to the Communications Editor
65 Sportswriting—And the All-American Dollar by Joseph Durso
68 Time to Change Your Page Size by John Tebbel
71 Journalism Education—A Matter of Coexistence by M. L. Stein
76 Madison Avenue by Leonard Sloane

THE ARTS

MUSIC
20 Irving Kolodin attends the Met's "Don Carlo" opening.

MOVIES
53 Hollis Alpert reviews "Sacco and Vanzetti."

DANCE
57 Walter Terry reflects on some summer highlights.

THE FINE ARTS
60 Katharine Kuh tours a quintet of European galleries and museums.

TRAVEL

50 David Butwin takes stock of Stockholm.

COLUMNS

6 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head
8 Herbert R. Mayes: London Letter
12 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds
18 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio
29 Letters to the Editor
56 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest
58 Nicholas G. Balint: As Others See Us

GAMES

37 Wit Twister
42 Your Literary I.Q.
62 Literary Crypt
86 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1957

CARTOONISTS: Robert Censoni, Joseph Farris, Dana Fradon, Kenneth Mahood, Joseph Mirachi, Don Orehek, Donald Reilly, John Ruge

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Norman Cousins, Editor; William D. Patterson, Publisher; Nathan Cohn, Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Associate Publisher; Harry T. Morris, Director of Advertising; Irving Kolodin, Programs Editor; Robert A. Burghardt, Director of Advertising Services; Herbert J. Teison, Associate Publisher—Programs; Martin A. Blum, Director of Promotion and Research; George Reeves, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $12 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LIV, No. 41, October 9, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."
© 1971 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.
Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Experience the most relevant play of our time. Free.

Exclusively yours: The Theatre Recording Society invites you to accept this full 2-record album. A $13 value. Absolutely FREE.

"Yes, we violated the law. But the law is no absolute to us. I must say our intention was to destroy the files. But our motive was to illustrate genocide in Vietnam and corruption at home."

"The real issue is: How can we serve both love and war?"

The words of Father Phillip Berrigan give hint to the explosive nature of "The Trial of The Catonsville Nine."

Written by Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

The power. The shock. The relevance. They're all there. There because the play was written by the man who lived the event: Father Daniel Berrigan.

It is The Truth—Performed with power.

Why did nine deeply concerned Americans resort to burning draft records? Were they right? Wrong? How does a conscientious man reconcile moral right and legal wrong?

Involve yourself in the great moral question of our time. Listen again and again to this brilliantly performed piece of modern theatre *recorded live in stereo* and directed by Gordon Davidson.

The cast includes today's best young actors. Their performances are electric. The impact is overwhelming.

Truly, this is the one album every man, woman and child in America must hear if they're at all concerned with the issues of today.

Clive Barnes of *The New York Times* said this about "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine."..."Positively riveting...a new kind of play...wonderfully moving."

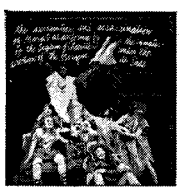
Yours FREE: This extraordinary 2-record album (catalogue price: $13.00) is offered free to introduce you to the Theatre Recording Society. The Society brings you exciting full-length productions of the world's great plays—from Shakespeare to Marat/Sade—in performances especially staged and recorded for your home listening enjoyment.

As a member, you'll thrill to performance by Paul Scofield, Julie Harris, Claire Bloom, Sir Laurence Olivier, Lee J. Cobb, Sir John Gielgud, Dame Judith Anderson, Montgomery Clift and others.

You pay special low prices. Although these lavish boxed sets cost non-members far more, you pay only $9.75, $14.10, or $18.50 for two-record, three-record and four-record compatible stereo albums.

Or, if you prefer you may purchase "THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE" alone for $13.00 without membership in the Theatre Recording Society.

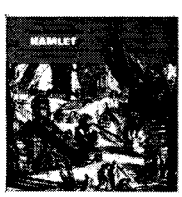
Select any one of these 12 and receive "The Trial of The Catonsville Nine" FREE.



MARAT/SADE *Peter Weiss.* Royal Shakespeare Company presented by David Merrick. TRS 312 3 records.

THE GLASS MENAGERIE *Tennessee Williams.* Montgomery Clift, Julie Harris, Jessica Tandy, David Wayne. TRS 301 2 records

DEATH OF A SALESMAN *Arthur Miller.* Lee J. Cobb, Mildred Dunnock, Dustin Hoffman. TRS 310 3 records.



HAMLET *Shakespeare.* Paul Scofield, Zena Walker, Diana Wynyard, Wilfrid Lawson. SRS 232 4 records.

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT *Eugene O'Neill.* Robert Ryan, Stacy Keach, Geraldine Fitzgerald. TRS 350 4 records.

AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE *Henrik Ibsen/Arthur Miller.* Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center. TRS 349 3 records.

LYSISTRATA *Aristophanes.* Hermione Gingold, Stanley Holloway. TRS 313 2 records.

IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER *Heinar Kipphardt.* Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center. TRS 336 3 records.

ANTIGONE *Sophocles.* Dorothy Tutin, Max Adrian, Jeremy Brett, Eileen Atkins, Geoffrey Dunn. TRS 320 2 records.

JULIUS CAESAR *Shakespeare.* Ralph Richardson, Anthony Quayle, John Mills, Alan Bates. SRS 230 3 records.

SAINT JOAN *Bernard Shaw.* Siobhan McKenna, Donald Pleasence, Felix Aylmer, Robert Stephens. TRS 311 4 records.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL *T. S. Eliot.* Paul Scofield, Cyril Cusack, Alec McCowen, Patrick Magee. TRS 330 2 records.

Theatre Recording Society
505 Eighth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10018

Please enroll me as a *trial* member. Send me the 2-record stereo album "The TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE" (cat. price: $13.00) free, with my first selection.

As a member, I will be notified in advance of all new Society releases. My only obligation is to take four more stereo albums of my choice over the next two years, at the special members' price of only $9.75 for two-record albums, $14.10 for three-record albums and $18.50 for four-record compatible stereo albums. Shipping and handling included for your first album. Subsequent albums will require a small fee.

Send me as my first selection:

Enclosed is my payment for _____

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

New York State residents add appropriate sales tax.

Please Note: Canadian and foreign prices slightly higher.

☐ I do not wish to join the Theatre Recording Society. Please send me only "THE TRIAL OF CATONSVILLE NINE." I enclose full payment of $13.00.

SRV

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Insurance Man

IN YOUR TIPTOEING through the lush elysian fields of TV's living color, have you come across the attractive man from Travelers Insurance in his shirt-sleeves, seated at a desk busily engaged in actuarying policies and canceling those where the insured is guilty of having been robbed, burglarized, or, without permission, has allowed his car to be hit by a lamppost?

He looks up surprised—if someone had only told him he was going to be on television he would have worn his jacket. Anyway, he looks up and says—and I've tried to jot this down accurately—he says: "We at Travelers know what you think about insurance. And it isn't much." He goes on to say that Travelers wants to better that image, and you can write him and ask any questions or offer any suggestions you wish to make.

OK, Mr. Travelers Insurance man at your desk in your shirt-sleeves, I have one question. "Why, after many years of paying high premiums, does an insured become *persona non grata* just because he happened to be robbed or burglarized?

Persona non grata is Latin for "Who needs you when we're making so much money on our real estate investments?" Insurance companies are fun to do business with as long as we don't have a robbery. And because of the extremely high premium rates charged by insurance companies, followed by a cancellation after one robbery, it is difficult to distinguish just who is doing the robbing.

But there is a difference. One is legal; the other is lethal. You figure out which. One is done by making a state law to increase my premium; the other is done by breaking a lock to decrease my jewelry. One is done by passing a law; the other by bypassing a law.

And speaking of laws, I am not too choked up about the "No Fault Insurance" regulation being talked about for auto accident cases. That's where each insurance company pays its own policy holders' claims regardless of who ran into whom, or says he did.

Now honestly, can you picture a New York City cabbie whose fender has been affectionately patted by a civilian driver, stepping quietly out of his taxi and saying, "No fault, friend?" With that kind of dialogue there goes Manhattan's most entertaining street scene, which draws bigger crowds and offers better performances than any Broadway play. "No fault" indeed.

But let's get back to robbery. Let me tell you a story, Travelers Insurance man, about a cancellation. Got a minute? This is a story that can be testified to by at least twenty witnesses. It happened to Mr. Benny Davis, the distinguished song writer ("Margie," "Baby Face," "Carolina Moon," "Oh How I Miss You Tonight," etc.). A stable citizen, certainly, with a beautiful wife to prove it.

Mr. Davis attended a Friars Club Roast luncheon at a Manhattan hotel. Being a highly ranked member of ASCAP, and an expert bridge player, Mr. Davis happened to have $800 in his pocket. It was folded in a money clip presented to him by ASCAP, with his name engraved.

At 2 o'clock that afternoon, back at the club, he discovered the money and clip were missing. He immediately phoned his insurance company, told his story, and was advised by the insurance man that he was covered against robbery for only $500 in cash. Mr. Davis accepted the $300 loss gracefully, saying it was better than nothing.

This wasn't your company, Travelers Insurance man, but please pay close attention. At 4 o'clock the director of the Friars Club came to Mr. Davis and said, "Are you lucky! Look what was turned in to me at the luncheon." You're right. It was the $800 with the clip.

Now what do you think Mr. Davis did? No, he didn't. No sir. He went to the phone, called the insurance company, and told them to forget about his loss, because someone had found and returned the $800. The man thanked him for calling and said he would cancel his claim for the loss.

But—and get this—they did even better than that. The next day Mr. Davis received a notice that they had also canceled his insurance policy. How about that, Travelers Insurance man? Doesn't it make you want to put on your jacket and go out and find some other line of work?

They gave some vague excuse about people in show biz being robbery and burglary prone. I've heard insurance companies also cancel auto policies because they regard some people as accident prone.

If that trend continues, can canceling life insurance policies be far behind? After all, we are all death prone.

IN MEXICO CITY
IT'S THE
MARIA ISABEL-SHERATON

In the center of Mexico City's excitement. Two of the city's liveliest bars and one of the great restaurants with one of the greatest views. Some of Mexico City's smartest shops are right here in the hotel. Our rooftop pool is famous. 850 air-conditioned rooms and suites. No charge for children in same room with adults. You're in the whirl of another world a few short hours from any place in the U.S.A.

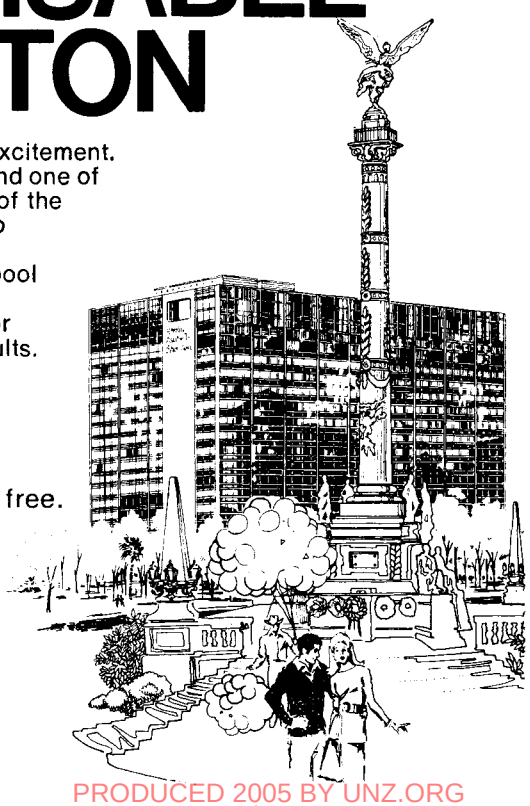
Bienvenidos.

See your travel agent or call free.

800-325-3535
MAKES IT HAPPEN

Maria Isabel-Sheraton Hotel

SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pictured above is the most tightfisted, thrifty man in America.

He is Ralph Ginzburg, the New York magazine publisher. No one holds on to money more tenaciously than he. Mr. Ginzburg has made a career of perfecting and implementing ingenious methods of making and saving money. Now he has even launched a publication devoted to that subject. Its name is **Moneysworth**.

Moneysworth is more than just a manual of Ralph Ginzburg's personal financial ploys. It is a brash, jolly, authoritative Fagin School in the art and science of shrewd investment and expenditure. It covers personal finance, investments, consumer affairs (including product ratings), and just about every other facet of money management.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Moneysworth** is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

The New Japanese Cars: A Rating

At Last, A Proven Method for Beating the Stock Market—How a little-known Government publication has been used by sophisticated investors to *quadruple* their gains over the past 10 years (compared with gains of the Dow-Jones average). Fortune magazine calls the method "extraordinary."

How Ralph Ginzburg Earns Interest of *50%* from a California Savings Bank (Insured)

How to Collect Social Security from Canada and the United States *Simultaneously*

The Third Most Expensive Item You'll Ever Buy—It's your funeral, and **Moneysworth** tells how to minimize the grief.

Is She or Isn't She?—A little-known, reliable $2 mail-order self-test kit for pregnancy lets her know for sure.

"How We Live on Less than $75 a Month"

Earn Interest on Your *Checking* Account

The Unshrouded Facts About Life Insurance—This article may save you *hundreds* of dollars.

Sewing Machines that Seam Fine—Why **Moneysworth** chose a $40 model as its best buy.

Living Afloat without Getting Soaked—By novelist Sloan Wilson.

Freeze-Dried Coffees Rated (and Berated)

Small Bite—How to get dentures from one of America's top dental clinics *for only $40.*

Water Beds Are Making a Big Splash

Hiring a Lawyer to Avoid the Draft

How to Hold onto Your Auto Insurance

Food Fit for King: Best Buys in Dog Food

A Blast at Aerosol Cans—How they threaten your health and pick your pocketbook.

Providing Your Teenager with Contraception

The Wisdom of Maintaining a Secret Swiss Banking Account—Half a million Americans can't be wrong.

America's 25 Best Free Colleges—As rated by the students themselves.

The Boom in Going Bust—The growing popularity of personal bankruptcy.

How to Get a Divorce without a Lawyer

Air Travel at 50% Off

Ski Areas without Steep Prices

Drug Combinations that Can *Kill* You

The World's 100 Best Free Catalogs

Both a Borrower and Lender Be—Shrewd use of your life insurance's little-known loan feature.

How College Students Can Get Food Stamps

Undetected Bank Errors—A report on the untold millions of dollars lost each year by consumers who fail to reconcile their monthly bank statements.

The Most Dangerous Car of All

Tax-Free Bonds for the Small Investor

Franchising: Perils of "Being Your Own Boss"

Investing in Scotch—The profits are staggering.

A Consumer's Guide to Prostitution

Quadraphonic Hi-Fi: Great Innovation or Commercial Hype?

Wheeling and Dealing for a New Bike—Which are the best buys and how to bargain for them.

The Painful Truth about Circumcision

How to Contest a Bad Credit Rating

Indigestion Remedies that Pass the Acid Test—An evaluation by brand name.

How Two Widows Nearly Got Merrill-Lynched

Illustrated Sex Manuals—A buying guide.

The Link Between Heart Attack and Coffee—A suppressed report by a member of the President's Commission on Heart Disease.

The Spirit of '72—A report on the new "light" whiskey that has the industry in ferment.

A Guide to Low-Cost Legal Abortion

Easy-Riding Motorcycles: New Models Rated

The Best of the Good Book—An evaluation of currently-available editions of The Bible.

Safety Bug—A preview of the Volkswagen model being developed to replace the easily crushed "Beetle."

In sum, **Moneysworth** is your own personal consumer crusader, trusted stockbroker, and chancellor of the exchequer—all in one. It is a bonanza of uncanny financial intelligence.

Although launched only a year ago, already **Moneysworth** has become the most widely read newsletter *in the world* (with a circulation of 350,000 and readership estimated at *one million*).

Every week, **Moneysworth** is inundated with enthusiastic, unsolicited testimonials like the following (which are completely authentic):

●"When you wrote up Bausch & Lomb's stock, I bought 100 shares at 44 and soon thereafter sold out for 139½. When you came out with James Dole, I bought 500 shares at 7½ and nine days later sold out for double. Net profit on the two transactions: $12,996. Let me assure you that I shall be a **Moneysworth** subscriber for life."—*Lawrence C. Gray; Ypsilanti, Mich.*

●"Thanks to the advice in your article 'Inaccurate Billing by the Phone Company,' my own firm—the Bayard Pump & Tank Company—has just received a $1,593 refund."—*Armand DiRienzo; Bristol, Pa.*

●"**Moneysworth** is to be commended for the reliability of its merchandise evaluations. I just bought a Canonet 35mm rangefinder camera—which you recommended as 'First Rate'—and have gotten some beautiful shots with it. Moreover, thanks to **Moneysworth**'s buying advice I saved over 30% on its cost."—*Robert D. Goodrich; Tucson, Ariz.*

●"Your article 'How to Fight a Traffic Ticket' saved me a $200 lawyer's fee and a ticket. I did exactly as you suggested—taking pictures of the scene and double-checking the statute book—and came out the winner in court. Many, many thanks."—*W.R. Wendel; Hicksville, N.Y.*

●"Thanks to your article 'How to Buy a New Car for $125 Above *Dealer's* Cost,' I have just purchased a Malibu Sport Coupe at a saving that I conservatively estimate at $350."—*Ron Bromert; Anita, Iowa.*

●"I am grateful for your tip on 'Tax Savings for Teachers'—which saved me the cost of a tax accountant *and* got me a very high income tax refund."—*Charles Bryan; Brooklyn, N.Y.*

●"Your article on low-cost, unadvertised trans-Atlantic air fares enabled me to save $108 on a vacation to Ireland. In addition, once I was there, I saved $64 on a car rental, thanks to your advice."—*Bernard Bullon; Bronx, N.Y.*

●"I have deposited $12,500 in a Mexican bank, as you suggested, and have been receiving, every month by airmail, interest at 9%. I am grateful to your excellent **Moneysworth** for telling me about this high rate of interest."—*Charles T. Malburn; Sarasota, Fla.*

●"Due to your information on stocks, I have made over $2,200 in less than a year. Yours is one of the most intelligent, down-to-earth, to-the-point periodicals ever published."—*Ruth Pantell; Yonkers, N.Y.*

●"Upon **Moneysworth**'s advice, I asked the phone company for an itemized bill. As a result, I discovered that for years I had been paying for a nonexistent extra line. Result: A $550 refund. My trial subscription has paid for itself 110 times over!"—*George T. Petsche; Washington, D.C.*

In short, **Moneysworth** has become an absolutely indispensable financial mentor for many of America's most astute consumers.

The staff of **Moneysworth** consists of several of the most keenly analytical and imaginative minds in the fields of financial and consumer journalism. At the helm, of course, is Ralph Ginzburg himself, as editor-in-chief. The managing editor of **Moneysworth** is Paul A. Riedel, of the Whitney Communications Corporation. Its articles editor is Dorothy Bates, formerly of Scientific American. Herb Lubalin, the world's foremost graphic designer, is **Moneysworth**'s art director. Augmenting this team of hard-nosed, experienced editors are reporters, researchers, product-testers, and consultants throughout the United States. Together, they create America's first—and only—financial periodical with *charisma.*

Moneysworth is published fortnightly. It is available by subscription only and costs $10 per year. **Right now, however, we are offering Special Introductory 32-Week Subscriptions for ONLY $3.88! This is a MERE FRACTION of the standard price.**

Moreover, we are so confident that **Moneysworth** will prove invaluable to you that we are about to make what is probably the most generous subscription offer in publishing history: *We will absolutely and unconditionally guarantee that the tips, techniques, and inside information in* **Moneysworth** *will increase the purchasing power of your income by at least 15%—or we'll refund your money IN FULL.* In other words, if you now earn $10,000 a year, **Moneysworth** guarantees that it will increase the value of your income *by at least $1,500*—or you get your money back. And, meanwhile, you will have enjoyed a subscription to **Moneysworth** *ABSOLUTELY FREE!* As you can see, a subscription to **Moneysworth** is an absolutely foolproof investment.

To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $3.88 to: **Moneysworth**, 110 West 40th Street, New York, New York 10018.

We urge you to act at once. In this case, especially, time is money.

MONEYSWORTH

110 W. 40TH ST. NEW YORK 10018

I enclose $3.88 for a Special Introductory 32-Week Subscription to **Moneysworth**, the shrewd, audacious new fortnightly on consumer affairs and personal finance. I understand that this is a *MERE FRACTION* of the standard $10-per-year price. Moreover, **Moneysworth** guarantees that it will increase the purchasing power of my income by at least 15% *or I will get my money back IN FULL!!*

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

© MONEYSWORTH 1971 T.M. REG. PEND. SSR2

WALLA WALLA VALLEY ACADEMY

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Letter

Herbert R. Mayes

Notes and Suggestions

A CORRESPONDENT from home suggested recently that I provide an explanation of English currency—starting with the meaning of the £ symbol, for example—and its origin. The fact is I wasn't sure and felt embarrassed, but less so when I discovered that some of my English friends didn't know, either. So I went to consult Douglas Matthews, my friend at the London Library.

"The pound was a weight of silver," Mr. Matthews explained at once, "and the symbol comes from *libra*, which of course everybody knows is Latin for the Roman pound. The shilling," he continued, "which is now done away with, may be a word of Saxon but more likely of Teutonic origin, but the 's' stands for *solidus*, a coin circulated during the reign of Constantine I." After a pause for breath, he went on. "Now the 'd' for pence, well, that's for *denarius*, also an old Roman coin, though you will find reference to it as a penny in the New Testament. Nobody knows for certain why all English money is referred to as sterling, but it may stem from the small star, or starling, that was stamped on early Norman pennies."

Obviously, I began to thank Mr. Matthews, at the same time wondering where he dug up such recondite details in the first place. "If you came all the way across the city for this information," said Mr. Matthews, "you could have saved yourself the trouble—it's in practically any dictionary you pick up." Which, I later found, it is. No dictionary, however, could give me a clue as to why the Bank of England is called the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, so I galumphed direct to Threadneedle Street, there to have a bank attendant explain its derivation: "A couple of centuries ago a newspaper cartoon depicted the bank as a little old female miser squatting on top of a money bag, and the Old Lady phrase caught on and has been used ever since. Simple? Understand?" Simple. I understood.

My notebooks are quite crammed with suggestions from readers and reminders to myself on subjects to write about. Now I have concluded I must occasionally cover a number of them in a single Letter or be prepared to put most of them aside forever. There is, for example, the matter of British pronunciation. I had received a message asking me to call on Lord Drogheda, head of the *Financial Times*. Before entering his office I asked his secretary how to pronounce his name. "Droyda," she said. So the next day I bought a copy of BBC's *Pronouncing Dictionary of British Names*, of course knowing in advance that Beauchamp Street is called "Beetcham," Magdalen College "Maudlen," St. John "Sin-jon," and that Marquess of Cholmondelay is simply if not understandably "Chumli." I started with "A," to learn I must say "Annick" for Alnwick, then skipped precipitously to "Z," where Zwill is set forth as "Yool." When at random I flipped to "H," where Hargham is "Haarfam," and to "T," where Trefilan is "Treveelan," I said to hell with it, I'd never learn the language, ever. It's like trying to get the hang of apostrophes. There's St. Albans Street, and then St. Albans's Road. Why the apostrophe in one and not the other? You see an address: 26, Wigmore Street. Why a comma after the numeral? You are walking along James Street. All of a sudden it's Mandeville Place, which becomes Thayer Street, which becomes Marylebone High Street, and you've never turned a corner.

One of my little notes says: "Find out why Londoners seem to get so much more for their taxes than people in New York City." Certainly a good subject—especially for me, a native New Yorker. The first reason seems to be that London is the capital of England, and a capital city almost always has the best of everything, because that's where the big money goes and where the rulers and top politicians make their headquarters. If the local hoi polloi didn't get their fair share of the goodies—in the way of art, education, transportation, entertainment, etc.—the incumbent government might lose the biggest chunk of votes around. I suppose it rarely occurs to New Yorkers that their city, the largest in the United States, is almost the only largest city that isn't its country's capital; that Madrid, Prague, Rome, Paris, Havana, Athens, Tokyo, Vienna, Cairo, Brussels, Amsterdam, Istanbul, and Copenhagen are all capitals, along with Dublin, Mexico City, Moscow, Peking, Bangkok, and Stockholm. Instead of trying to get New York City made into a separate state, maybe the citizens there ought to try to have it take the place of Washington, which could rea-

MAUPINTOUR UNHURRIED HOLIDAYS . . LEAVE CARES AT HOME!

SOUTH AMERICA AND THE GALAPAGOS

UNCOMMONPLACES! New 24-day four-country adventure . . . wonders of nature, unspoiled life off-the-beaten-path. Orchids, flowers galore. Cruise Darwin's *Galapagos Isles* for close-ups of unusual birds, animal life found only here and without fear of man. **ALSO** 22-day and 30-day holidays *'Round South America*: Machu Picchu, Iguassu Falls, the great cities.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for folder or write Maupintour, 900 Massachusetts St., Lawrence, Kansas 66044. Phone 913/843-1211.

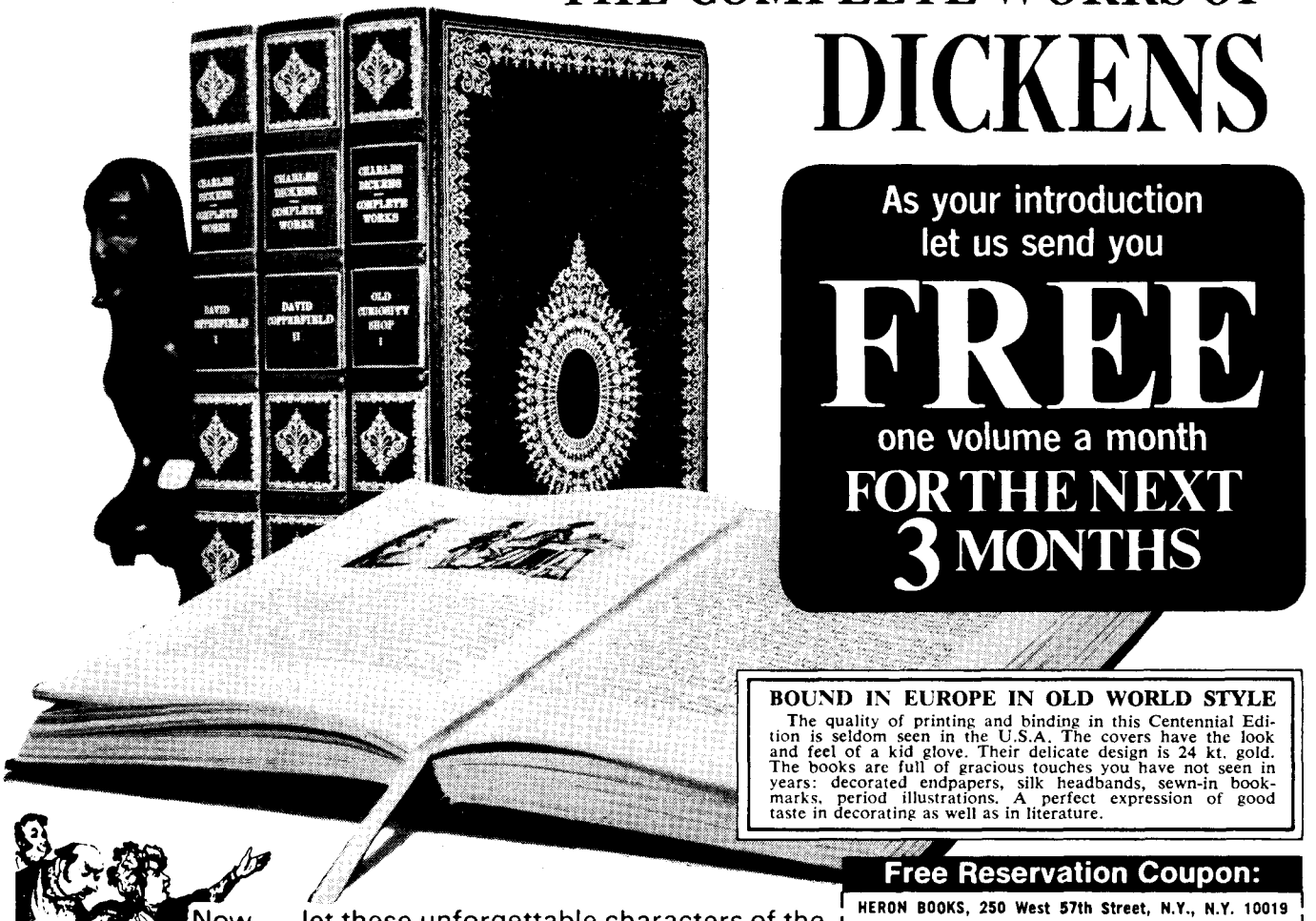
our 21st year of quality tour operation Maupintour

ASK ABOUT THESE MAUPINTOUR HOLIDAYS:
☐ Siberia/Central Asia ☐ Europe By Train/By Air
☐ Spain/Portugal ☐ Alps of Europe ☐ Scandinavia
☐ Greece/Aegean ☐ Italy/Sicily ☐ British Isles
☐ France ☐ Morocco/Canaries/Madeira/Algarve
☐ USSR/Eastern Europe ☐ Dalmatia/The Balkans
☐ Samarkand/Oriental Russia ☐ South America
☐ South Pacific ☐ Orient ☐ Africa ☐ Middle East

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

£125,000 ($300,000) and 2 years of loving labour went into this sumptuous Centennial Edition of

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF DICKENS



As your introduction let us send you

FREE

one volume a month

FOR THE NEXT 3 MONTHS

BOUND IN EUROPE IN OLD WORLD STYLE

The quality of printing and binding in this Centennial Edition is seldom seen in the U.S.A. The covers have the look and feel of a kid glove. Their delicate design is 24 kt. gold. The books are full of gracious touches you have not seen in years: decorated endpapers, silk headbands, sewn-in bookmarks, period illustrations. A perfect expression of good taste in decorating as well as in literature.

Now . . . let these unforgettable characters of the world's master story-teller walk into your home.

Let this be your introduction to the most fascinating characters that any writer's genius ever created. The improvident Micawber, always waiting for something to turn up . . . Uriah Heep, the "so very 'umble". . . honest Pegotty endlessly roaming in search of his seduced daughter . . . Sampson and Sarah Brass . . . Quilp . . . and poor little Nell . . . their very names breathe the magic gift of Charles Dickens for creating vivid characters. Every page you read comes alive with real people whom you'll love . . . hate . . . pity . . . and never forget! *Now meet them—treasure them in your home—in beautiful books worthy of the genius who created them.*

Rich heirloom bindings—classic illustrations

This sumptuous Centennial Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens took Heron Books in England £125,000 and 2 years of loving effort to create. The edition has taken British booklovers by storm, and is now available here at amazingly low cost. With classic-style printing, elegant gold-tooled rich-textured bindings, and the original illustrations of such famous Dickens artists as Cruikshank, "Phiz" and Tenniel, these books are treasures indeed. They will beautify your bookshelves, enrich your home, and delight you, your children, and generations to come—just as their tales have delighted generations past.

But you have to see them, take them in your hands, examine them, to recognize their full value. We therefore make this fantastic offer: *take a volume a month for the next 3 months . . . FREE!* Simply mail the Free Reservation Coupon and discover the superb Centennial Edition without obligating yourself to buy a single book!

Your opportunity to build a beautiful library — at low cost

Let us send you *David Copperfield*, Volume 1, and (complete in one volume) Dickens' classic of the French Revolution, *A Tale of Two Cities*. If not delighted, please return them postpaid in 10 days and owe nothing. But if you wish to keep them, *A Tale of Two Cities* is *free:* and for Volume 1 of *David Copperfield* all we ask is the low subscriber price of $3.89 plus shipping. Next month you will receive *Oliver Twist* free plus Volume 2 of *David Copperfield* at the same low subscriber price. But you may return them both in 10 days without charge if you do not want them. In the third month you get Dickens' greatest comedy, *The Pickwick Papers*, in two volumes. To keep them, pay the same low price for Volume 1, and keep Volume 2 as another gift.

From then on we will advise you in advance of every shipment, which you may accept if you wish at the special subscriber price. Each book will be identically printed and bound in Europe to the same high standards. But you will not have to take more than you actually want. You may terminate your subscription any time you decide your collection is as complete as you want it.

Limited Edition—reserve now. Clearly, an edition of this magnificence cannot be produced *en masse*. Our import quota is limited. Should it be over-subscribed, it may take some time before additional sets can be offered. To avoid disappointment, send the Free Reservation Coupon now.

HERON BOOKS, 250 WEST 57th ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10019

Free Reservation Coupon:

HERON BOOKS, 250 West 57th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10019

Please send without obligation your Dickens Centennial Editions of *A Tale of Two Cities* (complete) and *David Copperfield* (vol. 1). If not fully delighted, I may return both books in 10 days and owe nothing. Otherwise I may keep *A Tale of Two Cities* as a gift and pay only the low subscriber price of $3.89 plus shipping for the *David Copperfield* volume.

The next month you will send me volume 2 of *David Copperfield* plus *Oliver Twist* complete in 1 volume. Again, *Oliver Twist* is FREE, and I pay only the low subscriber price for *David Copperfield*, vol. 2. The month after, I get—again on approval—*The Pickwick Papers* complete in 2 volumes. Volume 1 is mine free if I keep the other at the low subscriber price.

Thereafter, for as long as I wish, I'll receive the other matching Centennial Edition volumes which I may return within 10 days or add to my Dickens collection at the same low subscriber price. I may terminate anytime I consider my collection complete. There is no minimum purchase obligation.

☐ **FREE COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL.**

Check here if you are responding in 5 days and we will reward your promptness with this beautiful bronze-finished Dickens Centennial Medal—yours to keep even if you return your books.

Signature _____

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

FOR CANADA: Return coupon to us. Special arrangements for servicing Canadian subscribers have been made. DJ-145

WALLA WALLA VALLEY ACADEMY

REPRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonably assure them of a better shake. New York as the capital of the United States ought indeed to make a terrific subject for a column, but maybe I'll leave it for John Lindsay to tackle. He should be mightily interested, because in a certain eventuality he wouldn't even have to move his office.

Over here, unlike back home, book shops and book reviewers scrupulously observe official publication dates. This was made especially evident a few weeks ago—and I made a note then to comment on it—when Victor Gollancz lodged a complaint against the *Spectator* because that magazine had reviewed Lord George-Brown's memoirs, *In My Way*, four days ahead of time. The Press Council considered the complaint valid and promptly and publicly chastised the *Spectator* for its breach of commonly accepted practice. How often official publication dates are disregarded at home, with shop windows filled with books that are not supposed to be there for yet another month! Isn't it a kind of cheating, and isn't it generally condoned by the publishers themselves?

And in the course of mentioning publishers, may I take the opportunity to ask if they ever revise their mailing lists? Even now, twenty-seven months after moving to England, and after repeated requests from me to have my name removed, to save them money and trouble, a dozen major American publishers still send releases addressed to me in New York.

This matter of rules and regulations, by the way, is a constant source of surprise to me, because the English almost always seem to obey them. The signs in the parks say that no radios may be played there, and by God no radios *are* played. The signs say that no flowers may be picked, and the tens of millions of blooms are not so much as touched. Even at a semi-official luncheon the custom is that nobody smokes until after the loyal toast is proposed, and so, until then, not a cigarette or cigar is to be seen. The law is that no car driver stalled in traffic may sound his horn, and so rarely is a horn honked that the sound of one can give passers-by quite a fright. On the other hand, when there are no promulgated rules, the British go all out in doing as they please. Wild, unrestrained, uninhibited love-making in the parks, for example, is accepted as normal and reasonable. I've seen such extraordinary sex exhibitions even on the wet grass that I've become convinced the British are positively waterproof. And there are so many practically naked entwined couples on the benches that any voyeur would be a fool if he thought he'd see half as much at a striptease performance in Soho.

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Notice of the Week—furnished by Dr. Norman P. Welborn, who found it in, of all places, the *Journal of the American Medical Association:*

VAMPIRE INFORMATION REQUIRED

For research project. Please send summary on any patient believing himself to be a vampire or who has compulsion to devour living beings to Prof. Leonard Wolf, Dept. of English, San Francisco State College.

Frankly, that Wolf fellow sounds like a were. Elsewhere, there were Advertisements of the Week everywhere. Our favorite was located by Kendall Stressey of San Francisco, who came upon it in the San Francisco *Chronicle*:

CHICKEN LADY WANTED

Must dress up like hen, cluck greetings to Petaluma newcomers. No experience needed, but prefer woman who will put civic interest ahead of personal life. For details see MAL SHARPE, KPIX, CHANNEL 5.

Never mind the details, Mal, just give the facts. In any case, there were other Help Wanted problems, too. Carl Oberbrunner of Raritan, New Jersey, discovered one in the Somerville *Shopping News*:

HELP WANTED FEMALE

Housekeeper, cook and companion, sleep-in, reverences must be meticulous.

Before, we presume, her baptism of fire.

Book Review of the Week—by Shirley Newhall of Washington, D.C., after reading *Fool's Parade* by David Grubb:

(p. 9) In that heat he sweated like a boiled Christmas pudding

(p. 12) A long melancholy face like a pale, stained meat platter

(p. 18) a face of footloose loneliness, like a soiled tablecloth

(p. 18) He wore a yellow boater straw which was ragged as a shredded wheat biscuit, a clean, frayed seersucker suit the color of cold buckwheat batter

(p. 45) His face blotched suddenly like a juice-stained pudding

(p. 113) The fog is as thick as spoonbread this morning

(p. 119) She had a large, grievous face with a ruddy complexion so heavily powdered as to resemble a heavily floured chuck steak

(p. 127) Fog lay upon the river shores thick as cream curdling in a depth of tea

(p. 188) Grindstaff, bowing and smiling stiffly, his face mottled as the crust of a berry

"Don't misunderstand me, please," Miss Newhall writes. "I liked the book. But the above sampling led me to wonder whether Mr. Grubb wrote the book while on a diet."

We have a special feeling for Thor Heyerdahl because, some years ago, he gave us a chess set carved by the Mayor of Easter Island out of driftwood. Mr. Heyerdahl himself does not play chess. For one thing, he does not like to sit still. "I can't," he told us. "When I'm home I like to go into the forest and make like a lumberjack. But I am not a sailor," he added. "I really would not know how to sail any kind of boat. But I do know which way the water is running in the ocean, and what the prevailing wind is, and what the boats were like in the civilizations of old."

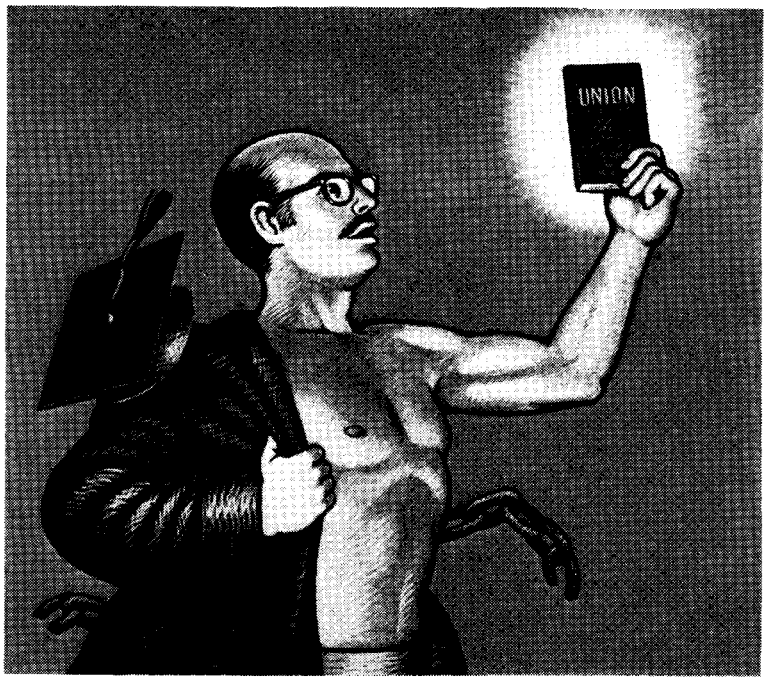
Mr. Heyerdahl, who lives on the Italian Riviera in Colla Micheri, a small medieval village on a hilltop—he owns the church, the well, and pretty nearly everything else in it—was born in Larvik on a fjord near Oslo. His father was a brewer and a banker, his mother was an anthropologist and museum head. By the time Thor was seven, his own room was a museum—mostly of things from the sea. His father had been married twice, his mother three times. "In those days," he says, "that was quite a thing." Further, his father was more than fifty, and his mother forty-five, when he was born. He was an only child.

Today he writes in Norwegian, but doesn't necessarily think of himself as one. "When someone asks me, I automatically say 'Norwegian,' but I think of my friends as individuals, not nationalities." He also writes in longhand. "I don't touch the typewriter," he says, "because when I'm writing, I want absolute silence."

Mr. Heyerdahl also refuses to go along with the thesis that the risk in his endeavors is their main attraction. "I run more risk," he says, "in a taxi in New York. A reed boat would not sink, like some boats, in ten minutes. If it sinks, it sinks in a matter of weeks. If it started to, we planned to gather the ceramic jars and lash them

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's all in this month's Harper's



Professors Unite: Organize Or Perish

In college and university faculty rooms these days, the talk is as much AFL-CIO as it is MA's and PhD's.

Angry academics, with nothing to lose but their status, are extending a warm welcome to union organizers.

For the two rival unions the stakes are enormous, both in prestige and potential annual dues of over $100 million.

The result, almost certainly, will bring profound and revolutionary changes in higher education.

For the full report on the most important educational development in this decade, read the current issue of Harper's. Every issue of Harper's brings you opinion, information and entertainment. Get into the Harper's habit now, and save half.

Quick! Name the U.S. Ambassador to the U.N.

President Nixon's sudden reversal of China policy dramatically elevates the importance of the coming UN session, and the man in charge. George Bush, a rare combination of Connecticut Yankee and Texas oil millionaire, by luck, may be the right man in the right place.

Rebellious Priests V. Reluctant Bishops

For liberal U.S. Catholics, the promise of the Second Vatican Council has not been fulfilled. Militant priests and nuns accuse the bishops of being reluctant to challenge conservative Rome. The lid's ready to blow.

Suburban Government: You Can't Fight It

Explosive growth, gerrymandering, archaic political structures make the simplest political action impossible in the suburbs. The fight for a single traffic light in Port Washington, L.I., illuminates the problem.

Grand Funk Railroad

Richard Goldstein, an aging and mellowing rock critic (now approaching thirty), can no longer evade the fact that rock is only for the young. And, among the major groups, only Grand Funk Railroad knows where the young are at.

Ecology: More For The Haves Than The Have-Nots

Are the elitist and arrogant leaders of the movement blinding us to the needs of the world's poor and hungry?

Iowa: The Other Side Of The Corn

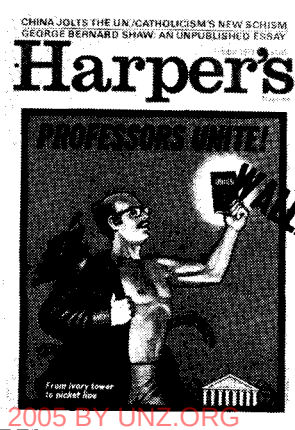
A provincial easterner discovers the unexpected joys of Iowa, where art, music, and The Writers Workshop flourish in clean air, clean streets, and a remarkably crime-free climate.

And More...

An unpublished essay by ***George Bernard Shaw*** advances a beguiling and relevant argument for socialism; a brilliant new story by ***Jorge Luis Borges;*** verse by ***Richard Brautigan; Charlton Ogburn's*** modest proposal for saving the car-choked cities; ***Jack Richardson's*** imaginary defense of a man who faithfully followed every political and social fashion of his time; and from his easy chair, ***John Fischer*** proves there is some good news if you look hard enough.

Every issue, America's first monthly magazine brings you opinion, information, entertainment and excitement. Get into the Harper's habit now, and save half.

8 Months Of Harper's Magazine. Only $3.88 046A


CHINA JOLTS THE UN/CATHOLICISM'S NEW SCHISM
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: AN UNPUBLISHED ESSAY
Harper's
PROFESSORS UNITE!
From ivory tower to picket line

Fill out and mail today to Harper's Magazine at 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Send me the next 8 months of Harper's for only $3.88. That's less than half the newsstand cost. (Regularly $8.00 on the newsstand.)

☐ Double my savings. Send 16 months for only $7.76.

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill me

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

WALLA WALLA VALLEY ACADEMY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ZHUKOV

by OTTO PRESTON CHANEY, JR.
Foreword by Malcolm Mackintosh

This first complete biography of the most decorated soldier in Soviet history places in true perspective his achievements and stunning military accomplishments. A vivid account based upon newly available Russian sources and significant historical and military documents. Profusely illustrated. Two-color battle maps. $9.95.

Other Books of Interest

TOGETHER WITH THE AINU: The Vanishing People of Hokkaido, Japan, by M. INEZ HILGER. Illustrated. $9.95.

BOOK OF GODS AND RITES & THE ANCIENT CALENDAR, by FRAY DIEGO DURÁN. Translated and edited by FERNANDO HORCASITAS & DORIS HEYDEN. Illustrated. $12.50.

FOSSILS AND FLIES: The Life of a Compleat Scientist, Samuel Wendell Williston (1851-1918), by ELIZABETH NOBLE SHOR. Illustrated. $8.95.

INDIAN ORATORY: Famous Speeches by Noted Indian Chieftains. Compiled by W. C. VANDERWERTH. Illustrated. $8.95.

Available At Your Local Bookstore

University of Oklahoma Press
1005 Asp Avenue
Norman, Oklahoma 73069

together with bamboo. Even if the papyrus dissolved completely, the ceramic jars with bamboo and whatever was left of the cabin would give us enough support to keep on drifting."

But, we wanted to know, what about when *Ra I* was almost destroyed in a hurricane before it reached Barbados. They were, after all, rescued, but couldn't the same thing have happened in the middle of the ocean? "On *Ra I*," he said, "all the men wanted to keep on going. We had just a few days left. But I refused. We still ran a chance of one or two men being lost, and I do not believe any scientific experiment is worth the loss of a single human life. In any case, it was not my objective to show *we* could come across—it was to show *they* could.

"I went to make research back in time," he continued. "But I found myself terribly involved in the future. Now I find myself split between two researches—the past and, more and more, the present.

"I saw pollution," he said quietly, *"all the way across.* Do you realize what that means? The entire ocean is getting polluted. We saw refuse from one end of the ocean to the other. On *Ra II*, out of fifty-seven days, we saw oil lumps on forty-three of them.

"The main problem is not to think or arm or prepare for another human enemy that may or may not be there. We ought to prepare for a common, silent enemy that is already there. It's very unrealistic to have a War Department just thinking of the first thing. I used to think of the bomb as mankind's major enemy. It's there, all right, and it may or may not destroy us. But the real enemy is the pollution that we know is there and that will certainly destroy us unless we can start a full-scale war on it right now.

"Unless we do," he continued, "mankind is not going to enjoy many more generations. Thank God the nations are going to take it up in Stockholm next year. But the unfortunate thing is that so far so many underdeveloped nations think it's just the rich man's problem—that it's a matter of esthetics. I even heard a man from one of those countries say he would prefer industry and pollution to poverty and no pollution. It was very sad."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1956)

(CARLOS) CASTANEDA:
A SEPARATE REALITY

The road was flanked on both sides by ranges of low mountains that seemed to be the solidified lava of some gigantic volcanic eruption. In the darkness the black, jagged peaks were silhouetted against the sky like huge menacing walls of glass slivers.

BARBADOS
Stay at 1—Enjoy all 3

Colony Club
Discovery Bay Inn
Coconut Creek Club

On fashionable St. James Beach. 3 small, select resorts - beachcomb casual in the chic Indies way. All air-conditioned. 7 miles from Bridgetown's fabulous shops. 3 fresh water pools • 3 snug beaches • 3 exchange dining rooms • Managers' cocktail parties at all 3 • Nightly entertainment.

Represented by
Hetland & Stevens, Inc.
New York: Phone TN 7-1450
Or Call Your Travel Agent

EZRA SAYS

Ezra is your wine steward

"At this Bay Roc, your room is so close, you will wake in the morning and freshen yourself in our ocean. You will lie on our beach that is 1700 feet long. Or play tennis or golf. Or go to our sauna to put your body at ease, or to make amends for the good food you have eaten too well."

Bay Roc, Montego Bay, Jamaica
Represented by Utell International

NEW YORK

The Regency Hotel

The most celebrated address in New York.
Park Avenue at 61st Street,
New York, N.Y. 10021.
(212) 759-4100.

A LOEWS HOTEL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.
© 1971 Dow Jones & Company, Inc. All Rights Reserved.
Business Bulletin
A Special Background Report On Trends in Industry And Finance
Tax Report
A Special Summary and Forecast Of Federal and State Tax Developments
Washington Wire
A Special Weekly Report From The Wall Street Journal's Capital Bureau
The Outlook
Appraisal of Current Trends In Business and Finance
Labor Letter
A Special News Report on People And Their Jobs in Offices, Fields and Factories

5 kinds of news features you can get only in the pages of The Wall Street Journal

1. MONDAY, "The Outlook" – an in-depth appraisal of economic events, issues, and politics . . . their background and their impact on the nation's business and finance.

2. TUESDAY, "Labor Letter" – a one-of-its-kind report on people and their jobs . . . with important information about unions, labor leaders, management, new rulings, collective bargaining decisions, and more.

3. WEDNESDAY, "Tax Report" – an eye-opening look at all-important tax legislation and proposals coming from Washington and the various state capitals . . . with appraisals and valuable information that can save you money.

4. THURSDAY, "Business Bulletin" – exclusive background items on trends in industry and business . . . featuring business news stories that key on important events *early* enough to help you in making your own decisions.

5. FRIDAY, "Washington Wire" – a special report prepared by The Journal's own Capitol bureau. Each week, The Journal's Washington office carefully sifts fact from fancy to bring you the essential news you need.

There's much more that's special about *The Wall Street Journal*, too. There's "What's News" – daily news columns of what's happening in the world and the nation, as well as in business and finance. And two full, front-page columns that spot key business and economic trends for you.

Inside The Journal, you also benefit from important daily business features such as Abreast of the Market, Heard on the Street, Who's News, The Dow Jones Averages, dividend news, markets (foreign and domestic), and commodities.

On The Journal's famous editorial page, you'll find Review and Outlook, Letters to the Editor, The Bookshelf, and stimulating movie and theater reviews.

So you see, when it comes to the news, you don't really miss a thing when you read *The Wall Street Journal*. Reporting is concise and accurate . . . with daily contributions from award-winning writers.

No wonder so many successful businessmen start every business day with us. And they're able to do so, regardless of where they live, because The Journal is printed in nine modern plants located all across the country.

The best way to make sure *you* get The Journal every business day is to subscribe now: Enjoy 75 issues sent directly to your home or office for only $10. If during those 15 weeks you are not satisfied, you may cancel your subscription and receive a full refund on the balance. Mail the attached postage-paid card today. If the card is missing, mail the coupon below.

Enjoy a head start in business every business day

Subscribe now: 75 issues for only $10

The Wall Street Journal 2B505
200 Burnett Road
Chicopee, Massachusetts 01021

Yes, I want to take advantage of your introductory subscription offer. Please send me *The Wall Street Journal* for 15 weeks and bill me for only $10.

Print Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

☐ Check here if you enclose payment.

WALLA WALLA VALLEY ACADEMY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Italic You.

A pen that's very truly you . . .
The Osmiroid Italic pen, from England, lets you express the real you as no other pen can.
Like to try a beautiful italic hand? Osmiroid makes it easy . . . $3 for the italic pen and a free instruction booklet.
You'll be astounded with its ease and flow.
Also available in left-handed model.
At leading art supply, stationery, and college book stores.
Very truly yours, Osmiroid.

HUNT
Manufacturing Company
1405 Locust Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

Afternoon Tee in TOBAGO

Our guests automatically become members of the Tobago Golf Club—the finest championship course in the Caribbean. And, aside from the tee ceremony, you'll love our luxurious hotel, superb water sports, opulent cuisine and entertaining night life.

See your travel agent or:
I. Oliver Engebretson, Inc.
Call: (212) 980-3810

MOUNT IRVINE BAY HOTEL

SHOULD SCHOOLS SURVIVE?
Oct. 24-26

a strategy conference on the future of education, to be held at Bergamo, an on-going education center located in Dayton, Ohio

For information contact: **BERGAMO**
4100 E. Patterson Road
Dayton, Ohio 45430
(513) 426-2363, ext. 79

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Trailblazer

BURIED UNDER the pile of the new TV season's unusually depressing abundance of gratuitous violence, imitative series, and vacuous mediocrity, *Decisions! Decisions!*, the recent two-hour Bob Newhart comedy special on NBC has gone largely unnoticed by audience, press, and even the network that presented it. Its ratings were good; audience mail has been enthusiastic (according to Pat McDermott, of Patrick Enterprises, in Hollywood, who was the show's executive producer). But the implications of this ingenious program appear to have been overlooked by the industry. The program was significant not only as television entertainment drama but also in terms of public affairs decision-making.

The basic idea for the show's format was born at the Czech Pavilion during Montreal's Expo '67. There, a company of actors offered audiences "choice points" in the script of a twenty-minute playlet; they then acted out the story developments voted by the spectators. Pat McDermott, after seeing the Czech exhibit, proposed to a McCann-Erickson executive that television could employ the device of actor-audience feedback as part of an exciting new audience-participation drama. In a rapidly burgeoning computer age, the instant feedback principle has been used in audience-test programs and in air survey shows; however, it had not yet been applied to big-time TV entertainment. Within five days, the advertising agency executive had proposed the suggestion to Coca-Cola and the Association of American Railroads; as a result, producer McDermott was on her way to a $1.45-million investment. Virginia Rooks conceived the specific show idea and worked out the basics with the producer.

The scenario called for an ecology professor (Bob Newhart) to find himself involved with two women (Jean Simmons and Jill St. John), both of whom asked for his help—one to succor an abandoned baby, the other to rescue her from a cloak-and-dagger intrigue. At the master choice point, Newhart, in the type of stand-up comedy monologue at which he is so artful, asks an actual studio audience to vote for which lady he is to help.

The Czechs performed their scripts live for twenty minutes; *Decisions! Decisions!* did its story on film for two hours minus commercials. And the producers actually shot two complete shows, so that they'd be ready to authentically follow any choice the audience made—not only the master choice of Trail A or B, but several internal choices within the body of each independent story. Even the producer herself, not to mention the editors on the show, becomes somewhat confused in attempting to explain how it was done.

The logistics, in the producer's account, called for "four first acts, eight second acts, and thirteen third acts—all in the can before Newhart faced his studio audience." Originally, Pat McDermott hoped that the opus would be shown in two independent halves, with a night in between; however, NBC, judging the program to be a suitable lead-in for its new prime-time season, elected to position the shows back to back.

I confess that when I saw the two-hour program, I was certain that the voting device was merely an innovative gimmick. It seemed incredible that any producer would cover all bases; but this producer is a gambling mathematician. She has recouped $850,000 on the first two-hour show; she has at least four independent shows that can be resold in combinations; and she reports calls from twenty-two international buyers. All she has to do is reshoot "one six-minute tease."

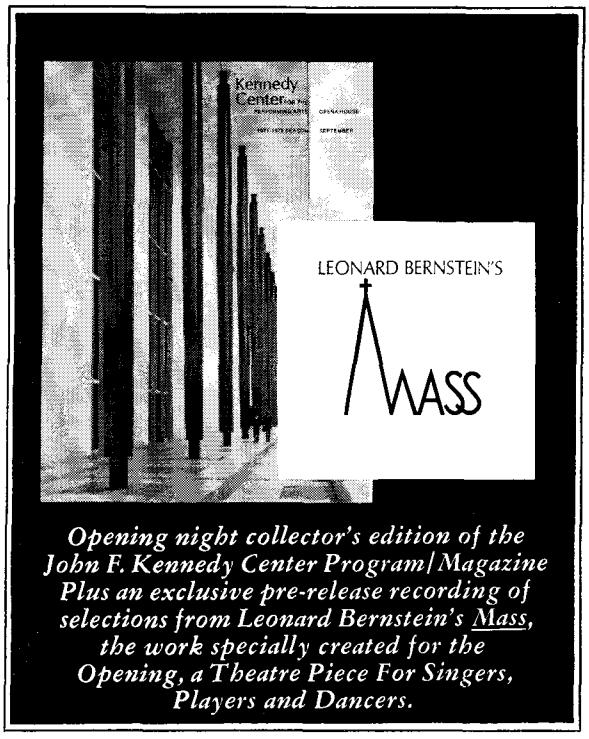
The show was fresh and delightful. Newhart is an ideal comic for such a format, and the lines and sight gags provided by a team of writers were engaging. For McDermott, the name of this game is audience involvement. Viewers love to get into the act and to have a sense of participation with real consequences. Viewers who wrote letters debated and argued the choices that Newhart's ecology professor made. (Don't we all often feel that the dumb writer should have had the story go thataway?)

The producer, a former Los Angeles newspaper writer and public relations expert, would like to do similar storyline shows with computerized phone calls from all over the country. Beyond that, she asserts, why not extrapolate the device into the world of news with broadcasts that examine public issues and give viewers a chance to vote. This, McDermott says, would be using television for vital communication purposes.

What this producer has done with her innovative breakthrough is to offer the industry its own choice points. Which should it do: Forget *Decisions! Decisions!* or follow its trail? That scenario has but one, not two, versions in the can. Audience, how do you vote?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Rare Prize For Collectors.



Opening night collector's edition of the John F. Kennedy Center Program/Magazine Plus an exclusive pre-release recording of selections from Leonard Bernstein's Mass, the work specially created for the Opening, a Theatre Piece For Singers, Players and Dancers.

On September 8, 1971, the visions and plans of four Presidents and hundreds of patrons and supporting artists became a reality. On that historic night, world leaders in government and the arts gathered in Washington, D.C. for the opening of The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, and the premier performance of the work commissioned for the occasion: Leonard Bernstein's *Mass*.

Because of the world-wide interest in the new cultural center and in Mr. Bernstein's new *Mass, Saturday Review,* publishers of the Program/Magazine for the Kennedy Center, is making available a limited supply of the first night's edition—a genuine collector's item—and, by special arrangement, an exclusive 7″ stereo recording of major selections from *Mass* produced exclusively by Columbia Records for this offer.

The Program/Magazine itself is 144 pages of contemporary history in full color and black and white including: The background of the Center; Letters from Presidents Nixon and Kennedy; Full-color photographs of the Kennedy Center, inside and out; Notes and comments on Bernstein's major new work; A list of distinguished patrons and founding artists; plus features on John Kennedy and the arts; A report on leading art institutions in Washington; and more.

In addition, the Program/Magazine has a practical side. In it you'll find architectural plans for all three theaters, seating plans, ticket information, restaurants within the Center, and parking information.

This inaugural Program/Magazine and recording can be obtained only by mail order through this offer. There will be no sale of the inaugural Program or the exclusive pre-release recording except under the auspices of the Kennedy Center and Saturday Review Programs. Only a limited number of copies have been printed. The plates have been destroyed. When the limited supply is gone, there will be no more produced. Judging from the scarcity of opening night Program/Magazines for New York's Lincoln Center, these rare collector's items will almost certainly increase in value with each passing year.

Orders will be filled on a first come basis, so send today for your Program/Magazine and recording simply by completing and mailing coupon with your check or money order. Or if you so indicate you will be billed. Pleased do not send cash.

The price for the Opening Night Kennedy Center Program/Magazine and recording is only $6.95. If you would like the Program/Magazine in a deluxe hard cover edition, the price is $8.95. Proceeds Will Be Shared With The Kennedy Center.

SR-3

To: Saturday Review Programs
380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017

Gentlemen: Please send me the John F. Kennedy Center Opening Night Program/Magazine plus the exclusive pre-release recording of selections from Leonard Bernstein's *Mass*.

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order. ☐ Please bill me.
For _____ copies of regular edition and record at $6.95 each.
For _____ copies of deluxe hard cover edition and record at $8.95
Add 50¢ shipping charges with each order.
If you are a resident of New York State add local and state sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

WALLA WALLA VALLEY ACADEMY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

From Bing to Sir Rudolf In Twenty-one Lessons

THIS YEAR'S opening performance at the Metropolitan Opera was one of the most enjoyable in decades, not because it marked the beginning of the end of the long stretch of time in which a general manager who came in as Mr. Bing departs as Sir Rudolf (in a similar situation, Bernard Shaw wondered how an impresario known to all musical London in the Nineties as "good old Gus" should be addressed after he had become Sir Augustus Harris) but because it was a well-rehearsed performance of a memorably fine production of an outstanding work.

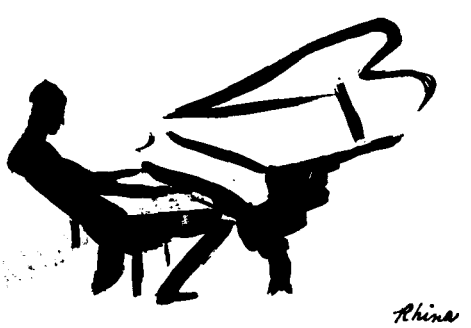
Appropriate to the occasion, the general manager had elected to open his last season with the version of Verdi's *Don Carlo* with which he had introduced himself in 1950. He has done some fine things since, but none better. Needless to say, there have been ups and downs along the way, some of the downs including this same *Don Carlo* when it was pitched onto the stage with no more consideration than still another *Pagliacci*. This was the first time since 1950 that it had opened a season, meaning that it profited from proper musical preparation under the well-informed Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, the wrinkles and creases in Rolf Gérard's admirable décor had been ironed out or patched over, and an air of an event filled the theater, as it had not for *Don Carlo* in too many years.

In place of the absent Montserrat Caballé (at home in Spain, awaiting the birth of a child) was Martina Arroyo, whose assets do not include a face or figure to rivet the attention, but who did sing much of Elisabetta's music beautifully, especially in the third-act ensemble. Placido Domingo's appearance as Carlo, despite a vocal malaise, permitted a surprise appearance by Sir Rudolf (where was Mr. Osie Hawkins?) to plead clemency before the jury was even seated. Domingo bulled his way through the part by sheer physical impact, a bigger belt line than ever, and a rather reckless disregard for caution if his cords were inflamed. Another newcomer was John Macurdy, adding a finely orotund sound for the Grand Inquisitor (looking rather more an Irish bishop than a Spanish grandee), in a notable line that originated with Jerome Hines. Grace Bumbry added, as she always does, allure to the role of Eboli, which she sings with positive purpose.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the evening was the reappearance, in their roles of 1950, of Robert Merrill (Posa) and Cesare Siepi (King Philip). Over the twenty-one years, Merrill has preserved his sound better than Siepi has. However, whereas Merrill re-created, with added authority, the action taught to him by Margaret Webster, Siepi has evolved a wholly different, much more mature character study than he was offering in times past. He now portrays Philip as an elderly, troubled man, torn not only between familial and imperial concerns but between the powers of Church and State. Siepi's theatrical instinct has always been keen, but he has added dramatic techniques that sharpen the points he is impelled to make. Amid the ebb and flow of tensions that make the first scene of Act III one of the greatest in the Verdi canon (meaning in all of opera), Siepi's well-conceived reactions to the Inquisitor, to Elisabetta, and to Eboli made him its dominant figure. The nostalgia note was sounded a little unfortunately in the assignment of the off-stage Voice during the auto-da-fé scene to Lucine Amara, who made her debut in it those years ago. Vocal purity of the sort she originally possessed doesn't endure, even less improve, over such campaigning as she has subjected it to.

As part of one of those swift transitional vignettes that typify the theater, the season's first performance of the Zeffirelli productions of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci* was prefaced by the Intermezzo from Act III of Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*, played in tribute to the late Fausto Cleva whose first assignment of the season this was meant to be. It was affectionately performed under the direction of Raymond Gniewek, concertmaster of the orchestra and right hand to Cleva on many an occasion.

Then into the pit strode tall, bespectacled Christopher Keene, born after the end of World War II, when Cleva was celebrating the twenty-fifth of his fifty years' association with the Metropolitan. Though Keene's progress up the ladder of opera-conducting has been rapid since student days in Berkeley, California, he has missed no rungs on the way. His varied assignments across Lincoln Center Plaza with the New York City Opera Company contributed to a resoundingly successful debut.



Some may suppose that it eased Keene's burdens—in a purely practical way, perhaps—to be working with such seasoned professionals as Fiorenza Cossotto, today's première Santuzza and the natural successor to the laurels of Giulietta Simionato in this part, Carlo Bergonzi making his first Metropolitan venture as Turiddu a rousing one, and Anselmo Colzani, an Alfio to the burly life. But they set a standard to which Keene, despite his youth, consistently conformed, thanks to knowledge as well as talent, fire as well as sensitivity. His prime collaborators in the following *Pagliacci* were Teresa Stratas (Nedda), James McCracken (Canio), and Sherrill Milnes (Tonio).

Normally, the accession of a new music director to the head of so prominent an orchestra as the New York Philharmonic would be prime musical news. But, like his immediate predecessors (Dimitri Mitropoulos and Leonard Bernstein), Pierre Boulez has been so thoroughly exposed, consumer tested, and market evaluated through guest engagements that his first appearances as music director wore more the aspect of an old friend's return than a new executive's introduction. Even the programs were Boulez-anticipatable, ranging from Wagner's *Faust Overture* and the "Royal Hunt and Storm" from Berlioz's *Les Troyens* to the first movement of Mahler's Tenth Symphony, all beautifully presented in performances of refinement and musicianly integrity. There was also a typical rendering of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* (which may become known as Boulez's *Pathétique*) and, as part of this season's Liszt cycle, hearings of that composer's *Totentanz* and *Malédiction*, with Jorge Bolet as piano soloist in the first and David Bar-Illan in the second (both replacing the ailing André Watts).

Rather more of a novelty and perhaps of even greater impact on the long-range future of the orchestra was the introduction of Rafael Druian as concertmaster, a function in which the body Philharmonic has long been hurting. His background with Szell in Cleveland (and, before that, in Minneapolis with Dorati) qualifies him uniquely for the kind of leadership the able Philharmonic strings can well use. The lean, pliant line that they produced in the Mahler was, if Boulez-inspired, Druian-drawn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PSYCHIC CATHARSIS

It will happen. Something will get into you. Something will get out of you. You will laugh, cry, think, dream when you discover **new woman**® the first magazine for the thinking woman.

"We at NEW WOMAN stress the importance of the female self—not selfishness and subservience. We believe that life can be a greater experience when one searches out one's own identity, explores one's own individuality, believes in one's own abilities, discovers who or what one is or might be and takes real pleasure in being that person. This kind of thinking—and doing—we believe constitutes the essence of living that many men (but only a few women) have heretofore known."—excerpted from the Publisher's Platform NEW WOMAN magazine

Provocative—titillating—entertaining—educational—NEW WOMAN will motivate you to question your own impulses, challenge your own instincts, evaluate and re-evaluate your own life style, channel and re-channel your own proclivities. What it all boils down to is that NEW WOMAN will make a new woman out of you. It's a catharsis—but it's not for every woman.

new woman
THE CASE AGAINST MARRIAGE
THERE'S A MAN IN THE KITCHEN
PLUS 20 PAGES OF FASHION AND BEAUTY.
YOUR ANSWERS TO THE MALE NUDE QUIZ

NOVEMBER'S EXCITEMENT

- Playboy's Playmate of the Year Turned New Woman
- 17 Sex Foods That Really Work
- New Woman Salutes 34 Young Tycoons Who Made It In Their Twenties
- What Meditation Can Do For You
- How To Break Into Cartooning
- New Woman's Guide to Social Environment in American Colleges and Universities
- The Trek Back to Materialism
- Woman Who Make Great Success Have Husband Who Make Great Coffee
- Scorpio
- Plus Twenty Pages of Beauty/Fashion/Travel

TO BREAK THROUGH, SEND FOR YOUR FREE SAMPLE— OR PICK US UP AT A NEWSSTAND.

NEW WOMAN
P.O. BOX 24202
FORT LAUDERDALE,
FLORIDA 33307

Please send me my complimentary current issue of NEW WOMAN. I may keep my sample copy and owe nothing. However, unless I cancel, you may enroll me as a trial subscriber and send me the next 12 issues. Bill me later. My subscription has started at the one-year rate of $7.50 ($1.50 off newsstand price).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Occupation (for demographic editorial purposes please) _____

WALLA WALLA VALLEY ACADEMY

PRESERVED BY PAPERS.NZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DOLLARS AND LOGIC OF REORDERED PRIORITIES

As American involvement in Vietnam tapers off, there is general agreement that fiscal resources previously allocated to the war should now be shifted to domestic problems. But there is less agreement on how much the remedies will cost or how much the postwar "peace dividend" will actually provide. This week *SR* examines the situation in a two-part report. First, Lawrence S. Ritter estimates the price tags of our reordered priorities and discusses how the payments for them can be met. His approach is based on the premise that no essential changes will be made in our non-Vietnam military expenditures. Seymour Melman, on page 26, approaches the question from a different standpoint. In his article "All the Muscle at One-Third the Cost" he suggests ways to loosen the grip of our most rapacious parasite: the military and its 64 per cent share of the tax dollar.

Battling the Balance Sheet

by LAWRENCE S. RITTER

With the Vietnam War stumbling toward what appears to be a conclusion, it is time for "reordered national priorities" to become a reality instead of an empty slogan. That the phrase is presently little more than a catchword is best indicated by the paucity of answers to the simplest questions. What dollar amounts are involved? Who will foot the bill? Priorities are relative; if some are ranked higher, then others must be dropped lower. But which ones and how much lower?

For many advocates of reordered priorities, these are irrelevant or even hostile questions. They seem to think that the end of the war will solve all such problems by releasing more than enough resources to heal the inflamed tissues of a divided country. Others count on economic growth as their Aladdin's lamp, while simultaneously urging that growth be de-emphasized as an objective of national economic policy because of the congestion and pollution that are often its by-products. And no one, least of all those running for public office, appears willing to acknowledge the reality that if there is to be any substance to reordered priorities, they will have to be accompanied by higher, not lower, taxes. There will be costs, and they will not be negligible. We blundered into Vietnam without knowing where we were going; it would be tragic indeed if we were to do the same thing all over again on the domestic front. A day of reckoning before the fact is surely preferable to a body count afterward.

The size of the post-Vietnam peace dividend, for example, is sure to prove a severe disappointment to those who have been counting on it so heavily. Such a dividend can be defined as the resources that would be released by a fall-back in defense spending to 1965 levels, prior to the massive build-up in Southeast Asia. In 1965 defense expenditures were $50-billion. Last year they were $77-billion. On the basis of those figures, one would expect $27-billion a year to become available.

However, calculations of this sort are misleading. They fail to consider inflation. If the government today were to try to buy the same defense package it paid $50-billion for in 1965, the price tag now would be approximately $64-billion. Relative to last year's $77-billion, this would release only $13-billion a year for alternative uses. That is the maximum that a post-Vietnam dividend, per se, can be expected to provide.

This amount is not much when set against the sums needed to make a

LAWRENCE S. RITTER is professor of finance at New York University. The above article is based on a report that appeared in the July 1971 Morgan Guaranty *Survey*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meaningful dent in our domestic problems. What are our most urgent needs? Aside from the direct reduction of poverty, which we will return to later, there appears to be general agreement that more intensive effort should be devoted to 1) improving mass transit in urban and suburban areas; 2) curbing environmental pollution; 3) improving law enforcement and the judicial and penal systems generally; 4) upgrading the quality of education, especially in the larger cities; 5) improving health care and medical research; and 6) alleviating a growing nationwide housing shortage.

None of these problem areas can be improved by purely financial measures any more than purely military means have succeeded in resolving the Vietnam situation. "Spend more money" is a first cousin to "send more troops." No additional expenditure will be effective unless it is part of social and institutional reform. In the current jargon of sociologists, public service "delivery systems" have to be restructured if an additional dollar of spending is in fact to yield an additional dollar of benefit where intended.

It is equally true, however, that improvements cannot be expected unless more money is indeed spent. There may not be progress with more spending, but there surely will be none without it. At present, estimates of the dollar amounts needed to make significant headway toward these goals in the 1970s are little more than guesswork, but they do provide a rough idea of what is involved. For example, it has been estimated that, in terms of 1970 prices, an average of $4-billion a year over and above the 1970 level will be required during the coming decade to make a meaningful contribution to mass transit; $10-billion a year more for pollution control; $12-billion a year more for law enforcement and the judicial and penal systems; $20-billion a year more for nationwide school reform at all levels; another $20-billion a year for better health and medical care and research; and $30-billion a year more for our announced national housing goal of 2.6 million units constructed annually. This package adds up to *$96-billion* a year more than 1970 expenditures.

Generally speaking, these estimates are on the conservative side. The additional $10-billion a year for pollution control, for instance, compares with a recent approximation of $10- to $14-billion by Joseph Scherer, a Federal Reserve economist. The $20-billion for health and medical care contrasts with the estimated $65-billion a year figure attached to Senator Edward Kennedy's "cradle to the grave" health insurance plan; even Medicredit, the proposed system supported by the American Medical Association, would cost the government about $15-billion annually. As for housing, the $30-billion spent on home construction in 1970 resulted in fewer than 1.5 million housing starts, well below publicized national goals. To make up for the home-building decline of recent years and attain stated national objectives during the coming decade would require an expenditure of at least twice the $30-billion spent in 1970.

These needs must be weighed against the background of existing priorities. Chart I shows current spending patterns, as represented by the actual composition of goods and services produced in this country last year.

Chart II adds the $96-billion more needed to satisfy reordered priorities to the appropriate spending categories listed in the preceding table. This means, first of all, adding $30-billion annually to residential construction. Most of the remaining $66-billion will have to be in the form of additional government spending—federal, state, and local—because most of the problem areas either encompass traditional governmental operations (education and law enforcement) or involve functions that private enterprise has failed to perform satisfactorily (mass transit, pollution control, and health care). If we arbitrarily allocate roughly three-quarters of the $66-billion (or $49-billion) to state and local governments and one-quarter (or $17-billion) to the federal government, we emerge with the conclusions summarized in Chart II. To realize reordered priorities over the 1970s, state and local government spending will have to average $170-billion a year, residential construction $60-billion a year, and federal non-defense spending

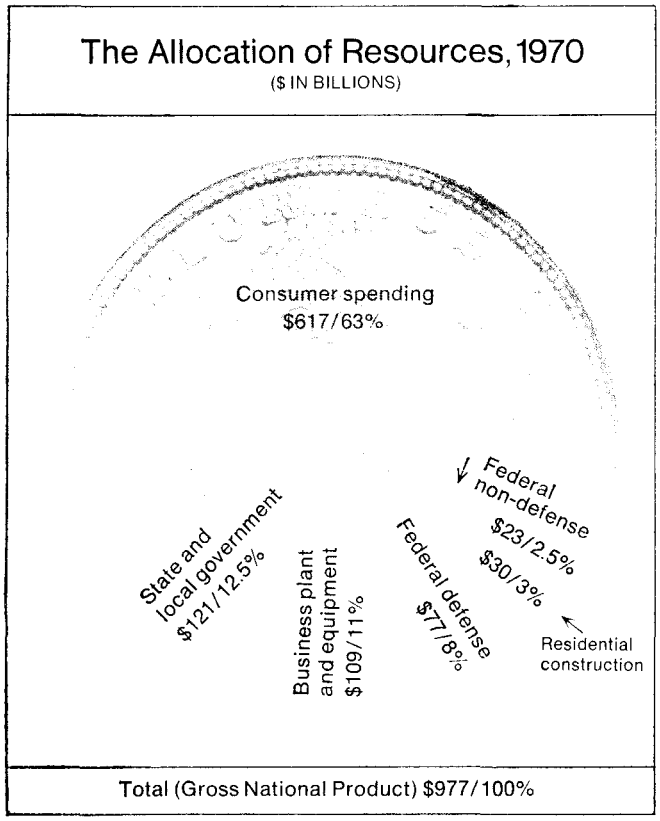


CHART I

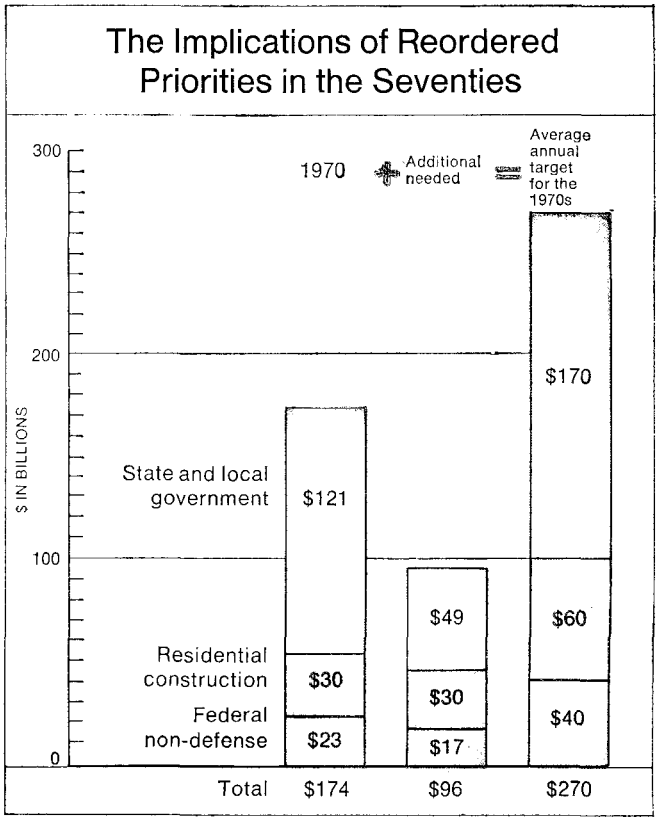


CHART II

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"In the 1970s, given reordered priorities, every additional dollar spent on guns will literally mean a dollar less for butter. The great danger is that we will choose the guns and the butter and thereby abandon reordered priorities."

$40-billion a year—all reckoned in terms of 1970 prices.

What about the possible contribution of economic growth toward the $96-billion—the ability of industry to generate output in ever-increasing volume? A dozen years ago, our Gross National Product was $450-billion. Last year it was $977-billion. Fully 48 per cent of this growth is illusory, the result of marking higher prices on the same quantity of goods and services. But the remaining 52 per cent is real enough: Not including price changes, the amount of goods and services this country turned out grew at the rate of about 4 per cent a year from 1958 through 1970.

The most optimistic forecasts for the Seventies anticipate a growth rate, excluding price changes, of 4.5 per cent a year at best. In 1971 that figure will be lucky to reach 3.5 per cent, and a more realistic guess for the decade as a whole is probably closer to 4 per cent a year. Nevertheless, for the sake of argument let us assume a 4.5 per cent annual growth rate from 1970 through 1979. At that rate, the country's productive capacity, measured in terms of 1970 prices, would gradually rise from $977-billion in 1970 to $1,220-billion by 1975, and then continue higher over the remaining years of the decade. The 1975 figure of $1,220-billion is conveniently representative of the decade, standing as it does at the mid-point.

One way of reckoning the contribution of economic growth—a growth dividend, so to speak—would be to take the entire $243-billion potential increase in national productive capacity, from $977-billion in 1970 to $1,220-billion in 1975, and to consider it as being available for the desired purposes. This would be more than enough to satisfy the additional $96-billion needed—so what is all the worrying about? Unfortunately, not *all* of this increase will be devoted, in the normal course of events, to these areas. Many other claimants are also lined up awaiting *their* share of the growth increment: consumers, many of whom are not so impressed by the minimum-consumption life-style of their offspring; and business firms, for whom growth and profits remain goals worth pursuing.

The process of growth, by itself, does no more than generate resources, which then are up for grabs. If state and local government spending, residential construction, and federal non-defense spending continue to receive the same share of the pie as they did in 1970—18 per cent—then in 1975, with a projected output of $1,220-billion, such outlays would add up to $219-billion. This would be $45-billion more for these purposes than last year, and it is this figure—$45-billion—that represents what growth, per se, can be expected to contribute. Anything additional will have to be diverted away from other potential claimants by deliberate and purposeful public policy.

At best, then, no more than $58-billion of the requisite $96-billion can reasonably be expected to arise from the combination of peace in Southeast Asia and growth in the economy—$13-billion accruing from peace and $45-billion from growth. The remaining $38-billion will have to come from the considerably more painful process of using governmental authority—through taxation, for instance—to deliberately rechannel resources away from "undesirable" uses and into "desirable" ones. In addition, similar public policy will also have to make up for any deficiency in either the peace or growth dividends—as would be the case, for example, if military spending fails to shrink by $13-billion after Vietnam or if economic growth does not average a brisk 4.5 per cent a year during the 1970s.

Chart III illustrates the extent to which priorities may have to be redirected by public policy. The two left-hand columns show how a Gross National Product of $1,220-billion in 1975 would be divided, if each spending category received the same percentage share of the total as it did in 1970. Under such circumstances, the three spending categories at the top of the table—which is where priorities should be revised upward—would, at 18 per cent of the total, add up to only $219-billion in 1975, well below their $270-billion target. By way of contrast, the two right-hand columns show that reaching that target figure would absorb 22 per cent of total output. In other words, the reordering of priorities requires that the three top sectors receive 4 percentage points more of the pie than at present.

But an upward revision of some priorities necessarily implies a downward revision of others: A corresponding 4 per cent of total output has to give way somewhere, somehow. The three spending categories at the bottom of Chart III are all that remain, and retrenchment must occur among them. On the basis of 1970 priorities, they would take 82 per cent of total output. But if the sectors at the top are to obtain 22 per cent of the total, those at the bottom can have no more than 78 per cent. The question is what to cut by how much. It is precisely here that the strength of the American public's desire for reordered priorities will meet its severest test.

A favorite starting point for radical surgery is business plant and equipment spending. Let the giant corporations pull in their belts—aren't they already too big? But this approach is likely to be self-defeating. Unless business firms continue to build and improve their plants and equipment, at least at current rates, productivity will falter and there will be little chance of maintaining the postulated 4.5 per cent growth rate. A smaller expansion in the economy's productive capabilities will then erode the $45-billion growth dividend, thereby compounding the difficulties.

This leaves federal defense and consumer spending as the only candidates left for contraction. It is here that something must give. These two sectors absorbed 71 per cent of 1970's annual output. Cutting them back by 4 percentage points, to 67 per cent of the total, would make room for expenditures by the top three sectors to expand as targeted. The basic choice thus becomes not *whether* to contract defense spending and/or consumer spending, but *how* and in what proportions.

In the right-hand columns of Chart III, defense spending is arbitrarily decreased to the pre-Vietnam level of $64-billion, which would amount to 5 per cent of average annual output over the 1970s. This permits 62 per cent of output to take the form of consumer goods and services. Views will differ on the wisdom of this 5 per cent/62 per cent split between defense and consumer spending. It may be that national security will require larger outlays than this; if so, then consumer spending will have to be squeezed even further. In the 1970s, given reordered priorities, every additional dollar spent on guns will literally mean a dollar less for butter. The great danger is that we will choose the guns *and* the butter and thereby abandon reordered priorities.

Pushing consumer spending down to 62 per cent of Gross National Product in the 1970s would mean eliminating $17-billion of annual spending that would normally flow into retail markets. Achieving this reduction will require higher taxes—not the lower taxes that many public officials appear to be promising once the Vietnam War has ended. Indeed, since the purpose of the higher taxes will be not so much to get

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

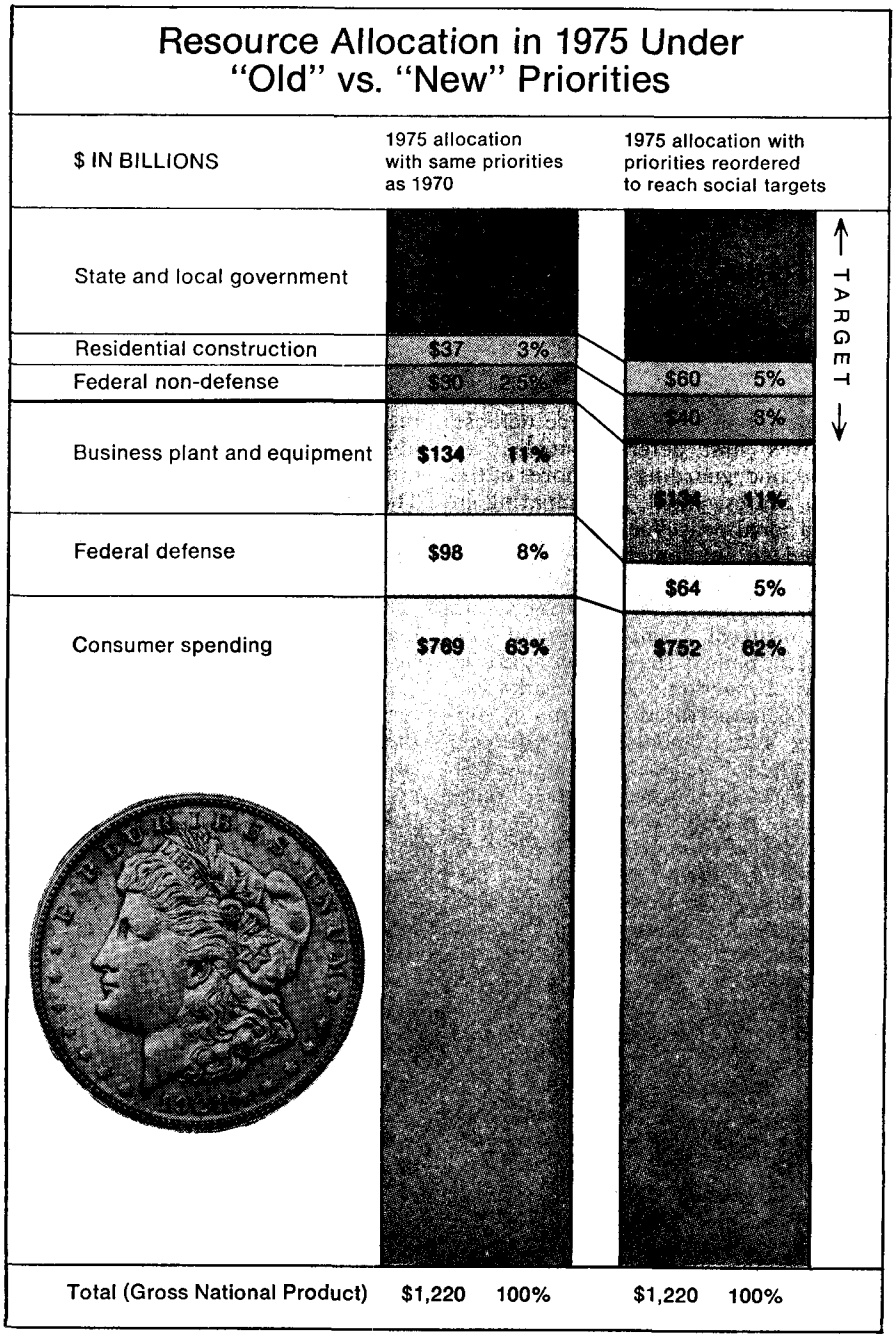


CHART III

money to finance government outlays as to decrease consumer spending, annual taxes will have to rise by more than $17-billion—say, by close to $20-billion—to bring about the needed cutback. This is because many households are likely to pay part of the higher taxes by reducing their saving rather than their spending.

A question might be raised as to whether business investment spending would stay up if consumer spending is held down. Why would corporations expand to produce more when consumers are buying less? The answer is that business concerns never have been particular about who their customers are, and increased spending by state and local governments, by homebuilders, and for federal non-defense purposes would replace what would have been spent by consumers.

The alternative to achieving reordered priorities without explicit taxation is an *implicit* tax imposed through inflation. Aggregate spending in excess of the economy's productive capacity will reduce people's purchasing power by driving prices higher. The result generally is to penalize most those who are least able to protect themselves, such as the elderly and fringe workers in non-unionized employment.

Such a sizable diversion must come mainly from restraint on middle-income families. As a practical matter, it cannot be accomplished solely by increasing taxes on business or the rich. Business investment in new plants and equipment is a necessary precondition for the attainment of an adequate growth rate; despite recent questioning of some of the by-products of economic growth, the fact remains that it is still the most important single producer of usable resources. "Soaking the rich" is no answer. This approach would not come close to freeing sufficient productive capacity, particularly since the rich would be the most likely to react to higher taxes by contracting their saving rather than their spending. Nor, of course, can any help be expected to come from reducing the consumption of those already at or close to the subsistence level. The conclusion is inescapable that a large share of the cost, in terms of reduced consumption, will have to be borne (in taxes) by middle-income people, simply because they comprise the bulk of the population and do most of the consumer spending.

Finally, there is the direct attack on poverty per se. This is somewhat different from the kind of steps that have been mentioned above (although many of those would in fact be of substantial benefit to the poor). Improving mass transit, upgrading the quality of education, and so forth, involve the shifting of resources from one category of spending to another. The objective of income maintenance programs, on the other hand, is not to direct spending to particular uses but to direct income to particular people. The main effect would be a redistribution within the total of consumer spending, from higher income groups toward lower. It is estimated that direct action to bring all Americans up to the subsistence level, via some plan of family allowances or negative income taxes, would cost at least $10-billion a year. Again, this would have to be financed largely by taxes on middle-income families, making the total tax bill for the entire package about $30-billion a year—or roughly $300 more a year in taxes for the average taxpaying family than it would have to pay under existing priorities. In the final analysis, our willingness, or lack of it, to impose this burden on ourselves—and our ability to do it both equitably and without destroying incentives—is likely to go a long way toward determining the future of the United States.

Six years ago, Lyndon Johnson decided to play games with the American people. Once he became involved in Vietnam, he compounded the tragedy by hoodwinking the public as to its cost. We are still paying the price in terms of inflation. Reordered priorities is something we *should* get involved in. There is, nevertheless, a right way and a wrong way to go about it. The wrong way—acting again as though there are no costs involved—is likely to kindle an inflationary explosion even greater than Vietnam.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All the Muscle at One-Third the Cost

by SEYMOUR MELMAN

There would be no problem of paying for reordered national priorities if there were not a military budget and other war costs, past and present, that account for 64 per cent of the 1971 tax dollar. Since the Second World War the military burden has totaled over $1,100-billion, more than the value of all residential and business structures in the United States. Having forgone the productive use of such immense resources, it is no mystery that so much deterioration is visible around us and that inflation, underemployment, and fiscal weakness have become the ills of the American economy.

This decay in American life cannot be remedied except by demilitarization—first of the federal budget. The Nixon administration proposes a 1972 budget of $79.2-billion for the Department of Defense. I suggest that the military security of the United States can be competently served with armed forces costing two-thirds less, between $25- and $29-billion. The difference, approximately $50-billion per year, is what is needed to start restoring the United States economically and morally.

A defense budget should be adequate to pay for the men and equipment needed to implement a particular military security policy. The security policy is the heart of the matter. "How much is enough" is defined by "enough for what?" If what is wanted is the capability to try to overwhelm opponents in deliberately run nuclear wars, then recent U.S. military budgets and forces are barely adequate, or too low. On the other hand, if the preferred security policy is aimed basically at defense—defined as nuclear deterrence, competence to guard the United States, and the capacity to contribute to international peacekeeping—then the present U.S. military establishment and its costs are extravagant.

At present, the Nixon administration's policies call for capability to fight a nuclear war and two other wars at the same time. I propose this commitment be reduced to the three defense objectives: first, deterring nuclear attack; second, guarding the shores of the United States; third, participating in international peacekeeping. The forces required to implement this security policy would amount to 964,000 men as compared to the administration's 1972 requirement of 2,505,000 men in uniform. The budget requirements are in similar proportion. These results are readily demonstrated in terms of contrasting requirements for Strategic Forces and for General Purpose Forces.

The Strategic Forces designed to deliver large nuclear weapons over intercontinental distances include 521 B-52 and B-58 bombers, 1,054 large land-based missiles of the Minuteman and Titan class, and forty-one submarines equipped with Polaris and Poseidon missiles. In mid-1971 these could deliver 4,600 nuclear warheads, each one a city-destroyer with TNT equivalents ranging from 50,000 to 20,000,000 tons. To gain perspective, it should be noted that the Soviet population and industrial system is concentrated in about 156 cities of 100,000 population or more.

The 1971 Strategic Forces' overkill capacity of at least thirty times is being rapidly doubled by the MIRV program. This extravaganza makes sense only as part of a counterforce policy that is aimed at directing a first-strike blow against all Soviet land-based weapons. But such a war could not be won since Soviet submarines could by themselves destroy the main cities of the United States.

I estimate that strategic weapons, plus their elaborate warning systems, will require, directly and indirectly, about 450,000 uniformed military personnel in 1972. The cost of the administration's Strategic Forces program will be about $16.3-billion, or 21 per cent of the proposed defense budget.

My alternative policy requires the operation of a nuclear deterrence force until there is a controlled agreement on disarmament. This force should have a highly reliable capability to destroy by retaliation any adversary that mounts an attack on U.S. territory or vitally linked entities such as Canada and Western Europe. The size of this deterrent force should be determined with regard to the fact that, for the foreseeable future, the U.S.S.R. would be the only conceivable nuclear attacker. Therefore, an adequate U.S. deterrent is one that threatens the Soviet's 156 population-industrial centers. If Soviet leaders are not deterred by the prospect of 156 warheads arriving at that many places, then they would be too insane to be deterred by anything.

For a policy of deterrence, the preferred nuclear delivery force would be the Polaris submarine fleet, as *now constituted*, without any MIRV program being required. The present Polaris fleet has the necessary speed, range, evasiveness, and reliability. In the judgment of the Secretary of Defense, the "Polaris and Poseidon submarines at sea can be considered virtually invulnerable today." Therefore, the Polaris fleet removes dangerous pressure for hair-trigger response to threats, accidents, or deliberate attack on the United States.

The policy of deterrence I propose would also allow very large savings to be made in presently proposed new weapons systems. For example, the Navy plans for MIRVing the Polaris fleet call for an outlay of $5,115,000,000, while the Air Force would spend a projected $10,101,000,000 to adapt the Minuteman missiles (without allowances for cost overruns). The proposed supersonic B-1 bomber would carry forty tons of weapons for 10,000 miles with one aerial refueling. But its cost, with new tankers, support facilities, and allowance for overruns, would be as high as $75-billion.

The deterrent force, on the other hand, based on the Polaris fleet, would require a complement of 29,000 men. With full supporting staffs and services (research, medical, training, administrative, etc.), the total operating cost would amount to about $3-billion per year, compared with the present $16.3-billion price tag on the administration's expanding Strategic Forces.

The General Purpose Forces of the United States were designed, according to their originator, former Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, to be "related not so much to the defense of

SEYMOUR MELMAN is professor of industrial engineering at Columbia University and co-chairman of SANE. This article is adapted from his forthcoming book on the U.S. war economy, to be published by Simon and Schuster.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our own territory as to the support of our commitments to other nations." The General Purpose Forces for 1972 are planned to include about 2,100,000 men with the heaviest firepower and the greatest mobility of any military machine in the world. In addition, 1,100,000 civilian Pentagon employees help to operate about 600 major bases in this country.

The General Purpose Forces were designed for "flexible response." That means the ability to apply force with weapons ranging from pocket knives and sand in the gears to tactical nuclear warheads. This capability is, in essence, the instrument of Pax Americana, of U.S. imperial power around the world. In thirty nations we have 430 major bases and about 1,600 lesser installations. As with its imperial predecessor, "the sun never sets" on the U.S. military establishment.

The cost of operating and further developing the General Purpose Forces in 1972, together with supporting civilian employees and supplies, would be $59.5-billion, or 75 per cent of the administration's defense budget. This includes about $6-billion for Vietnam operations.

My proposal for a U.S. military security policy includes guarding the United States and participating in international peacekeeping. These functions would be performed by combined air, sea, and land forces. An air patrol consisting of 100 land-based tactical planes would guard the coasts of the United States. This patrol would be complemented by two aircraft carriers (preferably nuclear) on each coast with six destroyers per carrier, together with twenty mine-countermeasure ships. The naval forces, ordinarily based on American coasts, could also participate in international peacekeeping, together with airborne combat battalions that would be stationed mainly in the United States.

The airborne combat units would comprise 100 battalions, each unit of 400 men with its own autonomous long-range air transport, supply, and air-ground support capability. The manpower for these defense forces would have to be highly trained and multi-skilled volunteers, in the grades of technical sergeant and up, well paid, and under a long enlistment program. Each man would train into a great many skills.

I underscore that these proposed forces are *not* suited for wars of intervention, as in Vietnam. They include neither the number of men nor the sort of weaponry that is required for large-scale military intervention and sustained occupation and control of populations. Also, the airborne battalions could serve as part of a symbolic U.S. presence—in Western Europe, for example—without the present "army of occupation" size and cost.

U.S. defense and peacekeeping forces of this kind could be operated by 735,000 men as compared with the 2,100,000-man level programed by the Nixon administration for 1972. I am unable to give a separately itemized estimate of the cost of operating the force I propose since it includes military units of a type not presently operated. A rough approximation is possible, however. Present forces cost about $30,000 per man-year (including new weapons, etc.); on this basis, the cost of the proposed non-nuclear defense and peacekeeping force would be 735,000 men multiplied by $30,000, or $22,050,000,000.

Investment in research and development for new weapons is strongly affected by the choice of security policy. You can't "improve" on nuclear overkill, for example. So, adding the B-1 bomber, Poseidon missiles, and the ABM system can only support a suicidal attempt at winning a nuclear war. These costly systems are unnecessary to a U.S. force designed to deter and defend.

Expense and intricacy do not necessarily yield useful technology. Determined guerrillas, for example, are not overcome simply by more accurate control of more firepower, as in the "electronic battlefield" envisioned by General Westmoreland. About $625-million was spent in 1969 and 1970 trying out electronic sensors and computer-directed firepower in Thailand, Laos, and Vietnam. They didn't work.

A revised military security policy would require an appropriate research and development program. The approach, however, would not be to undertake the development of weapons just because something could be done or because someone else has done it. Probably less than 15 per cent of the Pentagon's present new weapons list (estimated to cost $120-billion) would be relevant to the defense policy I propose here. The Pentagon's $6,096,000,000 research and development budget for 1972 could be prudently cut by at least two-thirds.

Military policy and defense spending should not be destructive of the quality of our lives. From research conducted by Bruce Russett at Yale, we now have useful ways of measuring the cost to the civilian economy of increases in military spending. Professor Russett shows that investment in consumer durable goods and in new industrial production equipment is especially diminished by military spending. Thus, an added dollar spent by the Pentagon means, among other losses, $.163 less for consumer durables, $.114 less for residential structures, and $.110 less for new production equipment. The Indochina War has cost the United States about $150-billion so far. On the basis of these calculations, this has meant $24,450,000,000 less for consumer durables, $17.1-billion less for 450,000 homes, and $16.5-billion less for new production equipment during the 1960s. Witness also that in the American Northeast, supplies of power, transportation, and communication have ceased to be reliable.

A widening network of American industries is becoming technically and economically depleted, incompetent not only in the world market, but unable to hold even domestic markets. This is true in steel, shoes, machine tools, civilian electronics, shipbuilding, typewriters, automobiles, and other industries. For more than a century, American technical know-how produced new product designs and pro-

(Continued on page 54)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor - Norman Cousins

Publisher - William D. Patterson

Associate Editors
Irving Kolodin • Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher - Richard L. Tobin

Managing Editor
Roland Gelatt

Science Editor
John Lear

Education Editor
James Cass

Book Review Editor
Rochelle Girson

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Travel Editor
David Butwin

Art Editor
Katharine Kuh

General Editor
Hallowell Bowser

Copy Editors
Peter Nichols
Eugene Lambinus
Caroline Stevens

Production Manager
Pearl S. Sullivan

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory • Harrison Brown
Frank G. Jennings • Peter Schrag

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Hollis Alpert
Henry Hewes • Arthur Knight
Martin Levin • Rollene W. Saal
Robert Lewis Shayon • Zena Sutherland
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss

President
John J. Veronis

Chairman
Nicolas H. Charney

What Will the 135 Million Do?

With the Twenty-sixth Amendment ratified and somewhere between ten million and twelve million young people now eligible to vote, the sudden enfranchisement of eighteen-, nineteen-, and twenty-year-olds opens U.S. political markets as never before to the two major parties less than a year before the nominating conventions. Approximately 123 million Americans were eligible to vote just before the thirty-eighth state's ratification formally placed the new amendment in the sacred pages of the federal Constitution. Population experts differ on precisely what the new eligibles will add to the rolls, but it is possible that upwards of 135 million U.S. citizens will have the right to vote for President in November 1972.

Many of these voters will lose their ballot because antiquated local residence laws sometimes take the franchise away from people who have moved too recently—and America is a nation of movers. Others will be absent or ill or incarcerated on election day and either cannot or will not take advantage of absentee ballots. Others simply won't take the time or trouble to go to the polls. And in parts of the Deep South and inside urban ghettos there will be all kinds of pressures to vote the "right" way or to stay away from the voting booths altogether. All this will cut the 135 million by as much as 40 per cent, if statistical history means anything. In other words, something more than eighty million people will decide who shall be President of the United States in the fall of 1972.

Prior to 1920, when the Nineteenth Amendment gave nationwide suffrage to women, voting in this country by men only brought out a comparatively small percentage of the population. In 1916, for example, Woodrow Wilson defeated Charles Evans Hughes with just more than 9 million votes to 8.5 million for the loser. But in the election of 1920, with women voting for the first time, Warren G. Harding defeated James M. Cox by 16 million votes to 9 million, a phenomenal jump over the previous quadrennial total vote, indeed a rise of 45 per cent. The Harding-Cox election was the first big Presidential vote.

In 1940 Franklin D. Roosevelt ran for an unprecedented third term, and the excitement stirred up by Wendell Willkie, his Republican opponent, coupled with an interest in preserving the two-term tradition, brought the largest number of voters to the polls up to that time—close to fifty million. The Truman-Dewey campaign of 1948, on the other hand, aroused so little interest that, despite the growth in population, slightly more than forty-eight million voters, or 51 per cent of those eligible, took the trouble to go to the polls, a fact that probably spelled out Dewey's defeat.

Tremendous popular interest surrounded the Presidential campaign of Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1952 and again in 1956. In each of these years the total vote exceeded sixty-one million voters. By 1960 this figure had topped sixty-eight million for the Nixon-Kennedy race, the closest Presidential vote in history. By 1964 the vote had passed seventy million, and when Nixon defeated Humphrey in 1968, almost seventy-three million voters were persuaded to come out.

In each quadrennial year since the Truman-Dewey slump, better than 60 per cent of the electorate has participated. The Kennedy-Nixon contest of 1960 was the highest with 64 per cent. In some districts of Iowa, Wyoming, and Connecticut, as many as 90 per cent of those eligible went to the polls in a cliff-hanger decided by an average of fewer than two votes in each election district nationwide. The 1960 election was also the first big television campaign, featuring the face-to-face TV "debate," which probably did as much as anything to defeat Nixon in his first run for the White House.

Several groups around the country are working to get eighteen- to twenty-one-year-olds registered and to devise ways for them to vote, though away at school, when the time comes. One of these groups is called the National Movement for the Student Vote, Inc., whose active supporters include many prominent Republicans and Democrats and whose campaign is being promoted by advertising developed by Young & Rubicam and Richard K. Manoff. The ads will urge registration, help explain the local rules, seek federal laws easing the rules for voting by absent students, and generally stir up enough interest to bring the newly enfranchised voters out, a year from November, in numbers above the usual 60 per cent.

With so many new voters in the next Presidential election coming from the under-twenty-ones, it will have to be made easier for those in school and college to go to the polls. Senator Alan Cranston of California has introduced a bill requiring the states to provide for on-campus voting facilities. Many states have highly complicated absentee voting procedures that all but discourage a hardened voter, let alone a youngster eligible for his or her first ballot. Several million such young voters will be away from home in November 1972, and a federal law is badly needed to give them every opportunity to exercise their franchise under the Twenty-sixth Amendment. These

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a host of other political marketing problems will have to be faced before a year from November, when we shall learn for the first time what the young newcomers among the 135 million eligibles will do with their precious new right. —RICHARD L. TOBIN.

Lenore Marshall

Lenore Marshall, poet, novelist, citizen, died last week at seventy-two. I write down the age and then stare at it. Few young people could match her idealism or the energy and excitement she brought to the concept of human betterment. What was most characteristic of Lenore Marshall was her uncluttered view of a finer world and the degree of personal dedication she was prepared to bring to it. Her spirit was totally incapable of sustaining a cynical reaction or thought. The natural flow of her ideas and energies was toward the light. Hers was not an easy optimism. She agonized over every human defeat; each day's news intensified and added to her concerns. But out of that anguish came a heightened sense of the possibilities for intelligent and compassionate action.

Contemporary historians, working largely out of public documents and newspaper files, may miss the major role played by Lenore Marshall in bringing about a treaty between the United States and the Soviet Union for ending atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons. She was a dominant but not dominating figure in the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, the citizens' organization vitally involved in awakening American public opinion to the dangers of nuclear testing and to the need for world control of nuclear weapons. At the time of her death, she was fully engaged in mobilizing a national effort to persuade President Nixon to call off the projected underground nuclear tests at Amchitka in the Aleutian Islands. Out of her own funds, she mounted this campaign and sponsored research by scientists that produced data pointing to grave risks involved in the Amchitka tests.

As poet and novelist, she was a careful and talented craftsman. At a time when it is fashionable for writers to fix their gaze on the capacity of humans to assault, exploit, or demean one another, Lenore Marshall used her art to dramatize the wonder of human sensitivity and the reach of the creative spirit. She symbolized what Teilhard de Chardin may have had in mind when he wrote that after man masters the winds and the tides he may harness the energy that can be generated by the capacity of human beings to love one another and that, when he does this, he will once again discover fire. —N.C.

Letters to the Editor

On Russia's Jews

THANK YOU for publishing Valery Chalidze's courageous letter "To the President of the U.S.S.R. Supreme Soviet: On the Persecution of Repatriate Jews" [*SR*, Sept. 18]. In taking up the cause of Soviet Russia's persecuted Jews whose only "crime" is their desire to leave for Israel, Chalidze, Sakharov, Tverdokhlebov, and other members of the Soviet Union's independent Committee on Human Rights continue the noble traditions of old Russia's intelligentsia. At a time when the Soviet authorities often appear to draw their inspiration from the Black Hundred pogrom makers, it is comforting to know that there are also those who follow in the footsteps of Tolstoy, Korolenko, Chekhov, and Gorky.

MAURICE FRIEDBERG,
Professor of Slavic Languages and Literatures,
Indiana University,
Bloomington, Ind.

CERTAINLY all who believe in freedom share Valery Chalidze's desire for less stringent emigration controls on the part of the Soviet Union, as applied to both Jews and non-Jews. However, the contention that migration of Jews to Israel is repatriation, a point Mr. Chalidze makes eleven times [in his letter], is highly debatable. Repatriation is return to one's country. Virtually no Soviet Jews were ever residents or citizens of Israel or Palestine. Even if the concept of repatriation is wildly stretched to apply to ancestry of two millenniums ago, it does not apply to the vast number of Soviet Jews who are descendants of convertees, such as the Khazars. It is most unfortunate that the plight of Soviet Jewry is being used to promote the uniquely Zionist concept of "repatriation" based on religion, while the plight of two million Palestinian refugees, for whom return to the lands of Israel would truly be repatriation, is woefully ignored.

LEIGH W. ALLAN,
Lake Forest, Ill.

Diagnostic Put-down

RE: "Health Care in America: A Heretical Diagnosis" by Harry Schwartz [*SR*, Aug. 14]. I would welcome a "heretical diagnosis" of medical care in this country, because of a deep conviction that the problem is so significant and its implications so far reaching that we can benefit from the expression of every constructive viewpoint, however unorthodox it may be. But Mr. Schwartz, who has performed valuable services through the years in studying the Soviet Union under his journalistic microscope, seems far less at ease when discussing a domestic problem like the crisis in medical care.

The sad fact is that there is nothing "heretical" at all about Schwartz's analysis. It is vintage stuff, reflecting the tired and self-serving arguments that the American Medical Association has offered for many years. The argument runs like this: "American medicine is the best in the world. Of course, it has a few areas in which it is less than perfect. But, alas, each and every proposal for change and improvement is sadly deficient, and so we must reject it and combat it."

However superficially appealing this proposition may be, thousands of thoughtful people in the medical profession and even larger numbers of anguished laymen have long recognized that improvements more fundamental than those the AMA is willing to tolerate are essential. However well American medicine has worked, it simply hasn't worked well enough, and the continuous rearguard resistance to change by the AMA leadership has impeded our progress toward early improvement of the system of medical care.

Incidentally, with respect to Group Health Association of America's particular interest, Schwartz even turns back the AMA clock with a slanderous attack on prepaid group practice as "assembly-line medicine provided by collectivized physicians." The AMA position today is that prepaid group practice on the Kaiser model is an acceptable, ethical alternative both for the patient and the physician who desire and choose it. . . .

Those of us who know both the many glories and the many deficiencies of American medical care welcome full and fair discussion of the strengths and the weaknesses not only of the status quo but of the various proposals for change in American medical care.

JEFFERY COHELAN,
Executive Director,
Group Health Association of America, Inc.,
Washington, D.C.

Native Art Appreciation

KATHARINE KUH'S article "The First Americans as Artists" [THE FINE ARTS, Sept. 4] was read with interest and appreciation. What Mrs. Kuh says about the American missionaries' attitude toward native art is generally true. In Alaska, there is a noted exception. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, a Presbyterian minister and educator, had the foresight to collect Alaskan art and artifacts. Consequently, Sheldon Jackson College has a museum that houses one of the most outstanding collections of Southeast Indian and Eskimo art.

We are also fortunate to have A. P. Johnson, a Tlingit native artist and educator, on our staff teaching Tlingit culture and language. During the January interim, he will be teaching a course on Southeast Alaska native art.

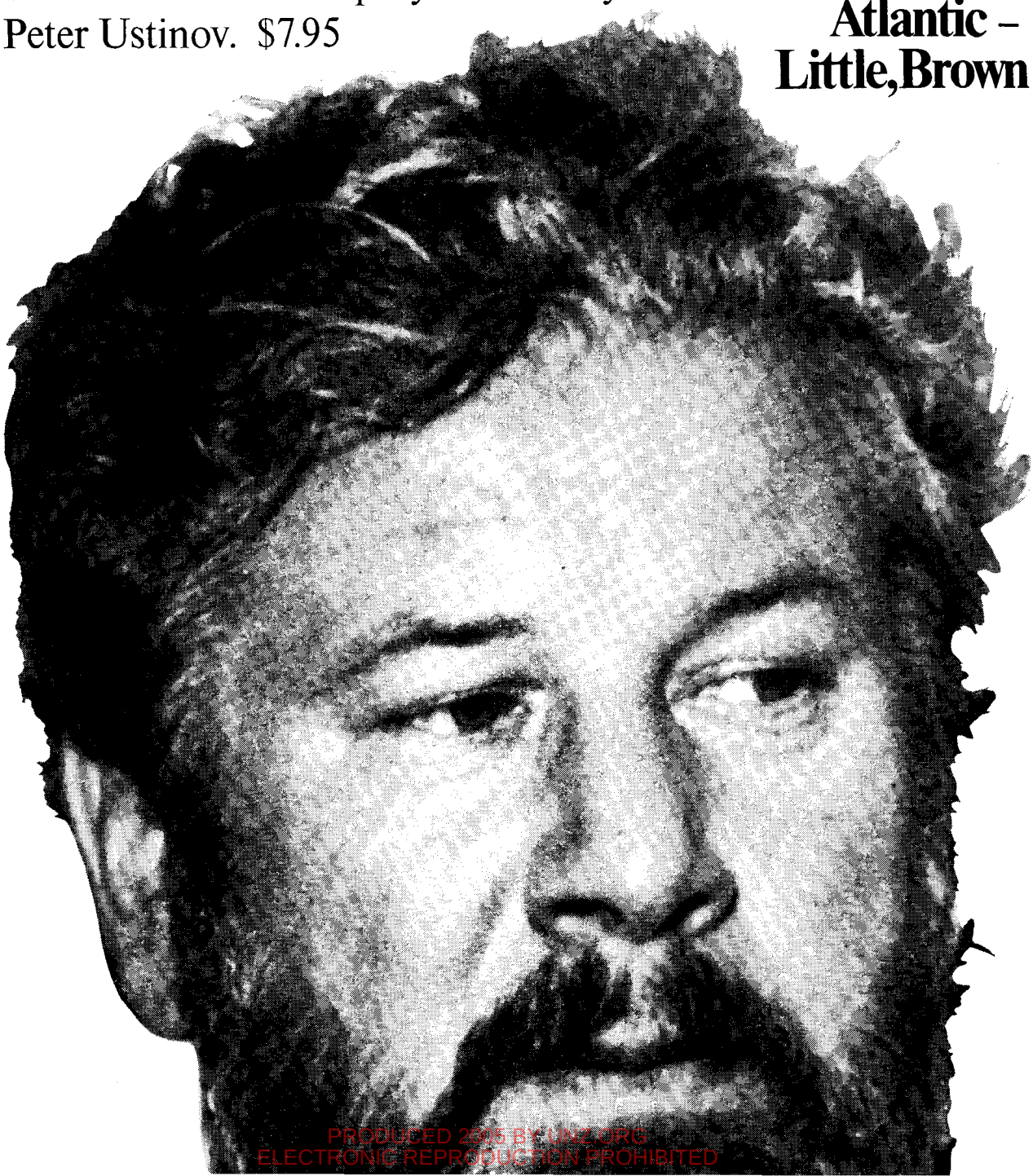
CHARLES C. BOVEE,
Academic Dean,
Sheldon Jackson College,
Sitka, Alaska.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Krumnagel.

How a midwestern police chief, sent on a round-the-world tour by a town that's relieved to be rid of him, shoots a Scotch Communist in an English pub, is smuggled out of England with the aid of Scotland Yard, and returns to revenge himself on his wife and his deputy. A novel by Peter Ustinov. $7.95

Atlantic – Little, Brown



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Enormous Spider Web of Warren's World

by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

MEET ME IN THE GREEN GLEN

by Robert Penn Warren

Random House, 376 pp., $7.95; limited edition, $17.50

Robert Penn Warren's *Meet Me in the Green Glen* seems certain to be recognized as one of his most distinguished novels since *All the King's Men*. The new work is far more tightly structured than its immediate predecessors, *Wilderness* and *Flood*; the rhetorical fattiness that has always been characteristic of Warren's fiction has been replaced by a hard texture of language very like his poetry. Yet the book is complex enough to sustain the illusion that there are several kinds of narrative form through which the action is simultaneously developed, each providing a view of the action both complete in itself and indispensable to the completion of the whole. As in most of Warren's novels, the central dramatic situation is that of the murder mystery, although this work can also be seen as a romantic parable existing with perfect rightness on the levels of melodrama and moral philosophy; a love story that, contrary to current fashions, is finally neither sentimental nor narcissistic; a prose poem remarkable for its lyric intensity; a Southern novel in which the characters are both realistically depicted cultural types and personifications of forces so violent and destructive that they seem almost more Elizabethan than contemporary.

The literary qualities of the book are considerable enough to assure it an important place among serious novels of the last several years. But of perhaps equal interest to admirers of Warren is the fact that he offers here a distillation of themes and materials which have preoccupied him throughout his career but have never before been made visible in quite this concentrated a form. As a result, this novel may help to clarify Warren's position at a time when, in spite of his years of sustained achievement, the size of his critical reputation, and his wide popularity with the reading public, he still projects a rather anomalous image, is still somehow more admired as a writer than accepted as a shaper of consciousness.

Since 1939, in addition to many books of nonfiction and poetry, Warren has published eight novels, nearly all of them vital and original works which have been respectfully received and, in some cases, commercially very successful. Yet only *All the King's Men* can be said to have made a real impact upon the imagination of our time, and to have appealed equally to literary intellectuals and to the general public. A possible explanation is that *All the King's Men* was the sole instance in Warren's fiction when he dealt with contemporary life in terms that were familiar and fashionable to both classes of readers. Although the setting and many of the central materials of the book were specifically Southern, it was as a whole less regional than generally American.

The work also dramatized the dilemma of the narrator-protagonist, Jack Burden, within a philosophical framework that, on the face of it, seemed modishly existential—the tough-talking young cynic confronting the meaninglessness of his life, the empty relativism of his moral attitudes, at a

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE, professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of *After the Lost Generation, In Search of Heresy, Time to Murder and Create*, and other works. His new collection of essays, *The Devil in the Fire*, will be published by Harper's Magazine Press in February.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

31 **"Meet Me in the Green Glen,"** by Robert Penn Warren

37 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

38 **"Wonderland,"** by Joyce Carol Oates

38 **"Entering Ephesus,"** by Daphne Athas

39 **"Nightspawn,"** by John Banville

40 **"The Memoirs of Marshal Zhukov"; "Zhukov,"** by Otto Preston Chaney, Jr.

41 **"Peace and Counterpeace: From Wilson to Hitler,"** by Hamilton Fish Armstrong

42 **"The U.S.A. Astride the Globe,"** by Merlo J. Pusey

47 **"Beyond Freedom and Dignity,"** by B. F. Skinner

49 **"Honor Thy Father,"** by Gay Talese; **"The Mafia Is Not an Equal Opportunity Employer,"** by Nicholas Gage

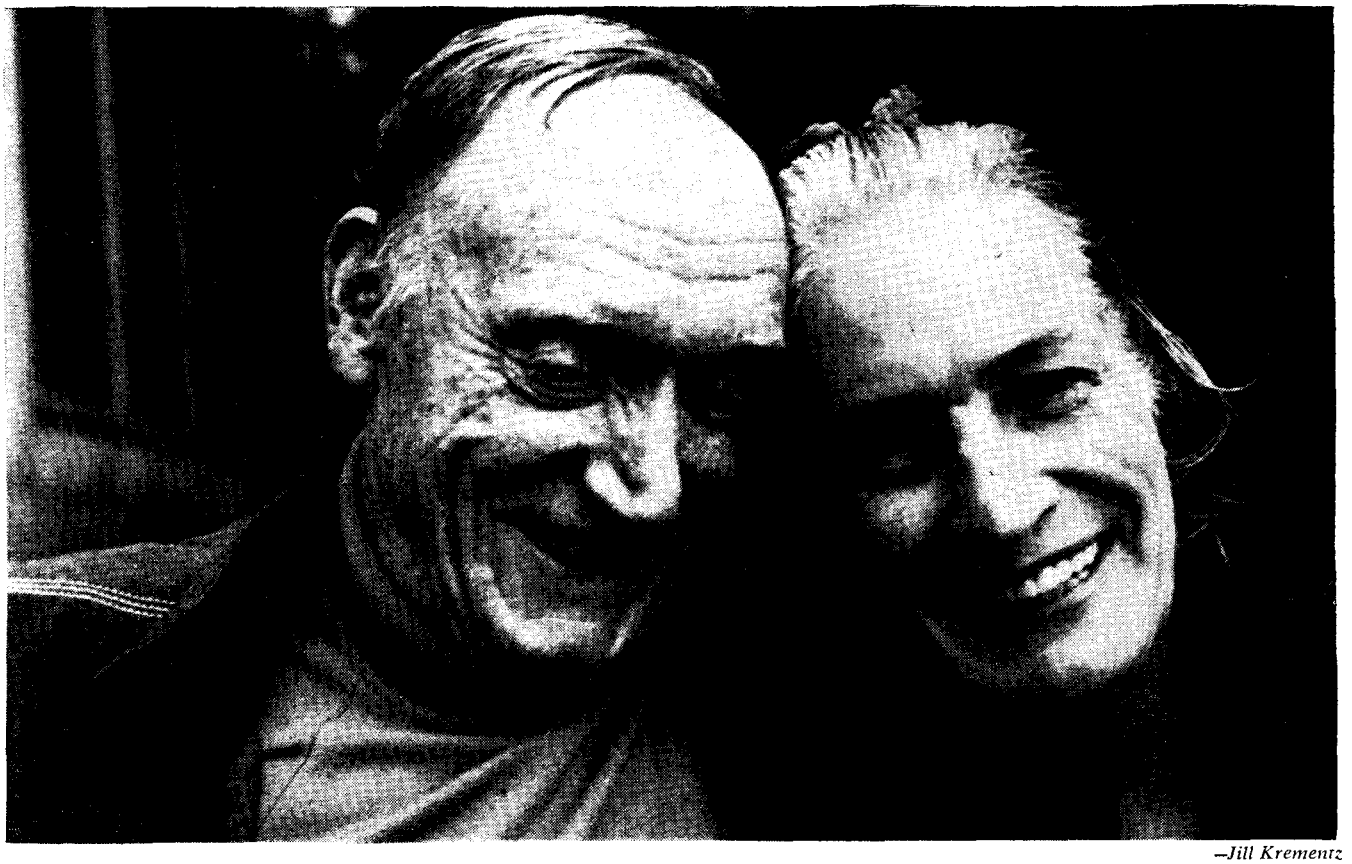
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moment when he is forced to define his responsibility for a series of tragedies that overtake almost all the people he has admired and loved. Jack Burden was the quintessential anti-hero of the Age of Anxiety, a textbook case of contemporary alienation with whom intellectuals could easily identify. The popular audience, on the other hand, undoubtedly responded almost altogether to the thriller aspects of the novel, and as usual their instincts for separating the glitter from the gold were infallible. There were murders and suicides by the dozen, just enough sex to titillate without really arousing, and the whole story was beautifully cast in the Hollywood mold. Not only were most of the characters stock movie types, but the seemingly effortless and quite successful translation of the novel into film made it clear that the meretricious values of that medium were highly compatible with certain, but by no means all, of the values implicit in Warren's materials.

His other novels have, for the most part, lacked these qualities of box office theatrics combined with high philosophical chic, and they have suffered from the additional difficulty of depending for their significance much more directly upon the Southern experience. This in itself would scarcely seem crippling when one considers that for a great many people the Southern experience is no less valid and real —and may even be considerably more dramatically complex—than the experience of New York or the Midwest, that it has enjoyed for a good many years the distinction of being a chief source of literary materials for the American novel, and that Warren's treatment of the South is imaginative enough to endow it with a dynamic life and a generality of meaning far larger than that of a merely regional subject-matter. But two factors have operated to cause the Southernness of his novels to be construed as a limitation. The first is that during the period of Warren's greatest productivity as a novelist, Faulkner had already established himself so securely as the official literary imagination of the South that it soon became almost impossible to think of the South except as a mythical Yoknapatawpha County or to believe that any other writer could possibly have anything new or important to say about it.

Also, over the same period, as a result partly of Faulkner's apparent exhaustion of the Southern material and partly of a radical shift of cultural interests, we began to take it for granted that the really central experience of our time is that of the Northern urban intellectual, of characters like Augie March, Herzog, and Portnoy, who personify the experience not of Wasp intellectuals of the Thirties and Forties—many of whom, significantly, have been both native Southerners and Faulkner's and Warren's most vigorous supporters—but of the New York literary establishment. Since urban intellectuals are now the principal shapers of literary opinion in this country, it is only natural that they would promote into celebrity such writers as Bellow, Mailer, and Roth with whom they can identify most closely, and that Warren, writing out of a background they find alien, would seem to them a peripheral and rather parochial figure. This attitude is itself of course extremely parochial, but because it is also extremely influential, it has created the impression that only certain forms of American experience are suitable for literature, only certain writers are qualified to tell the real truth about American life.

Yet the problem is not merely that one kind of regional experience has been accepted as more authoritative than another kind. It is also that, perhaps as a result of this development, we have grown accustomed to a particular metaphysical approach to experience in fiction. We now seem to believe that the only really tenable view for the novelist is the nihilistic view, in which events without meaning are seen to occur in a world without standards, and neither author nor characters presume to suggest what standards there may once have been or ought to be. The fictional situation we tend to find most artistically serious and relevant to life is one involving the continuous search for identity among people who have no



—*Jill Krementz*

Robert Penn Warren and his wife, the writer Eleanor Clark—"lyric intensity."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unfortunately, your new 1972 winter will soon be ready for delivery.

Fortunately, a new Firestone Town & Country® tire that will change the way you feel about driving in winter is ready for delivery now.

Why, when we already make a great winter tire, did we make a new "asymmetrical" winter tire with three different tread sections instead of two, designed to hold eight rows of studs* instead of six, with such a unique tread design that it can be put on the front wheels as well as rear?

We make this Town & Country tire for days when the temperature is low and the snow is drifting and the wind is whistling and the roads look like a tile floor.

We make this tire for people who ski and snowmobile, people who get out in winter and go looking for the places where winter has really moved in.

We make this tire for policemen and doctors and everyone who doesn't have any choice about getting out and going when the bell rings.

We make this Town & Country tire for you if you worry even a little about driving in winter, to work, to school, to the store.

And we make it available wherever you see the Firestone sign—at most locations you can even charge them.

**Studs not available where prohibited by law.*

Firestone

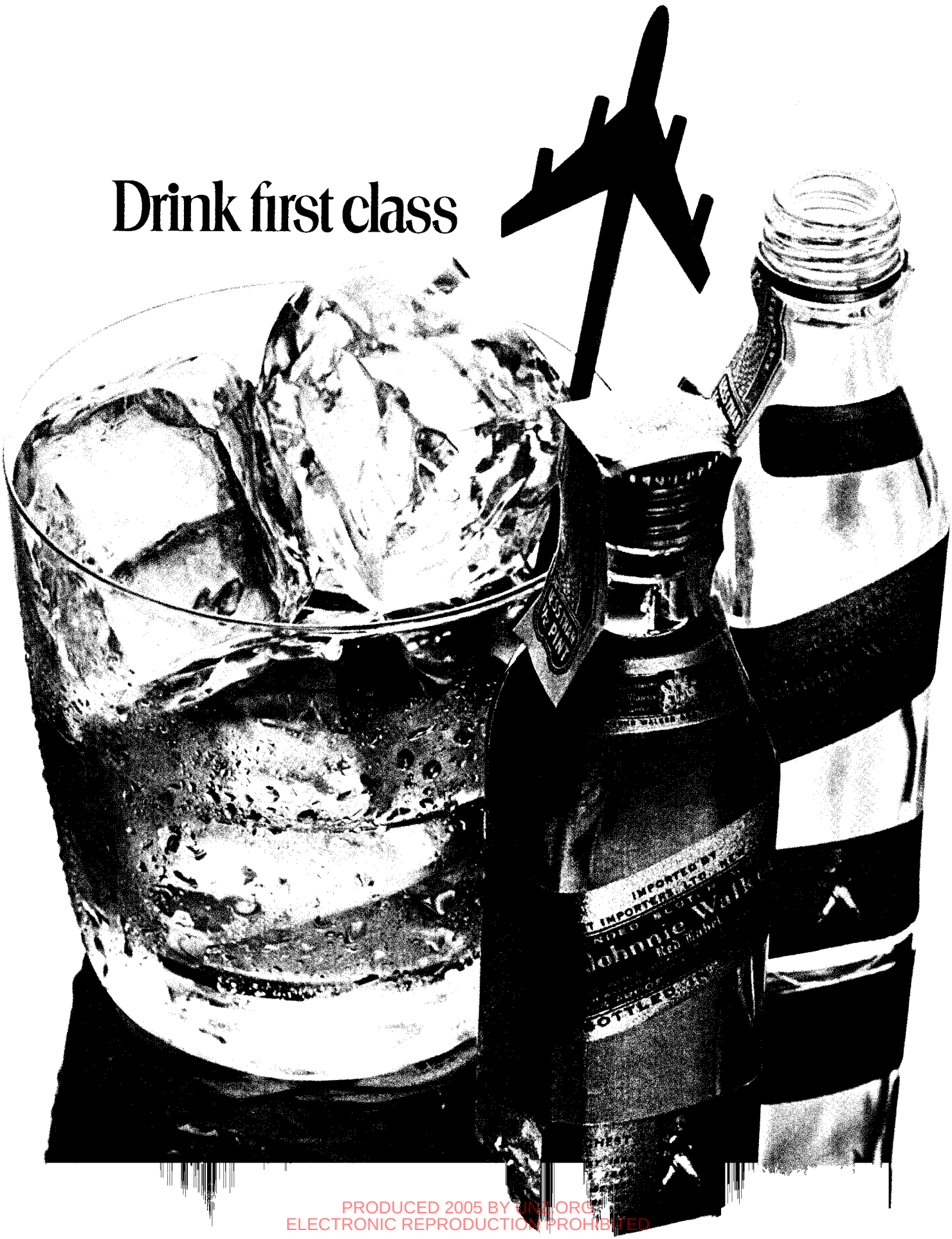
The "asymmetrical" Town & Country

You go through ice, mud, or snow or we pay the tow!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES. 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Drink first class



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

realization of either the presence of the past or the possibility of the future, and so exist in a state of paralysis or dreary preoccupation with the merely sensational, with violence enacted without motive, sex enacted without passion or love—hence, from which all human meaning has disappeared. The fictional characters who speak to us most convincingly are usually those who become deranged by the anarchy of life to the point where they perhaps retreat, like Portnoy, into compulsive masturbation or, like Augie March, seek in the provisional structures of belief fabricated by others some means of understanding and controlling the anarchy in themselves. The experience depicted in our most respected novels again and again poses the problem described so well by Gide's Michel in *The Immoralist*: "To know how to free oneself is nothing; the arduous thing is to know what to do with one's freedom."

As his novels make clear and *All the King's Men* demonstrates in perhaps too programmatic a form, Warren is fully aware of this problem in its connection with contemporary nihilism. But he differs from most of our novelists in realizing that the question of what to do with one's freedom is unanswerable unless and until the limits of our freedom are defined by the beginnings of our responsibility. This is to suggest that Warren brings a morally conservative—albeit politically liberal—vision to the problems of nihilism and reveals a clear understanding of just how men should behave, how they may find, or search for and never find, their salvation through self-knowledge, what standards should be used to measure our fall from standards, in exactly what way we should relate to our history and confront what he calls "the awful responsibility of Time."

If such a view is unfashionable at this time, it probably is so because the urban liberal mind is unfamiliar with, or finds politically reprehensible, the premises on which it is based. Yet in a nihilistic and dehumanizing society there is a massive, if seldom articulated need, of the kind confessed to by Nick Carraway in *The Great Gatsby* for "the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever," and Warren gives concrete dramatic expression to this need. For him no contradiction exists between liberal politics and moral conservatism. Both are implicit in his broadly humanistic philosophy, and both are inextricably joined to his subject matter, which is always derived from the Southern experience. It is most unlikely that he would be able to dramatize the philosophy without the subject matter, for the South is uniquely a region in which the issues that most profoundly engage his imagination have a living and dynamic basis in social fact.

"The patient will see you now."

Warren once wrote that in Faulkner's view "the old order [of the South] . . . allowed the traditional man to define himself as human by setting up codes, concepts of virtue, obligations, and by accepting the risks of his humanity. Within the traditional order was a notion of truth, even if man in the flow of things did not succeed in realizing that truth." The same view might, with minor alterations, be attributed to Warren himself. For him as for Faulkner, the literary value of the South is that it provides cultural and mythic structures against which, since they rest upon an idealistic "notion of truth," human character and conduct can be morally—therefore, dramatically—evaluated amid conditions that are the exact opposite of those prevailing in the urban North. In fact, one of the central themes of the Southern novel is the conflict between an established humanistic tradition, with its inherited "concepts of virtue," and the forces of materialism, relativism, and opportunism that typify the modern South and the modern world. This is the sort of conflict which is exemplified in Faulkner by the opposition between his Compson-Sartoris and Sutpen-Snopes families. Historically, if not at the present time, the South has existed, or sought to exist, as the metaphysical antithesis of scientific rationalism. Warren has spoken of the tendency of science to create a division between intellect and emotion, between head and heart knowledge, which he calls "the terrible division of the age." Jack Burden's problem is that he cannot reconcile the teachings of his head and heart. By temperament a romantic and an idealist, he wants to love, have faith in, and give his assent to life. But his cynical intelligence causes him to see people as stereotypes—The Boss, The Brass-Bound Idealist, The Scholarly Attorney—and the process of existence as simply biological function, "the dark heave of the blood," "The Great Twitch." This divided view results in Burden's nearly fatal separation from those he loves and from himself. Only through discovering and affirming his identity with the past and accepting responsibility for having helped to shape it can he bring together the disparate sides of his nature.

The Southern mind has traditionally aspired to this kind of autonomy and relationship, this state of being harmonious with nature, history, and the flow of life, and it has attempted to exist by concepts of fidelity and responsibility intended to preserve both individual and communal order. The cavalier code of manly honor and feminine virtue is one such concept. As an ideal, it has had forces at work against it in Southern society that have always been of the strongest potential violence, self-destructiveness, and racial and sexual guilt. Unlike New England and the Midwest, where a long puritan history has led to the repression of so much of the demonic in human nature, the South has existed in a state of constant dialectical tension between a romantic urge for absolute purity and the most sensuous appetite for corruption. Hence, it provides a moral situation in which the issue of guilt and responsibility can be dramatized because both the decorums

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why not look at it this way—today you are the same age as George Blanda."

of virtue and the potential for their violent overthrow are concretely present in the social scene.

In addition, the South has provided and continues in many areas to provide factual verification of the idea that past and present are closely interrelated, that there is an observable connection between past actions and present conditions. It is still quite common in the South for people to be born and spend their whole lives in the same community, to know the histories of their own and one another's families in intimate detail, and to live every day with the results of the deeds and misdeeds of their ancestors. Thus, experience confirms the truth of Warren's belief that "the world is like an enormous spider web," and, as Amantha Starr says in *Band of Angels*, "You live through time, that little piece of time . . . is yours, but that piece of time is not only your own life, it is the summing-up of all the other lives . . . It is, in other words, History, and what you are is an expression of History, and you do not live your life, but somehow your life lives you, and you are, therefore, only what History does to you."

The need to confront one's true nature within history, to live by an ideal of responsibility while learning to accept the facts of human existence, both past and present, these are ideas that can be used in fiction only when the writer has available social materials that embody them. As the examples of Warren and Faulkner make clear, the materials of the Southern experience do embody them in great abundance. Hence, it is not surprising that their novels represent the most vital alternative we have to the urban novel of anarchy. Warren's Southern contemporary, Allen Tate, once observed that "in ages which suffer the decay of manners, religion, morals, codes, our indestructible vitality demands expression in violence and chaos . . . men who have lost both the higher myth of religion and the lower myth of historical dramatization have lost the forms of human action . . . they capitulate from their human role to a series of pragmatic conquests which, taken alone, are true only in some other world than that inhabited by men." That other world is the one most commonly reflected in the novels of our time.

"A man that is born," said Joseph Conrad, "falls into a dream," and he may remain in a dream for the rest of his life unless some physical or psychic accident, some signal of destiny, forces him awake. The knowledge that he is in fact alive may come with overwhelming force and be destructive. But an acceptance of that knowledge is the only chance he has to confront himself and recognize his fate. For as Warren believes—and the idea is very Conradian—"The end of man is to know." Jack Burden's awakening to life occurs when he hears his mother's scream of anguish over the suicide of Judge Irwin, his real father, and discovers in that scream not only the identity of his father but a mother he can for the first time honor and love.

Nearly all the characters in *Meet Me in the Green Glen* have fallen into a dream, find life unreal and themselves unreal in life, and there are those who exist permanently in the dream state. Others are awakened, some brutally, some with a great and exhilarating sense of liberation. But each is changed and given significance by the manner of his awakening and the truth or lie he awakens to. The catalyzing agent for them all is a young Sicilian, Angelo Passetto, who comes out of nowhere down a road one day in the Tennessee hill country, enters by chance the life of a woman named Cassie Spottwood, who can never be quite sure he is real but who falls in love with him and, like Faulkner's Joanna Burden after becoming the lover of Joe Christmas, is awakened into sexuality and self-recognition. Angelo, however, remains locked in his narcissistic dream. Cassie is unreal to him. He sleepwalks through her life, taking from her, even in his way loving her, but is untransformed. Finally, he leaves her, and she, understanding his need, helps him to leave. Then, realizing for the first time her own need, Cassie murders her husband who has been paralyzed and in a coma for many years. Angelo is inevitably accused of the crime and although he is convicted, Cassie rises in the courtroom and proclaims her guilt. But she is taken in charge by her husband's old friend, Murray Guilfort, who manages to convince the authorities that she is insane.

In a sense the novel is really about Guilfort, the familiar figure in Warren's fiction of the man who has never found release from the prison of himself and so has lived his whole life in envy and fear of those who, like Cassie's husband, are or once were in vital possession of themselves and their freedom. Guilfort's recognition of his failure compels him in the end to suicide but not before he realizes that: *"The dream* [of life] *is a lie, but the dreaming is truth* . . . not knowing what it meant, but thinking that, if so many people moved across the world as though they knew what it meant, it must mean something."

Taken in terms of the events themselves nothing could conceivably be more melodramatic and sentimental. Cassie's last-minute courtroom confession is pure Perry Mason, while the story of her affair with Angelo, his conviction for a murder she committed, and the closing image of her huddled semiconscious against the stone wall of the prison after he is electrocuted might have come straight from the tearstained pages of a nineteenth-century ladies' magazine. Yet Warren contrives by some magic to make these bathetic materials not only acceptable but entirely convincing. The melodrama is given appropriateness by the fact that the characters belong to a pastoral milieu in which emotions are felt with an almost aboriginal nakedness and intensity, and as Warren has repeatedly demonstrated in his novels, it is in the extremities of violence and passion that the moral issues of human

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conduct may be most sharply defined. But he is also vindicated by his choice of form, the parabolic romance, where the characters are meant to be less true to life than crystallizations of elemental and extravagant attitudes.

In this respect *Meet Me in the Green Glen* is, as I have said, a remarkably pure poetic distillation of Warren's typical themes and materials. As such, the novel possesses a coherence at the levels of idea and action which makes it impossible to separate one from the other. There is no conflict here between head and heart knowledge, between philosophical truth and feeling. Warren, if not his characters, has been able to transcend "the terrible division of the age" and to achieve an autonomy that is at once metaphysical and esthetic. He has done so undoubtedly because he is committed to a holistic vision of human experience and to a kind of literary material peculiarly suited to its dramatic expression. There is reassurance at just this time in seeing him affirm with continued power his belief that a possibility exists for us beyond the prevailing anarchy. But Warren finally offers no program for the rehabilitation of the moral environment. He is fully aware of the fact that life is a dialectical process and that, as he says, "in so far as [man] is to achieve redemption he must do so through an awareness of his condition that identifies him with the general human communion . . . The victory is never won, the redemption must be continually re-earned." He might have added what his novels seem always to suggest: that the victory is not in the redemption, but in the process of earning and re-earning. That is the process which creates such meaning as we have in history.

WIT TWISTER #238

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

She — — — — — — — that poor horse around the track,
Yet seems to — — — — — — — millions on the beast.
Those — — — — — — — and that saddle on his back
Cost her a thousand — — — — — — —, at the least!

—A.S.

(Answer on page 76)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Elliptical Logic

I SUPPOSE I MUST AGREE with John Aldridge's major conclusions in his essay "The Writer's Demotion . . ." [*SR*, Sept. 18]. However, I'm not too happy with how he got there. His premise that the New Criticism involves study of the "methods of genius" is a flat error in fact; on the contrary, the New Criticism focuses exclusively on the literary object in order to avoid the pitfall of intentional fallacy, which is right next door to the one labeled Methods of Genius.

Also, Aldridge's logic is elliptical, since he argues from What-is-being-published to the nature of Who-is-doing-the-writing, having already observed that the little magazine is an institutionalized outlet for an institutionalized literature. Surely it occurred to him that there must be an institutionalized editor who is rejecting demonic and outrageous literature—partly for the reasons Aldridge suggests, but also because editors (like today's readers) no longer have the time or the wit to understand the difference between the truly demonic and the merely disorganized.

PREWITT EDELMAN,
Miami, Fla.

THERE IS YET ANOTHER aspect that Mr. Aldridge has failed to touch upon. Too many of today's writers are getting their information secondhand; they are feeling but not experiencing. The tendency of those who experience today is to act it out rather than write about it, whereas the writers experience vicariously. Only out of true agony of spirit can really great writing be produced.

But perhaps this is what Mr. Aldridge is saying. Today's Hemingways have faculty tenure. But unwritten and unrecognized are the activists on the firing line who say, in essence: "I hope my rage never dies."

HOLLY ELLIOTT,
San Francisco, Calif.

Slighted Rumanians

IN HIS REVIEW of books by and about Eugene Ionesco [*SR*, Sept. 4], A. Alvarez slights the Rumanian people in general and composer Georges Enesco in particular when he refers to "Count Dracula, the only Rumanian more famous than Ionesco."

The slight to Enesco is obvious. Millions more have heard renditions of his Rumanian Rhapsodies than ever heard of Ionesco.

The slight to the Rumanian nation is less obvious, but more insidious. It has never been proved that Count Dracula existed. He was a fictional creation of Bram Stoker, a British diplomat turned author, who lumped into one figure the exploits of a host of legendary noblemen as recorded in folk tales of Rumanian and Transylvanian peasants. Inasmuch as there was no native Rumanian nobility—the lords were Hungarians, Greeks or Turks—it is evident that even the fictional synthesis is not a Rumanian, but a foreigner in a castle in Rumania.

PAUL F. MANLEY,
Portland, Ore.

No Hallucinations

I ONLY WISH THAT W. A. Dutton [BOOK FORUM, Sept. 18] could attend one of Wright Morris's lectures on the craft of fiction at San Francisco State College as I have. After one hour of his charm, wit, and knowledge of his subject, it would be clear that Mr. Morris certainly does not suffer from "the hallucinations of pot or heroin."

DENIS E. TELGEMEIER,
San Francisco, Calif.

Essential Question

AFTER READING Albert Rothenberg's review of the books by Cody and Walsh [*SR*, Sept. 11], I doubt whether I want to read either of them. I do know that I want to reread Archibald MacLeish's fine chapter "The Private World" in *Poetry and Experience* and Louise Bogan's outstanding critical piece on Emily Dickinson in *A Poet's Alphabet*.

The essential question about her concerns the quality of her poetry. If the mystery that enhances Emily Dickinson's poetry were solved, if we knew the identity of her lover, would we continue to rate her work as extravagantly as we do? The answer is unequivocally yes. Both poetry scholars and poetry lovers are pretty well agreed that her "word magic," her exquisite sense perceptions, the originality of her imagery, the intensity of feeling that comes through, all combine to make her poetry unsurpassed.

BRENDA HELOISE GREEN,
East Cleveland, O.

Baying Legions

BEING PRE-MCCARTHY (both Gene and Joe), I choose to remember what Fred Darwin, reviewer of *The Nightmare Decade* [*SR*, Sept. 18], would like to forget: to wit—the friend, confidant, fellow-investigator invariably at McCarthy's side at the hearings was the late Senator Robert Kennedy. Mr. Agnew did not set the "old McCarthy legions baying" because the press criticized President Nixon, but rather because the press, in complete arrogance and in pursuance of their divine right, saw fit to tear Mr. Nixon's speech to pieces the moment it ended. We, the people, are still governed by duly elected representatives, whose functions the press have, however, largely usurped.

WILLIAM S. QUINLAN,
Arden, N.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WONDERLAND

by Joyce Carol Oates

Vanguard, 512 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Brian P. Hayes

■ Joyce Carol Oates doesn't pick at her characters' brains. Having escaped the fascination that motive and mental state have for other contemporary writers, she keeps the unfortunates who populate her novels so busy they have hardly a moment for introspection. Miss Oates tells what happens to her characters and what their experiences—usually terrible—do to them but she rarely explains what they are thinking about their plights.

In her later work Miss Oates has grown more and more withdrawn, and less willing to discuss what's inside peoples' minds. Since *A Garden of Earthly Delights* her technique has become ascetic, denying all indulgences, and her work has improved with each renunciation. *Wonderland,* her new book, surpasses even *them,* which in 1969 won a National Book Award.

In *Wonderland* the author has allowed her technique to become wholly empirical. Like a scientist who feels he must eliminate his own judgments from his experiments, Miss Oates has retreated to a vantage point well outside her story, and she relates only what she can be sure of from that aspect.

The story is that of a man named Jesse, and his personality is created with almost nothing having been said directly about him. He starts life as Jesse Harte, son of an upstate New York ne'er-do-well with a family that won't stop growing. After his downtrodden father runs amok with a shotgun and, in an act of violence that has become an Oates trademark, kills his wife and all but one of his children, Jesse, the lone survivor, is adopted and renamed Jesse Pedersen. The adoptive father is a doctor with an overweening ego, a patriarch consumed with foolhardy self-righteousness. He is grotesquely fat, as are his oppressed wife and two natural children.

Jesse loses this family, too, who disown him for his part in a pathetic rebellion; and again he changes his surname—this time to Vogel. Still a survivor, he becomes a prominent surgeon, marries, and has children.

Wonderland is about Jesse, but it doesn't always seem to be. The story concerns him only indirectly, deductively, by examining what he does to the people around him. Although Jesse never means any harm, he affects others in ugly ways. Those who especially bear his mark are the women closest to him—his mother, sister, adoptive mother, first love, wife, daughters, and a woman who never quite becomes his mistress.

Hilda, his fat foster sister, who has problems of her own, says in fear, "You bring chaos in here. More than anyone else." Jesse sees ". . . the pity in his aunt's eyes that might have been pity for any freak." His wife realizes, a little late, that her husband "could not imagine her, had not the time to imagine her existence, and so he was destroying her."

Wonderland, therefore, is about Jesse only as he is perceived. Miss Oates seems well aware of the existentialist tenet on which that technique is based. She comments, on one of the few occasions when Jesse's thoughts are revealed: "It distressed Jesse that he must always exist in the eyes of others, their power extended in him though he did not choose them, did not choose them deliberately at all."

As an existentialist, a very special one who barely survived, Jesse is fraught with death. During his internship he reads a patient's chart and muses: "Here was a story, a short story not yet complete; when would it be complete? Death completed all these reports. A dismissal from the hospital was temporary and unsatisfying, really; only death put an end to questions of health and recovery." His daughter later echoes his view: "What is a complete thought? . . . To be a complete thought you have to come to the end of yourself, you have to see your own birth and your own death, summed up. Maybe into a book."

In all this, even when she goes beyond mere violence and enters the realm of gore, Miss Oates is restrained, remote, writing with what seems a forced abjuration. Jesse is out to conquer death, and the motive is obvious: As a freak survivor of the family massacre, he feels his existence is but temporary and may be revoked at any time, that his only redemption is to save enough other lives. To her credit, Miss Oates writes as if she never made the connection between cause and effect, as if she were simply a reporter, not an interpreter. She's calm when she might have been shrill, and her coolness turns what might have been a feckless story into a powerful one.

A number of the major themes of literature are recognizable in Miss Oates's work. She has Tolstoy's sense of history as it overwhelms the individual, and she reveals a classical affinity for fatalism and lost innocence. Her characters are afflicted with the anomie explored by the French existentialists. On a lesser scale, she shares James Agee's reverence for the terror and frailty of childhood and, like D. H. Lawrence, she scorns the life of the mind as ineffectual and irrelevant.

But, most of all, Miss Oates's ties are to the twentieth-century school of American naturalism, particularly Theodore Dreiser. Although she is less concerned with sociology than he was, Miss Oates's stories unfold in the same harsh settings, and her characters fight to survive with the same befuddled amorality as those of *An American Tragedy.*

Of course, there is a difference: the Dreiser novel is a tragedy; *Wonderland* is not. Even when he's the hero of the operating room, Jesse never has enough hope to be a tragic figure. His story is mere catastrophe.

If it lacks tragedy, there is at least fatalism, always an indispensable ingredient of tragedy. Early in the book Jesse pleads, like a man praying for divine help "just this once," to be free of his fate. "If he had control of himself, Jesse Vogel, then nothing else mattered in the universe." All the while Jesse knows that he is never for a moment in control of himself.

ENTERING EPHESUS

by Daphne Athas

Viking, 442 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Muriel Haynes

■ "Reading is what?" P. Q. asks his daughter Urie, who has just learned that reading Plato has jolted her friend Zebulon Walley's Baptist upbringing.

"The beginning of education," she answers.

"And education is what?" P. Q. asks.

"The end of superstition."

She laughs. Of course! Zebul is better off now that he has stopped believing in God. Unorthodoxy crackles in the air that blows through the cracks in the Bishops' dilapidated farm house "right in the middle of Niggertown." P.Q. is a philosophically minded Greek (he uses the literal translation of his patronymic, Episcopoulos); an iconoclast who scorns the work ethic. Now all that remains of the family's spacious life at Eastern Point on the Massachusetts coast is their store of books and Mrs. Bishop's grand piano anchored on an Oriental carpet. They are Depression refugees. The final dissipation of Mrs. Bishop's inheritance has pushed them into a small Southern town whose only link with the rational classic world is its name and its university.

From then on, it is Bishopry against Ephesus, poverty-stricken living and high thinking pushed a shade past credibility if you want to be captious, but never sentimentalized. Daphne Athas is much too gusty and anarchic to have any truck with false emotion.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She writes about growing up, the awesome strength and comic joy of innocence in provincial America of the Roosevelt years. Zebul, Urie, and her two sisters trail their clouds of glory in the now so-distant Forties, when blacks still came out of their shanties at night to strum guitars, and the United States, buoyed by the missionary idealism of the Second World War, saw itself as the hope of the world, its possibilities as grand as any Urie and Zebul felt stirring in themselves.

"We're going to crack this town wide open!" Urie shouts to the family, never doubting the triumph of Bishop wisdom over the Philistine enemy. Everyone is a free agent, P.Q. has taught his children. Though Mrs. Bishop frets with occasional maternal qualms, P.Q.'s message has gotten through to her, too. The least authoritarian of parents, he stuffs their minds, if not their stomachs, and turns his back.

Like the Bishop girls, the author is the child of a Greek father and an American mother, who left New England for North Carolina. To judge by her novel, we ought to encourage such unions, if only to have more of their untrammeled, tough-minded female offspring in our midst. Irene, the oldest, is the least adventurous. Her most assertive act is to shoot a rat that menaces the Shack, a pragmatic deed that shocks her sisters in its unimaginative practicality. It's the serio-comic episodes of the relationship between Urie, the brilliant, ambitious student, and the precocious Zebul that bring out Athas's astonishingly precise, knowing recall of adolescence, a word she would probably flinch at, for there isn't a shred of cant in her cosmos. These two become cult partners, like Attis and Sybil, gods in whom they see their own likenesses. Temperamental affinity bonds them together along with their sense of being outsiders—for Zebul comes from Haw, a squalid settlement on the wrong side of the tracks. They argue and scribble to each other as comrades and conspirators through high school and early college years, sworn to pursue truth, and ever more cocksure of what is "crap" and what isn't. Against the pallid Ephesus gentility, they launch the Cult of Ugliness, in defense of their own then unfashionable freakiness. They also steal a bit, with a certain excitement but without much guilt ("It was so easy").

Sex eventually hovers between them, but they keep it abstract, something to discuss and check out with the forbidden books. Their initiation is with others, and each is lucky. Urie decides she's in love with Bostwick, a naval officer, who repays her adoration with a gently temperate education. It's quite a different story with Zebul, who becomes the instrument for explorations of sensual delight with Loco Poco, Urie's younger sister; she thinks their bodies make the same *vibrato* she coaxes out of her flute. Loco Poco is nature's child, as mysterious and insinctual as one of Gauguin's Tahitian girls.

Athas writes wholly from inside her characters and, even in her treatment of sex, there is never a discordant note of adult betrayal. Her perception is as true and direct as the impulses that stir her people. This is a wonderfully loving, pure-spirited book with an exuberant vision. Its secret, of style and attitude, is that the novel refuses to take itself too seriously. When a girl student solemnly talks to P.Q. about the "tragic universe," he pins her down. "Who sees the tragic universe?" She squirms and finally admits, "I do." "That proves my point: there is no tragic universe," he retorts. "There is only what you see." *Entering Ephesus* is built on this logic and, however we respond to it in 1971, while we're reading, it is irresistible. A mid-twentieth-century *Little Women*? You could say that. But without the piety, without the tears—or, as Zebul and Urie would say, without the crap.

NIGHTSPAWN

by John Banville

Norton, 224 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by David W. McCullough

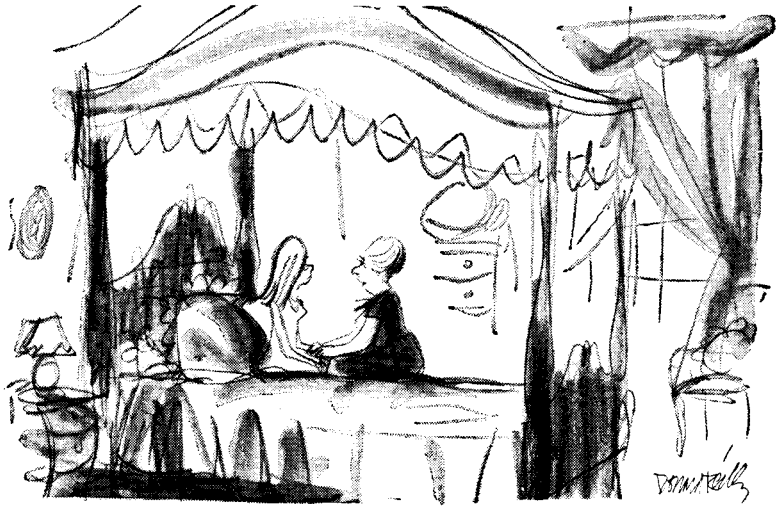
■ Nightspawn: night spawn: night's pawn: knight's pawn: an enigmatic title for an enigmatic novel. The setting is modern Greece in the year preceding the recent military coup. The author, John Banville, is a young Irishman who compensates for his decidedly bleak view of his fellow-men with a rich, even lavish, use of language. Puns, anagrams, and palindromes are used, and the author's references range from Shakespeare and T. S. Eliot to Kurt Weill and the rules of chess.

Benjamin White, Mr. Banville's world-weary narrator, is an Irish expatriate with one novel to his credit. He works, off and on, in an Athens bookstore and dabbles in revolution. His associates include an incestuous father and daughter, a pair of crippled homosexuals, and an aging colonel. White, who also uses the anagrammatic pseudonym James H. Twinbein, plots, lusts, and feels himself a failure. He never quite seems to understand what is happening to him or to think about the reasons why things are happening. They simply happen. There are no explanations.

So, what is the novel all about? Mr. Banville, characteristically, gives the answer obliquely: "I have a little riddle. Perceive. One word, three syllables. The first is a wager. The second is a fish. The third is one third less than everything, and the whole is my theme." The answer must be "betrayal," although Mr. Banville—again characteristically—doesn't quite play fair: the syllables are not divided "betray-al," as his clues suggest, but "betray-al." That quibble aside, there is little doubt that the one trait just about all of Mr. Banville's characters have in common is that they betray each other, that no one's word is frankly worth anything at all.

Nightspawn is very much a young writer's book. It is full of tricks and literary sleight of hand, which often seem to be little more than ends in themselves. Still, for readers who enjoy fireworks displays, here is a dandy exhibition.

David W. McCullough is an editor with a book club.



"Your father is adamantly opposed to our sending your announcement to the 'Times,' but perhaps we can arrange for someone to leak it for us."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL ZHUKOV

Delacorte, 703 pp., $15

ZHUKOV

by Otto Preston Chaney, Jr.

University of Oklahoma, 512 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Harry Schwartz

■ Speaking to General Eisenhower after World War II, Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov explained how he viewed personnel losses in battle: "If we come to a mine field, our infantry attack exactly as if it were not there. The losses we get from personnel mines we consider only equal to those we would have gotten from machine guns and artillery if the Germans had chosen to defend the area with strong bodies of troops instead of mine fields."

Lest it be thought this Zhukovian coldness was confined to Soviet infantrymen, correction is supplied by Soviet General Nikolai P. Popel, an army political commissar, who reminisced in 1960: "The rudeness, which many commanders of my generation connected with the name of Marshal Zhukov, was not his only self-indulgence. His belief in his right to insult, to humiliate his subordinate, was transmitted like an infection. Martinetlike arrogance, which is alien to the truly democratic nature of our army, was adopted by some of the commanders and at times even became their style."

—*Wide World*

Marshal Zhukov with General Eisenhower in 1945—"Khrushchev understood well enough that a military man who had saved him could also destroy him."

And, at even a higher level, the commander of the Soviet Navy in 1941, Admiral of the Fleet N. G. Kuznetsov, has written publicly of Zhukov's "haughty demeanor" and expressed the opinion that Zhukov "was temperamentally unsuited for staff work."

Ruthless, tough, and arrogant, Marshal Zhukov nevertheless distinguished himself as the greatest military commander of World War II. In the difficult early years after Hitler's attack, he functioned as "fireman" for Stalin, who dispatched him to every vital crumbling front—notably Moscow itself and Leningrad—where he stabilized desperate situations. Such tasks Zhukov performed brilliantly. Then, as the Red Army turned to attack rather than defense, Zhukov played the leading role in drawing up plans for the major offensives, directing their implementation until the Red flag flew over the Reichstag building in Berlin, Hitler was dead, and Nazi Germany lay prostrate.

Why did Marshal Zhukov's memoirs remain unpublished for a quarter century? And why do they end with World War II, omitting the fascinating story of his post-1945 career? It was politically impossible for these memoirs to be issued during the Stalin or Khrushchev eras. Fearing Zhukov might turn into a Soviet Bonaparte, Stalin in 1946 consigned the wartime leader to obscurity, where he remained in disgrace until the Premier's death on March 5, 1953. Later that month Zhukov suddenly took center stage in Moscow. By June 1957 he was able to salvage Khrushchev's political career, which had been challenged by the "anti-party group," among them Molotov, Malenkov, and Kaganovich. His reward was promotion to the highest political position in the USSR ever achieved by a purely military figure, and there is more than a little reason to suppose that Zhukov even dreamed of taking over Khrushchev's job. After all, wasn't Zhukov's old friend, Dwight Eisenhower, then sitting in the White House? But Khrushchev understood well enough that a military man who had saved him could also destroy him. So, before 1957 ended, Zhukov was purged and again dishonored. Not until after Khrushchev's political demise in 1964 could Zhukov begin publishing chapters of his memoirs. And those chapters, which appeared individually in the late Sixties, have been revised for this book to take account of changes in the Kremlin line between 1965 and 1969—particularly the new, more positive assessment of Stalin.

The raw material of Zhukov's life, from his lowly birth in a tumble-down one-room cabin in a village of Kaluga province to his rise to military and political heights, is more than sufficient for an absorbing autobiography. But Marshal Zhukov and his ghost writer have managed to make his recollections rather dull—at least after the early chapters, which do give an interesting picture of what it was like to be a poor lad in Tsarist Russia and an officer in the Red Army during the Twenties and Thirties. Unless one is a military specialist, the two-thirds of the book devoted to Zhukov's command activities in the Second World War are likely to produce many yawns. Rarely has a dramatic story been so utterly drained of vitality.

For the layman, Otto Chaney's biography should prove considerably more readable. Drawing widely on the memoirs of high-ranking Soviet officers and other sources, he presents Zhukov's wartime career in human and appealing terms. And Mr. Chaney also provides a fascinating account of the Marshal's postwar ride on the Soviet political roller coaster, which the Zhukov book ignores.

In writing his life story, Marshal Zhukov was primarily concerned with setting the record straight, or at least offering his own side of it to compensate for earlier efforts to obliterate—or grossly minimize—his role in the war. Any sophisticated reader soon perceives that the military leaders of the Soviet Union during that conflict were a group of jealous and ambitious men, rivals for honor and fame, who have since engaged in literary sniping for many years.

Typical is the Marshal's assault on General V. I. Chuikov for criticizing his conduct of the Berlin offensive. To Zhukov, Chuikov's Monday-morning

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quarterbacking "cannot be regarded as serious even for a writer of memoirs." And he accuses Chuikov of inventing a mythical conference during which, according to Chuikov, Stalin had to correct Zhukov and order him to stop what he was doing. Zhukov's comment, "V. I. Chuikov's memory must have failed him," doubtless understates greatly the depth of antagonism between the two men.

Zhukov's second purpose in writing his memoirs was to pay tribute to his mentors, the generation of Red Army commanders destroyed in the Thirties by Stalin's purges. This group does not, of course, include Leon Trotsky, with whom Zhukov apparently never had any contacts and whose colossal role in forming and leading the Red Army is not even hinted at in his book. But note how Zhukov writes of Tukhachevsky:

> What struck me about [him] was his versatile command of various aspects of military matters. A clever, erudite professional, he was splendidly conversant with both tactical and strategic problems. . . . this enabled him to take a most creative approach to problems of major significance.

Yet, on the purge itself, Zhukov dares—or was allowed—to write only two sentences: "All the more unnatural, alien to our system, and contrary to the situation in the country, were unfounded arrests in the armed forces in 1937. Prominent miliary leaders were arrested, which, naturally, affected the development of our Armed Forces." Zhukov does not add that it was this purge that very quickly catapulted him to the top command stratum.

One closes Zhukov's *Memoirs* with a feeling of sadness that so great a military leader—a man recognized for his stunning contribution to the defeat of Nazi barbarism—has not been permitted to write his autobiography as he must have wished. Ruthless, tough, and arrogant he may have been in the past. But in this book he emerges as a defeated man venturing only to snarl at former military colleagues who became his detractors. Fortunately, Mr. Chaney's book fills in some of the obvious lacunae and turns Zhukov, general and marshal, into a creature of blood and flesh rather than the merely obedient servant of Stalin and the Communist Party. Is it too much to hope that further chapters of Zhukov's memoirs will become available?

Harry Schwartz, a member of the editorial board of The New York Times, has written more than a dozen books on the communist world. His next title will be "Eastern Europe Under the Soviet Shadow."

PEACE AND COUNTERPEACE: From Wilson to Hitler

by Hamilton Fish Armstrong

Harper & Row, 585 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Richard J. Walton

■ Here is a special book with special charm. Not everyone is going to be interested in HFA, to use the initials familiar to readers of the enormously influential *Foreign Affairs* quarterly, but Hamilton Fish Armstrong, its editor, knew that from the moment he began to write this memoir—with, one would like to think, an old-fashioned fountain pen. For Armstrong is hardly Everyman. He was born and educated to the American élite and has spent his long and productive years in the inner circle of the inner circle.

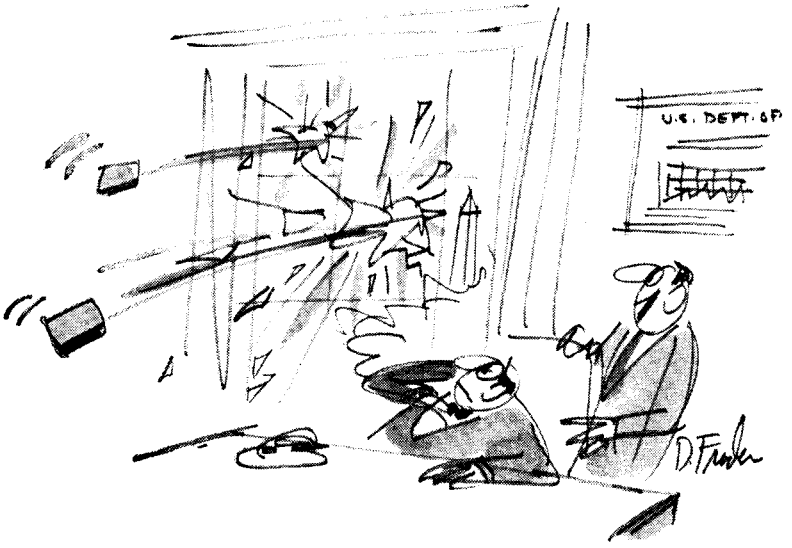
During most of this century, HFA has known everyone who was anyone, or thought he was, and many of them—the dictators and monarchs, as well as pretenders—appear in these reminiscences. Written with the style and grace, even elegance, of a man comfortable in several languages and in drawing rooms throughout the world, they offer a personal view of those significant, complex, and remote days between two world wars.

For HFA was as much at home chatting with the legendary Colonel House, visiting Presidential candidate John W. Davis on election eve in 1924, shepherding Clemenceau around New York, or lunching with King Alexander of Yugoslavia as he had been at Princeton sitting next to Allen Dulles and palling around with Edmund Wilson ("Bunny") and F. Scott Fitzgerald ("Scott"). Therein lies the book's charm and limitation: it is the political equivalent of the social scene as drawn by John P. Marquand or, more suitable for a New Yorker, Edith Wharton.

One cannot, then, read *Peace and Counterpeace* as history, since it is unabashedly centered on whatever HFA happened to be doing at the moment. For example, discussions of the Versailles Treaty and its melancholy legacy—which preoccupied Armstrong and his colleagues on both sides of the ocean—are pegged to this conversation, that lunch or another dinner party. It's fun of course, though impossible, to try to keep track of HFA's countless interviews with various Balkan personalities. Whither goest now those Serbian, Croatian, Slovene, Macedonian, Bulgarian, and Montenegrin potentates who popped in and out of the author's life as he hopscotched from country to country on his innumerable trips to Europe? Whether mentioning Poincaré, Count Sforza or Hemingway, HFA cannot resist a good story and, to the reader's delight, never hesitates to digress.

Moreover, Armstrong does succeed in recapturing the mood, feeling, and atmosphere of that seemingly remote era when the United States was not yet dominant, great events still took place in Berlin and Rome, kings and counts still mattered, and the traditional balance of power in world politics was becoming unbalanced. In a world that died with Hitler and was buried in the Cold War, foreign ministers and ambassadors were more than glorified messenger boys, notes and letters were exchanged instead of calls being made, and statesmen actually wrote their own speeches. Incredibly remote!

Not so remote, however, is Armstrong's account of the tireless attempts of a group of liberal Democrats and Republicans to turn America away from isolation and towards its responsibilities in the world. Then a very young man, HFA was at the heart of efforts that culminated with the estab-



"Ah! We're beginning to get some feedback!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lishment of the Council on Foreign Relations and its steadfast voice, *Foreign Affairs*—which in nearly a half century has offered its pages to the world's leading statesmen, political figures, scholars, and journalists. Those were exciting days, and names that became so dry in our history books, such as Elihu Root, Newton D. Baker, William G. McAdoo, and Henry L. Stimson, are seen as living men.

Yet because those were isolationist days—days when America had turned its back on the world, days of Republican Presidents who scorned the League of Nations—the Council on Foreign Relations and *Foreign Affairs*, despite the stature of its members and the magazine's contributors, had little real influence on government policy. Thus this memoir for all its charm and value is less important than the one we can hope Armstrong is preparing. For after World War II the "foreign policy crowd" of the Council dominated American foreign policy. The tireless, idealistic advocates of internationalism became the ideologues and administrators of the Cold War, and *Foreign Affairs* was their most authoritative voice.

In fact, it is difficult to think of any better way to follow the evolution of the foreign-policy establishment than by reading *Foreign Affairs* over the last quarter century. Random sampling shows that in October 1950 members of the editorial advisory board included former Ambassador John W. Davis, Roosevelt's Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, and cold warrior *par excellence* Allen Dulles, who later became director of the CIA. By the next issue General Eisenhower had joined the board, and in the most recent issue it still included such Cold War luminaries, added over the years, as McGeorge Bundy, Alfred M. Gruenther, Carl Kaysen, George F. Kennan, Henry A. Kissinger, and John J. McCloy.

Although a number of them have changed their views somewhat in recent years, as indeed has *Foreign Affairs*, it would be of great value if HFA would tell us, in these revisionist days of the Vietnam War, how he and the Council and the quarterly became cold warriors, and whether he has any doubts about his earlier views. Armstrong is a serious man, who has dedicated his long and productive life to furthering his ideals. We would be the richer if he, with his unique perspective, would re-examine the values he shared with so many of our foremost statesmen, and discuss them with the forthrightness that has marked his career as perhaps the leading foreign affairs publicist in the nation's history.

Richard J. Walton's new book, "Cold War and Counterrevolution: The Foreign Policy of John F. Kennedy," will be published by Viking in January.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

POETS ON POETS

In the following verses, the poets in Column 1 allude to the poets listed in Column 3. Jean Anne Waterstradt of Ogden, Utah, beseeches you to determine who wrote what about whom. For correct credits, see page 76.

1. Carew ( )	A. Thou art a monument without a tomb.	a. Chaucer
2. Coleridge ( )	B. Here lies . . . with the rest Of the poets; but the best.	b. Crabbe
3. Crane ( )	C. Wielder of the stateliest measure Ever molded by the lips of man.	c. Donne
4. Herrick ( )	D. He is the poet of the dawn.	d. Jonson
5. Jonson ( )	E. . . . his hard human pulse is throbbing still With the sure strength that fearless truth endows.	e. Keats
6. Longfellow ( )	F. O strong-winged soul with prophetic Lips hot with the bloodbeats of song.	f. Melville
7. Robinson ( )	G. He is a portion of the loveliness Which once he made more lovely.	g. Shakespeare
8. Shelley ( )	H. Friend of the wise! and teacher of the good!	h. Virgil
9. Swinburne ( )	I. Here lies a king, that ruled as he thought fit/The universal monarchy of wit.	i. Whitman
10. Tennyson ( )	J. Monody shall not wake the mariner. This fabulous shadow only the sea keeps.	j. Wordsworth

THE U.S.A. ASTRIDE THE GLOBE

by Merlo J. Pusey

Houghton Mifflin, 247 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Dan Kurzman

■ After winning World War II, the United States was ready for the first time in history to break out of isolation completely, and cooperate in a worldwide endeavor to improve the lot of humanity. Disillusionment, however, set in swiftly when the United Nations developed into a debating society without teeth and the Soviet Union gobbled up Eastern Europe and threatened an impoverished Western Europe. At the opening of the nuclear age we found ourselves standing alone, it seemed, to face another chilling confrontation with totalitarianism. We then decided to assume the enormous responsibility of saving the whole noncommunist world. From this decision followed the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, and the Cold War. Without any aggressive intent, the U.S. was thus thrust into the role of world policeman.

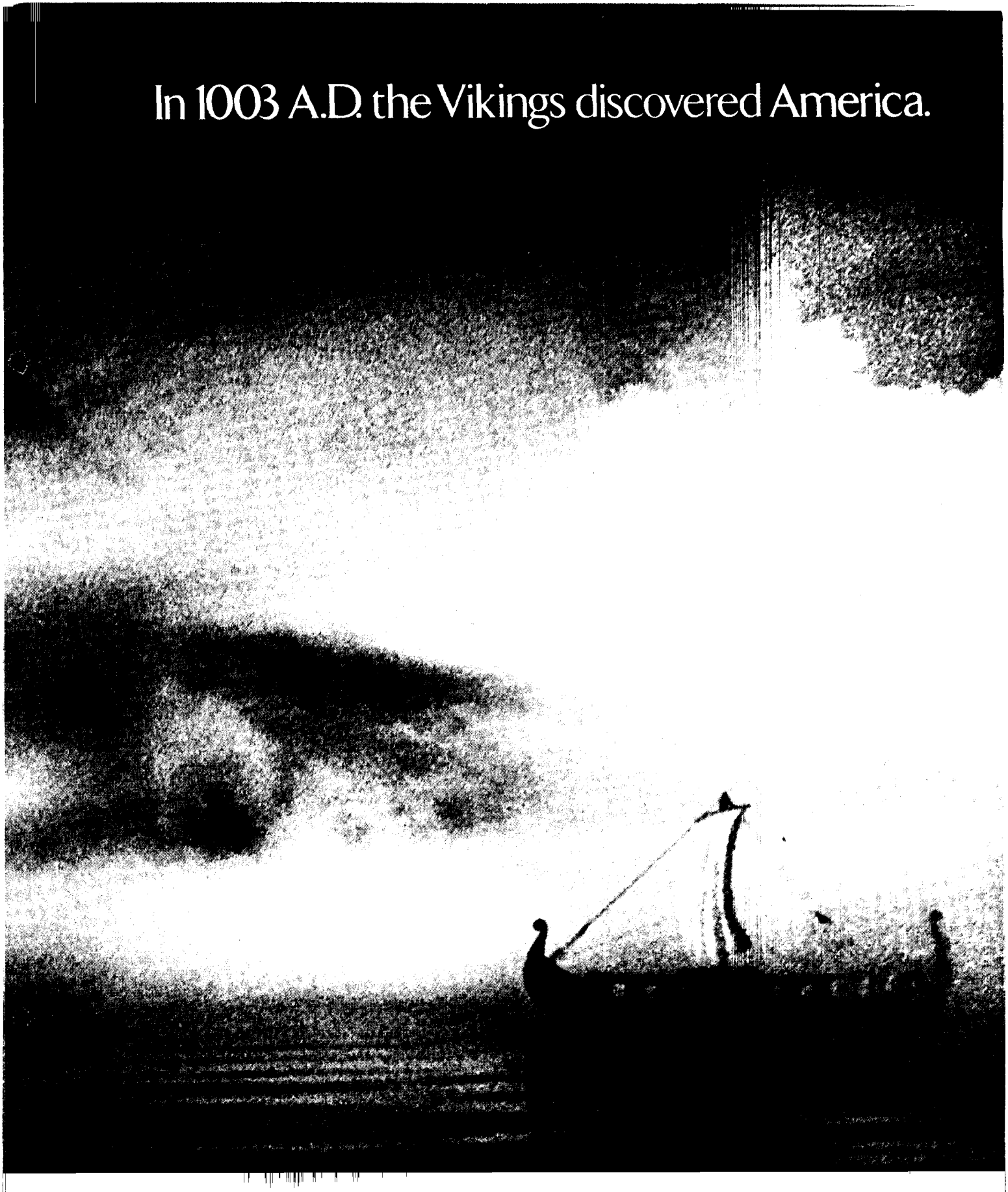
The tragedy is that this country was not prepared to play the part. While the power intelligently wielded in the early postwar years may indeed have thwarted Communist designs, the U.S. lacked the experience in world leadership to meet changing circumstances flexibly. Like a new, overzealous cop on the force, our government began to see the gun and club as the only effective means of keeping the peace. And so today we have Vietnam.

The folly of America's drift into "gun and club" diplomacy is brilliantly analyzed in Merlo J. Pusey's *The U.S.A. Astride the Globe*, an important book that every concerned American should read. "Our overbearing efforts to police the world," Pusey claims, "have not only wasted enormous resources but also quickened the race that could end in the destruction of humanity." Henceforth, he insists, we must act only in concert with our allies.

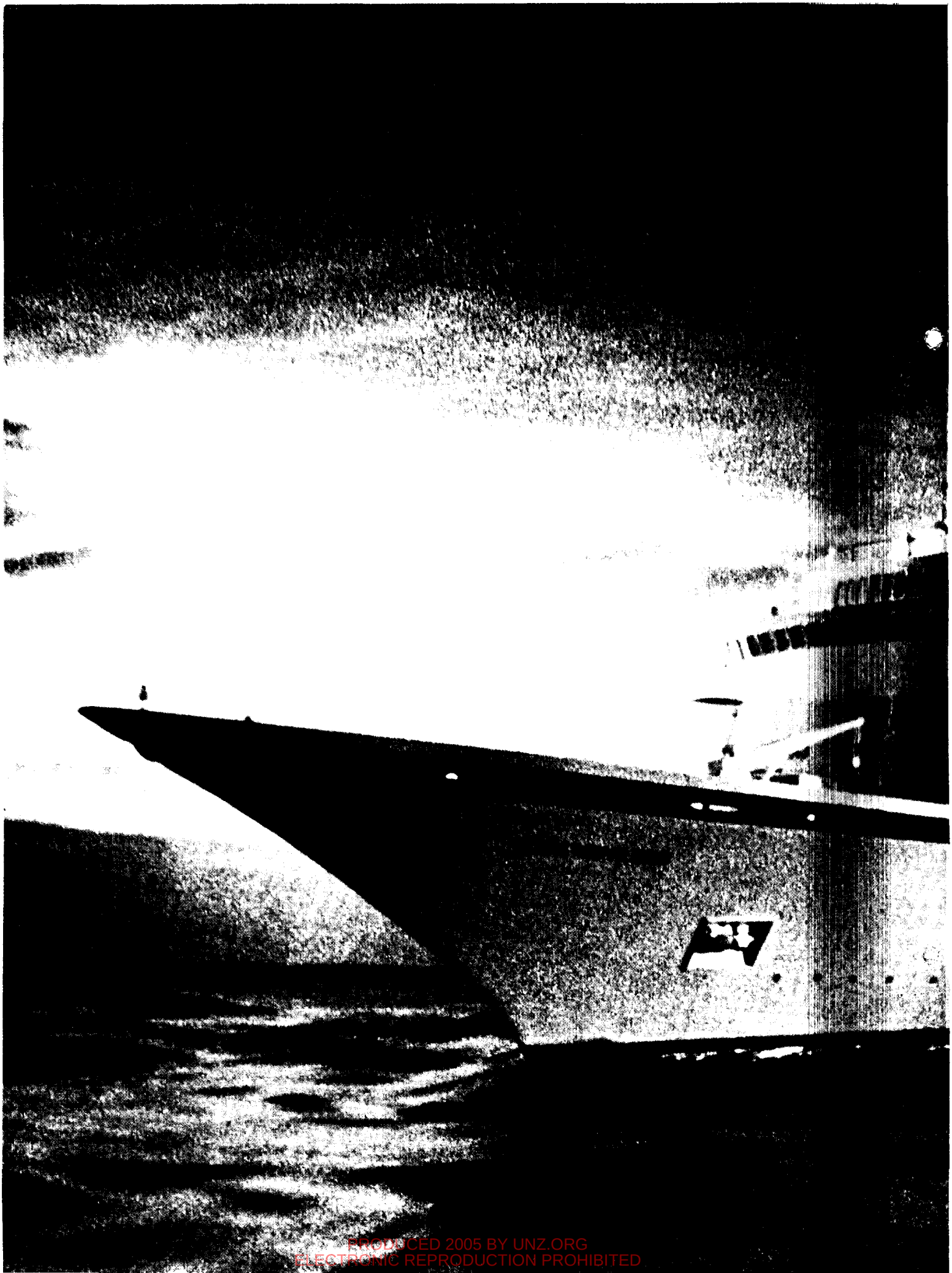
It is hard to read Pusey's study without gritting one's teeth and calculating to what extent the problems of this country, and those of the world might have been solved by now if the hundreds of billions of dollars spent over the years for useless, often counterproductive military schemes had instead been devoted to constructive projects. Ultimately, the biggest price may be in terms of international cooperation in the face of genuine danger. For the very presence of American soldiers and installations in more than thirty countries has created irritations that have all but dissipated the reservoir of global good will that nourished American strength and prestige during and im-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1003 A.D. the Vikings discovered America.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1972 A.D. America discovers the Vikings.

One day next summer, America will discover what the sea is really all about.

From people who have known for over a thousand years: The Vikings of Norway.

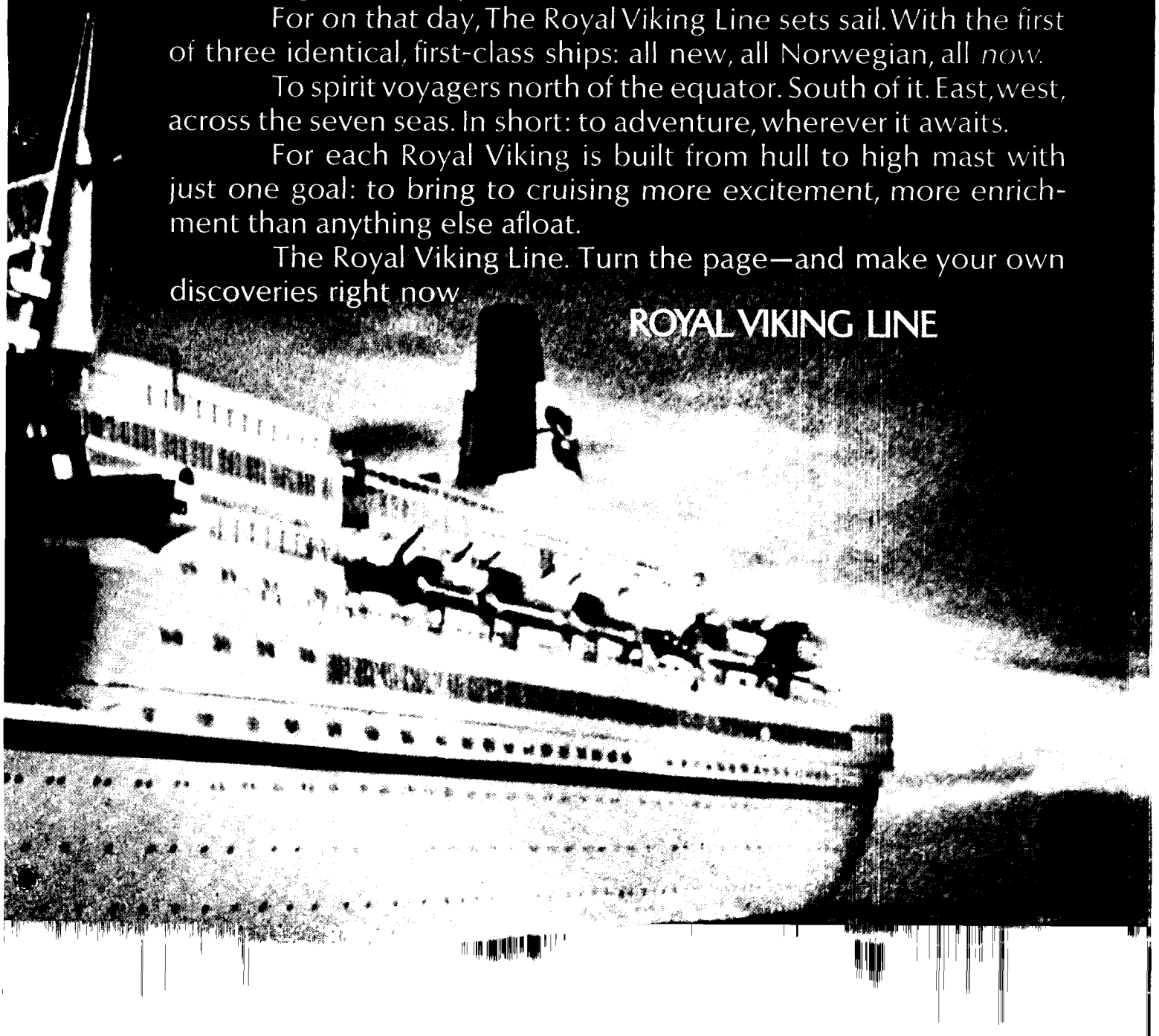
For on that day, The Royal Viking Line sets sail. With the first of three identical, first-class ships: all new, all Norwegian, all *now*.

To spirit voyagers north of the equator. South of it. East, west, across the seven seas. In short: to adventure, wherever it awaits.

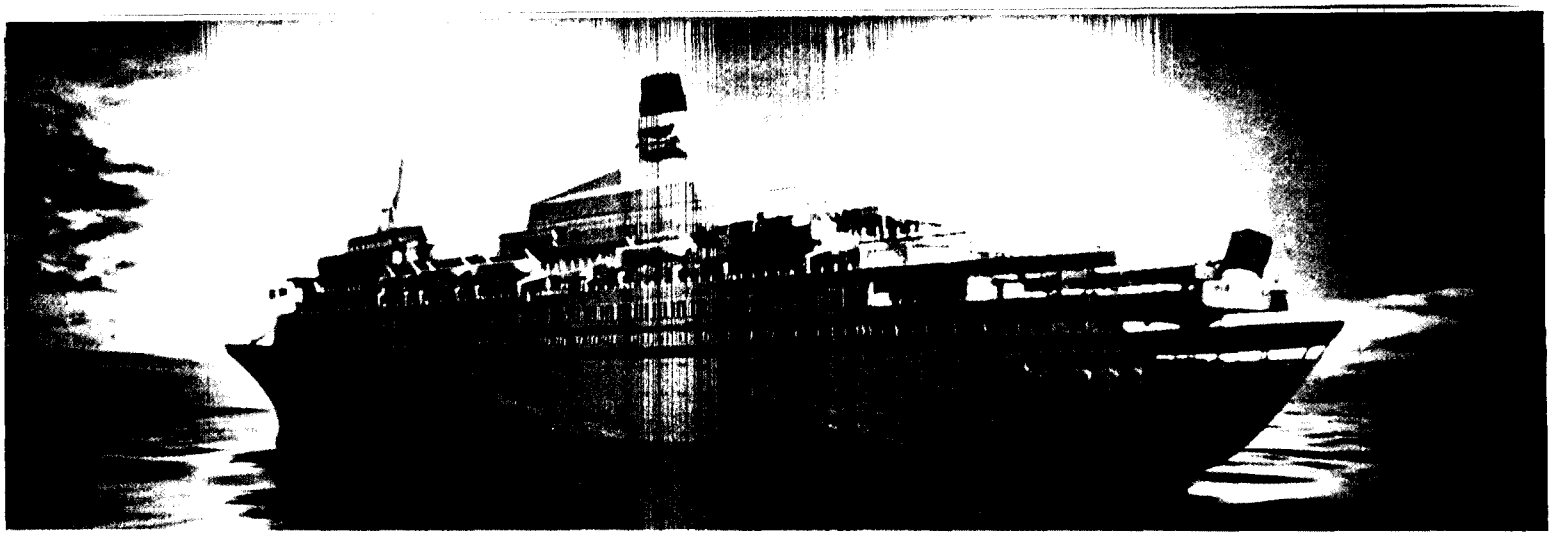
For each Royal Viking is built from hull to high mast with just one goal: to bring to cruising more excitement, more enrichment than anything else afloat.

The Royal Viking Line. Turn the page—and make your own discoveries right now.

ROYAL VIKING LINE



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When will the Royal Vikings sail?
The Royal Viking *Star*, first of three identical sister ships, hoists anchor on July 21, 1972. Maiden voyage: a 14-day odyssey from Copenhagen to Norway's North Cape (while the sun is wide awake at midnight). Ships two and three complete the fleet in 1973.

How long are the voyages?
Very brief.

And also very leisurely.

Royal Viking will offer you the widest range of journeys in the business—from four-day look-see's to Mexico, to Around the World in 90 Days.

Where will they sail from? And where will they go?
Here's the chart we've charted for the first year:

1. Two North Cape cruises, from Copenhagen to Copenhagen, 14 days, 7/21/72 and 8/4/72
2. Russia/Europe, from Copenhagen to New York, 26 days, 8/19/72
3. Mediterranean, round trip from New York, 35 days, 9/15/72
4. Intercoastal/Caribbean, from N.Y. and Ft. Lauderdale to L.A. and S.F., 21 days, 10/21/72
5. West Coast/Caribbean, round trip from S.F. or L.A., 32 days, 11/12/72
6. California Coast, round trip from S.F., 4 days, 12/14/72
7. Mexico Holiday, round trip from S.F. or L.A., 16 days, 12/18/72
8. South Seas, round trip from S.F. or L.A., 46 days, 1/4/73
9. Circle Pacific, round trip from S.F. or L.A., 66 days, 2/20/73
10. Caribbean/Europe, from S.F., L.A. and Ft. Lauderdale to Copenhagen, 37 days, 4/28/73

What about sea/air and fly-cruise combinations?
You name them, we'll have them for every single cruise we've shown above.

What makes your cruises extra see-worthy?
In addition to all the popular ports, we'll go to places like Tahiti's legendary neighbor, Moorea. The Jet Set's Mediterranean hideaway, Sardinia. The Great Barrier Reef. Siberia's Vladivostok. (Wherever needed, we'll launch our own launches—to go where cruise ships *can't!*)

We'll keep our schedules *flexible*. (If the weather turns bad we'll turn away—in search of sunnier climes.)

And wherever we wander, lecturers, artists, other stimulating people will entertain, inform, *enrich* you.

What do the Royal Vikings cost?
They cost *us* over $70 million.

But in 52 of our outside double staterooms, for example, the cost to you is only $65 per person per day. Others more or less. Including all meals, facilities, entertainment.

How many staterooms in all?
289—including four suites, 35 deluxes, 209 doubles, 37 singles. Room aplenty for 541 adventurers in all, all in lower beds. *And 94% can see the sea!*

What about stateroom flexibility?
58 rooms convert—via connecting doors—into *two*-bedroom staterooms.

What are the staterooms like?
Like fabulous. Every cabin has a built-in bar. Closed circuit TV, installed or available. A private phone. A shower and/or tub. Scandinavian crystal, china, wall ceramics.

And the public rooms?
Like a seagoing exhibit of Scandinavian design—with pure clean colors, bold textures, strong lines.

There's a lounge as warm and welcoming as the poshest private club.

A dining room as fabulous as our Royal Viking food.

A night spot where you can skøl—or rock-and-roll.

A sky bar with a crow's nest kind of view.

A brace of boutiques, a widescreen cinema, a seagoing gym.

Even a Viking-style sauna—complete with Scandinavian masseuse!

And, on the outside looking in, a dance floor with the stars for a ceiling. Tennis courts and places to perfect your golfing drive. The kind of heated pool a movie star might envy.

Who's who in the crew?
Temperamental chefs, tactful maitre d's, discreet attendants from the entire continent of Europe. And the men who man the ships? *Norwegian* through and through.

Who's behind The Royal Viking Line?
The Old World. And the New.

In Europe, the ships are being built by three of Norway's largest shipping firms. In America, they're being managed by experts who know what today's voyagers want. *And how to deliver it.*

Then is Royal Viking "Norwegian"? Or "American"? Or what?
The ships themselves are Norwegian in spirit and style. But the shipboard life is international in appeal. Food, drink, decor—all are geared to the best in global taste.

How do I book Royal Viking?
Just see your travel agent. (When it comes to facts and figures, he's very seaworthy!) Or call 800-227-4246. Toll free, anywhere in the continental U.S. (From Northern California or Canada, 415-398-8000. Southern California, 213-627-1365. Collect.)

To: Cruise Consultant
Royal Viking Line
Department A-12
One Embarcadero Center
San Francisco, CA 94111

ROYAL VIKING LINE

The Vikings sound to my liking. Please send your 1972-73 Cruise and Fare Schedule and these folders: ☐ North Cape, ☐ Russia/Europe, ☐ Mediterranean, ☐ Intercoastal/Caribbean, ☐ West Coast/Caribbean, ☐ California Coast, ☐ Mexico Holiday, ☐ South Seas, ☐ Circle Pacific, ☐ Caribbean/Europe.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zip_____

My travel agent's name_____

All Royal Viking Line vessels will be of Norwegian registry. And spirit.

WALLA WALLA VALLEY ACADEMY
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mediately after the Second World War. The U.S. is now looked upon in many of these countries as an "imperialistic" power, an image that could disastrously backfire on us in an emergency crisis.

Pusey, a Washington *Post* editorial writer, and Pulitzer Prize-winning author, seems to deplore most the implications of our secret war in Laos. "We have allowed our Presidents," he says, "to tangle with an assortment of little tyrants in their kind of lethal games, with virtually no accountability to the people between the quadrennial elections. It is not only globalism running riot; it is also personalized, hidden, and irresponsible government running riot. Unless it is brought under control it could lead to the destruction of our democratic system."

As further examples of this "globalism," the author cites what amounted to a bribe to get the Philippine government to show its flag in Vietnam, in the form of a noncombat force; and the deal with Spain for "unnecessary" bases, consummated not only at tremendous cost both in money and European good will, but at the even greater potential cost of possible U.S. commitment to Spanish security.

Particularly interesting is Pusey's sharp criticism of the American armed intervention to halt the Dominican revolution of 1965. "The United States," he writes, "seemed to panic at the sight of a Communist shadow." Having covered the Dominican revolution for the Washington *Post* myself, I must agree. As reflected in the Dominican hearing records of the Fulbright Committee, the Johnson administration applied great pressure on the *Post*, then an apparent supporter of the U.S. police role, to suppress my reports from the Dominican Republic, since these dispatches tended to question the credibility of official reports. The *Post*, in turn, exerted great pressure on me, if unsuccessfully, to write mainly "light features." Some of my more embarrassing stories were scrapped or buried in back pages.

"LBJ just told us," an editor said in one phone conversation conducted while I was under a desk during a firefight in Santo Domingo, "that his intelligence sources say the Communists are in control of the revolution. Do you mean to say they could all be wrong?" Although the *Post* might have exhibited greater insight and courage, it was, in a sense, expressing the comfortable if rather naïve sentiment of a people conditioned to assume that a President would never send American boys to die without solid evidence of a grave threat to our security.

The blatant intervention in the Dominican Republic proved to be a turning point in our history. It awakened many Americans, including members of Congress, to the particular fallibility of Presidents surrounded by "panicky" advisors and militarists with a vested interest in testing our far-flung network of bases; and helped to spawn anti-Vietnam War feeling, which is now beginning to blossom into the popular realization that our role of international policeman can, as Pusey avers, destroy us as a free, prosperous people.

Dan Kurzman won the George Polk Memorial Award for his reporting of the Dominican revolution. His latest book is "Genesis 1948: The First Arab-Israeli War."

BEYOND FREEDOM AND DIGNITY

by B. F. Skinner

Knopf, 225 pp., $6.95

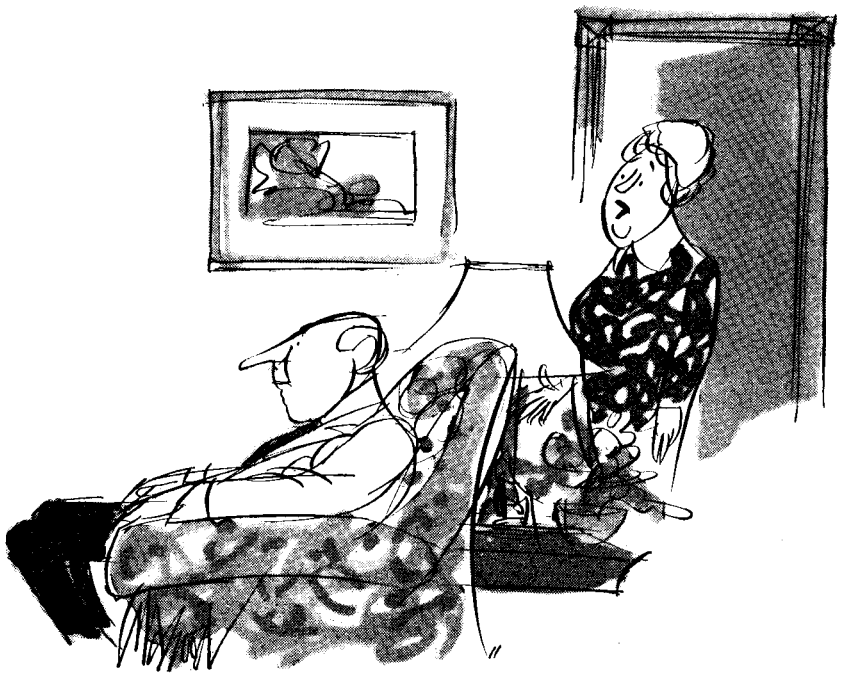
Reviewed by Walter Arnold

■ Many would say we are already beyond freedom and dignity. But B. F. Skinner does not think so. One measure of the oddity of his new book is that he deplores this laggardness and urges us to move steadily ahead. We may just be ready for the prompting. It is said that desperate straits call for desperate remedies, and this book seems to be one. In fact, it is one of the strangest amalgams of compassion and misanthropy that has ever been my puzzlement to read.

Actually, there is nothing surprising to old Skinner-watchers about the lines he follows in *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*. Although addressed to the acuteness of contemporary crises, and more explicit about designing a future society than his earlier works, it is really a nonfiction statement of the principles behind *Walden Two*, his widely read novel of a "behavioral utopia" published in 1948. *Science and Human Behavior* (1953) elaborated further upon Skinner's deterministic convictions about men and society. So the stir that has already begun over the present book seems a delayed reaction to those acquainted with the author's general approach to human problems. The flap must indeed, and possibly ominously, have to do with the revolt against individualism and permissiveness which is beginning to accompany the present cultural expression of those tendencies.

Some men are fired by a vision of freedom; some, like Skinner, by one of control. In a sense, his new book is about survival, and he sees hope for the survival of the species and of the culture of the West only in a designed society, one that is based upon "the science of behavior" and its attendant technology. This means the directed control of individuals by an environment so designed. For Skinner holds that behavior is shaped and ultimately completely determined by the contingencies of the environment. Change the environment and you change the behavior responding to it. For the most part, that is now done haphazardly—or maliciously—by powerful men and institutions. It can be done for "mutual aid" by, Skinner must trust, benevolent leaders.

The author obviously believes in progress (he may be one of the last of the believers), and "operant conditioning," which is his technical term for en-



"Did it ever occur to you, Robert, that in 1971 just being Mr. Right isn't enough?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN AMERICAN INDIAN CHILD NEEDS YOU AS A SPONSOR AND PERSONAL FRIEND...

A friend to help. A friend to write to. A friend to share his—or her—joy as a young life is transformed from appalling hardship to bright new hope and pride—because of your compassion.

Sponsoring an American Indian child through Futures For Children can work many wonders:

- Keep "your child" in school by directly financing shoes, clothing, and other necessities. (Right now many Indian children have little more than the threadbare clothes on their backs.)
- Open a new world "beyond the reservation" for your child through your concerned friendship.
- Provide hope, self-esteem and confidence—perhaps for the first time in a child's life.

Decide now to sponsor a young Indian boy or girl. It will be a rewarding experience for your entire family.

FUTURES FOR CHILDREN
5612 Parkston Road,
Washington, D.C. 20016

☐ Yes, I (we) want to sponsor an American Indian child . . .
☐ a boy ☐ a girl ☐ either

Enclosed is a check for $_____
($15 monthly; $45 quarterly; $90 semi-annually; $180 annually)

☐ I/we's help, not as a Sponsor, but with check for $_____

☐ Please send more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City- State -Zip _____

WALLA WALLA VALLEY ACADEMY 19

vironmental control of behavior, is the simple basis upon which social progress can be made, according to his present catechism. The trouble is, freedom as commonly understood, particularly in what Skinner almost obsessively calls "the literatures of freedom and dignity," is now in his view the chief antagonist of such progress. "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are basic rights," he says, in some contradiction to what follows. "But they are the rights of the individual and were listed as such at a time when the literatures of freedom and dignity were concerned with the aggrandizement of the individual. They have only a minor bearing on the survival of a culture." What culture? is a question the critic will want to keep in mind.

Adopting Skinner's view, then, means abandoning the old notions of choice, "free will," individual initiative, and especially "autonomy." These to him are "prescientific" ideas, along with such other moral fictions as "the inner man," the thinking, feeling "self," and of course the "mind." Following Pavlov, J. B. Watson and other behaviorists, materialists, and nominalists before him, Skinner sees these inner realities as constructs of "mentalism" which must be demythologized according to the true science. "It is in the nature of scientific progress that the functions of autonomous man be taken over one by one as the role of the environment is better understood." Indeed "a self is a repertoire of behavior appropriate to a given set of contingencies," a nexus of conditioning, very far from the existentialists' "abyss of longing." For Skinner, the alternative is to admit behavior without a cause—in other words, truly original action. The choice, as it were, is between science and miracle-mongering. Some choice.

If people do not really decide, if they are not able to originate judgments or actions, they are also not responsible for what they do or bring about. "A scientific analysis shifts the credit as well as the blame to the environment, and traditional practices can then no longer be justified." I am reminded of Chesterton's remark that one of the consequences of accepting a complete determinism in human actions is that it becomes pointless to thank someone for passing the salt at the table. In fact, in the community of Walden Two nobody thanks anybody for services or commends anyone for achievements. There are no heroes in Walden Two. But no tragedy either, and not much deep laughter.

Plainly, this view of human actions militates against the vaunted "dignity of man," and against moral values generally as they are understood by most people. Skinner does not exactly throw such values out. Doing what one does when one wants to keep the name of a quality without its old substance, he redefines "good" and "bad" in keeping with his "behavioral technology." Accordingly, "the only good things are positive reinforcers, and the only bad things are negative reinforcers." These "values" are strictly utilitarian; they are solely means and in no sense ends. It does not seem to bother Skinner that what he means is not all that we mean when defining such values as "good" and "bad," or "evil." It is perfectly meaningful, and critical, to ask about a given "positive reinforcer": Does it operate to a person's good? Is it really good?

Skinner does indeed have a quarrel with "the literatures of freedom and dignity" which have so dominated the modern period in the West. In this tradition he includes both nonfiction and fiction, Tom Paine's *Common Sense* and Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground*. He admits that such works have been effective both as "good" counter-controls against tyranny and, unfortunately from his point of view, as "conditioners" against achieving a more successfully designed society. For this last reason such literatures would gradually diminish in a Skinnerian world. "We shall not only have no reason to admire people who endure suffering, face danger, or struggle to be good, it is possible that we shall have little interest in pictures or books about them."

What is to be thought of all this? Is *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* perhaps a Swiftian "modest proposal," a deliberate deadpan put-on contrived as a stimulus to evoke a highly aversive response? I am afraid not. Certainly there is unconscious irony and self-satire in the book: "Almost everyone who is concerned with human affairs—as political scientist, philosopher, man of letters, economist, psychologist, linguist, sociologist, theologian, anthropologist, educator, or psychotherapist—continues to talk about human behavior in this prescientific way." And for good reason.

Dr. Skinner is too tightly hinged to premises and principles that are highly arguable and, in any case, not necessary to the mitigation of the very real social problems that concern him and ought to concern his readers. For example, to work for effective social controls it is not necessary to accept either determinism, environmentalism, or the denial of human "inwardness." Control is not coercion, and we can accept the need for control in many circumstances without giving up *relative* individual autonomy. In fact, without freedom, there is no control.

But since *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* will receive its fair share of attacks, including, I am sure, a share that will be unfair—name-calling, *ad homi-*

(Continued on page 52)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HONOR THY FATHER

by Gay Talese

World, 526 pp., $10

THE MAFIA IS NOT AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

by Nicholas Gage

McGraw-Hill, 179 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Fred J. Cook

■ These two books on the Mafia are sharply contrasting. Gay Talese concentrates on the love life and tribulations of Salvatore (Bill) Bonanno, the son of Joseph (Joe Bananas) Bonanno, one of the five original Mafia chieftains of New York. Nicholas Gage illustrates the pervasiveness and insidious evils of organized crime.

Talese writes with his usual flair, but the effect is peculiarly one-sided. Because all his Mafia figures emerge as kindly family men who like to play with children, he creates the impression that the racketeering of the Mafiosi has been grossly exaggerated by government crime-busters who, to make themselves out as heroes, have to have menacing anti-heroes.

Most of *Honor Thy Father* pivots on the tempestuous relations between Bill Bonanno and his wife, the former Rosalie Profaci. It is like following a tale of domestic discord in *True Confessions* (we are even told how, on one occasion, Bill climbed into bed and made love with his gun on). The book also has touches reminiscent of *The Godfather*, with Bill Bonanno feeling a kinship with Michael, the son of Mario Puzo's fictional Don Corleone. It depicts little violence—only a bit of wild shooting, in which nobody even gets nicked.

Honor Thy Father is a bouillabaisse that has brought Talese a pre-publication paperback sale reportedly in excess of $400,000, which will probably put the book on the best-seller lists. But it lacks anything that is new and vital. Major events are fuzzed, and the cruelty and unscrupulousness of the Mafia are hardly mentioned.

The mysterious kidnaping of Joe Bonanno in October 1964, his months-long disappearance and sudden re-emergence remain a mystery. Talese offers nothing more than published speculations. The Bonanno war that erupted in the streets of Brooklyn while Bill tried to keep control of the Mafia family in his father's absence is described with the same careful reticence. Though bodies were dumped all over the streets, the implication is that some wild nuts in rivaling gangs just shot each other up. Naturally, the Bonannos had nothing to do with it.

—From "The Mafia Is Not An Equal Opportunity Employer"

Mobsmen Paul Ricca, Salvatore Agoglia, "Lucky" Luciano, Meyer Lansky, John Senna, and Harry Brown in 1932—"a truer picture of the Mafia, minus the heart throbs."

Honor Thy Father, then, has the virtues of the intimate detail and characterization that can be produced only when a skilled reporter gets close to his subject, and it has the defect that comes from a writer's being so committed to his subject that he virtually adopts the subject's view of himself. In the end, Talese, with seeming approval, shows Bill Bonanno scoffing at the whole idea of a national crime menace "whose demigods were a half-dozen tired old dons trying to think big, and he could not help but speculate that the main problem of the government was not that the Mafia was alive but that it may well be dying. . . ."

Nicholas Gage presents a truer picture of the Mafia, minus the heart throbs. Perhaps because his book is mostly drawn from articles previously written for *The Wall Street Journal*, *The New York Times*, and various magazines, it doesn't have a really coherent theme. Nevertheless, the research is solid, the view accurate. Gage's Mafia dons, unlike Talese's, are not kindly paterfamilias but ruthless curs who sometimes beat up their wives, inevitably sport mistresses as badges of distinction, and don't hesitate to sell diseased meat to the public, burn down supermarkets, and murder their managers for refusing to stock an inferior brand of detergent made by a mob-controlled firm.

Some of Gage's book, like the chapters on Meyer Lansky and Joseph Colombo, provide little that is new, but the one on Frank Sinatra reveals fresh details that the retired singer and his swinging coterie will hardly appreciate. Gage discloses that the one-time idol of the nation's bobby-soxers was the subject of a special Justice Department report dated August 3, 1962, which stated that Sinatra had been "in contact with about ten of the best-known gangsters in the country in the late 1950s and early 1960s."

The report indicated that the performer was so close to Joseph and Rocco Fischetti, the Chicago gang leaders who were cousins of Al Capone, that he made a commercial for an auto-dealer pal of theirs "as a favor without charge." Whenever Sinatra sang at the Fontainebleau in Miami Beach, he arranged to have Joe Fischetti paid as a talent scout, and the report charged that as of April 1962 the hotel had paid Fischetti $38,340 in seventy-one talent-scout checks.

Gage links Sinatra to the late Charles (Lucky) Luciano, the brains of the international narcotics traffic; to Willie Moretti, the New Jersey mob fixer who allegedly stuck a revolver into the mouth of band leader Tommy Dorsey to free Sinatra from a binding contract early in his career; and to Sam Giancana, the Chicago mob boss whose visits to Sinatra cost the singer a Nevada gambling franchise. Such connections, Gage says, were too gamey for President John F. Kennedy, for whom Sinatra had campaigned in 1960.

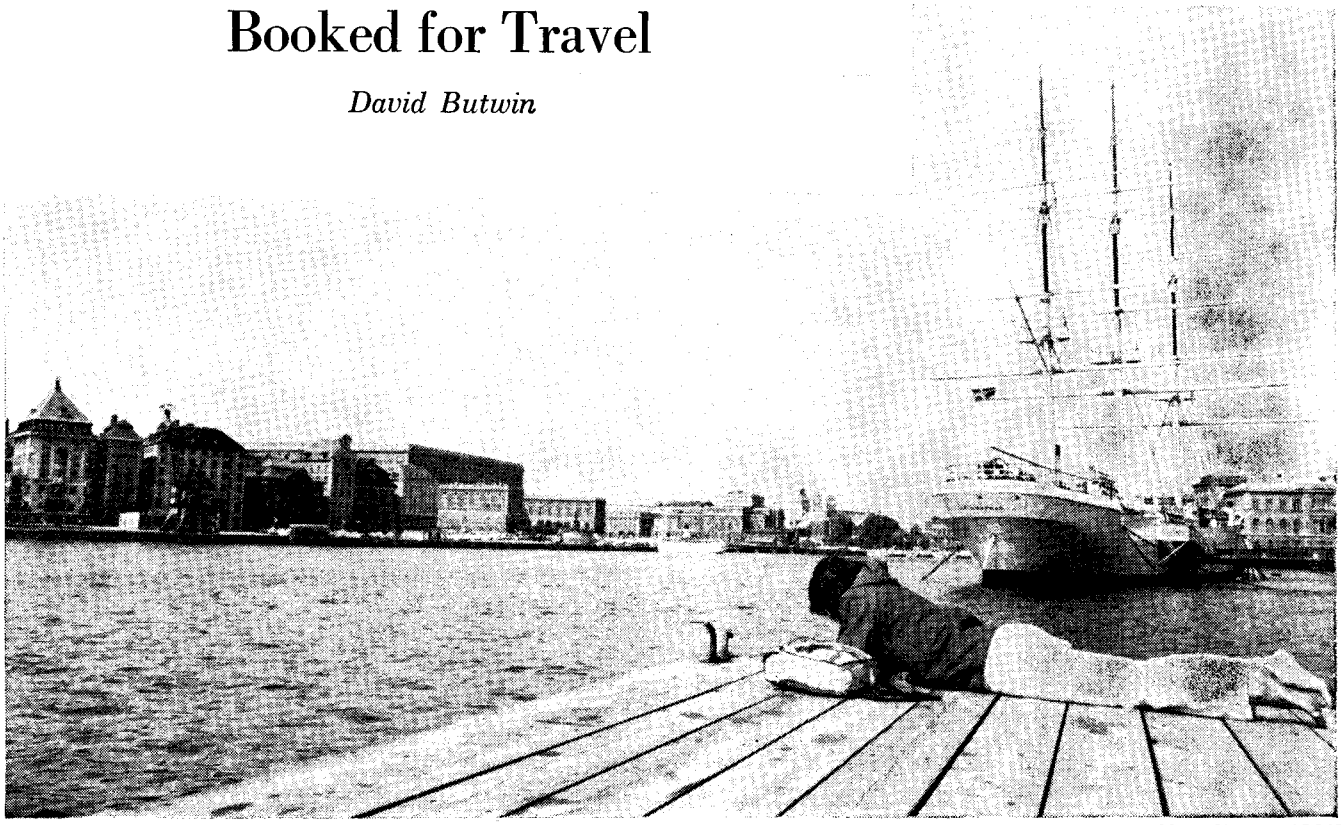
Sinatra had even raised $1.4-million for the Democratic Party's depleted war chest in a one-night, pre-inauguration gala in Washington, and he evidently anticipated closest camaraderie with the highest, even building a special wing on his Palm Springs home to accommodate the President when he came to California. But after JFK saw the special Justice Department report, he stayed instead with Bing Crosby, and Sinatra's special Presidential wing went unoccupied. Disgusted by such evidence of Democratic ingratitude, Sinatra switched allegiances and supported Ronald Reagan for re-election in California in 1970. Gage quotes Sinatra's mother as saying: "My son is like me. You cross him, he never forgets."

Fred J. Cook is the author of "The Secret Rulers," a book about the Mafia that Bill Bonanno's wife smuggled into prison for him to read.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

David Butwin



—*Mark Chester, ASCAP*

If a Stockholmer stays in town for the weekend, you'll find her in the sun. On the right, the floating hostel "Af Chapman."

Stockholm When the Swedes Split

ONE of the hardest things to find around Stockholm on a weekend is a Swede. "Oh, you may see one or two," a last, lingering Stockholmer told me late on a Friday afternoon before he too evacuated the city. This was the last weekend in July, a month the city folk traditionally spend on holiday, whether on the Costa del Sol, at cottages beside Swedish lakes, or in the nearby Archipelago. Paris in August would be an apt comparison.

Stockholm does not close down on weekends, however, with the departure of its citizenry. Someone leaves the key behind so that an outsider can avail himself of indoor and outdoor concerts, museums, theaters, restaurants, and an assortment of Old Town nightclubs that includes Kaos (as in chaos) for folksinging; Stampen for jazz; Engelen, a pub; and Alexandra, a discotheque frequented, in season, by Stockholm's choicest social specimens.

I had visited Stockholm once before, in early December, and that time was told the streets were barren of Swedes because they prefer to hide indoors during the winter. One would presume the only way to meet the natives is to go to Spain or the Greek islands, where they like to vacation. But even that search could prove fruitless because, as a young businesswoman told me before she left for a lake in the watery Swedish province of Värmland: "We don't travel out of the country as much as people think. Our salaries may be the highest in Europe, but the cost of living is the highest too. Who has the money to travel?"

Sweden's prices provoke awe and apprehension along the European tourist trails. Travelers on strict budgets tend to shy away from Stockholm, and touring youth, if drawn by the lure of Sweden's legendary permissiveness, tighten their money belts to survive. Yet it seemed to me, though I didn't check the price of lettuce, that costs in Stockholm and across Sweden were only moderately higher than those in other Northern European countries and certainly not in New York's league.

Thanks to its welfare society, some of the best things in Sweden are still free. On a sunken plaza at the Sergels Torg—the scene, in season, of rousing political demonstrations—is a new building that houses not only the Parliament (its sixty-year-old quarters are being remodeled) but also a first-floor cultural center fairly bulging with diversions, all free. In front is a circular desk behind which waits a group of girls ready to take a request for one of their many records. You pick one out of a register and write down the name, and while the girl makes the selection from a push-button control deck, you settle comfortably into a deep chair nearby, put the headphones in place, and wait for familiar sounds. There are also anterooms where entire concerts can be heard. The periodical section is always aswarm with foreign visitors paging through magazines and newspapers; at sleek, Swedish-modern chess tables opponents and hangers-on respond to the action in a half-dozen languages. Just across the floor, local and tourist children, wired for music, lie on a carpet tinkering with games or looking at books.

Outside on the stone steps, a popular gathering place for international youth, I noticed a majority of Orientals. They were part of a new traveling brigade, young, independent Japanese students who cross Russia by the Trans-Siberian Railroad or come to Europe on cheap charter flights, often holding out more than a year before returning. In fact, the two I met, only twenty, said they were working their way around the world, had been gone several years, and had spent time working at Japanese restaurants in New York. They had come to Stockholm in search of the purportedly high Swedish wages but didn't seem to want to do kitchen chores, one of the few jobs open to them.

Stockholm, they said, was too expensive. And as for Stockholmers, one of the long-haired pair screwed his features into a corpse-like expression and said, "The people look like they are dying." I winced slightly and glanced back at my Stockholm friend. He looked very full of life. Swedes are

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

increasingly the target of such observations. For a country that professes and practices neutrality in international matters and turns out a notably unexcitable populace, Sweden manages to stir up its share of controversy. Across Scandinavia you hear more generalized comments, often negative, leveled at the Swedes than at the other three nations combined. I think one reason is the richer economy Sweden enjoys, a fact that makes the country suspect among its poorer neighbors. You will even hear that Swedes don't know how to have fun, that they don't drink enough—and if they do, it is in a conscious effort to manufacture merriment.

On the steps, several young Japanese opened tins of fish. On the vast square a frisbee game was under way, the players skipping the plastic platter across the gray stones with international-class expertise. A bell tolled five. A rugged, ruddy-faced man in walking shorts knelt on the steps and lit a small fire under a pot of tea. Two policemen approached, told him politely to finish his meal and next time to cook in a private place. He was impressed with their good will but not happy with Stockholm. "It is too cold, too expensive," said Alberto LeBlanc, a true twentieth-century voyageur. A French-Canadian from Montreal, he had been on a worldwide bicycle odyssey since peddling to the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City. He said he would stay on the road until the Munich games next year "and then get back home and get married." A sign on his bicycle, though, told of possible future journeys: "Montreal 76—*Je serai.* Moscow 80—Maybe."

Central Stockholm is undergoing a gigantic remodeling, a project that began, as closely as anyone can remember, about a decade ago and may still be in progress a decade from now. Shops, multi-level terraces, underground garages, sleek subways, pedestrian malls, and five well-spaced skyscrapers are all part of a plan to make Stockholm the world's most livable city. Meanwhile, though, its citizens have to put up with huge construction barriers, plank walkways, and a general unsightliness.

What Stockholm has finished looks downright futuristic. On a corner near a construction pit stands a gleaming new restaurant, the Bill and Bull, with a glassy, well-padded bar and dining room on one level and, downstairs, a computerized cafeteria that works like an updated Horn & Hardart automat. At the push of a button, a girl with a Swedish accent will recommend the day's specialties. You can pour your own wine from large red, white, and rosé vats with temperature controls on top. But the best deal in the Bill and Bull—not otherwise for budget travelers—is an adjoining sauna and dining room, which groups of three to ten persons can reserve for only $1 each, plus whatever charges they run up drinking and eating. Advertisements have advised against co-ed rental or at least against mixing behind the sauna door, but the management in fact pays little attention to the make-up of groups and how they behave. A Swedish sauna is called a *bastu*, and while the ritual isn't quite as intense as in Finland, the heat's the same. And the advantage of this *bastu* is that after you have fried in the little wood hut and cooled off under a shower you can sit down at a private round table in the next room and phone the maitre d' for service. All that's missing is a stereo. The *bastu* has proved such a curiosity that while we were dining, only half-clothed, the maitre d' showed an American family through—with our consent of course. Another handy *bastu* was down the hall from my room in the new Sheraton-Stockholm, the city's first American chain-style hotel. It follows the opening of a Sheraton in Copenhagen and somehow fits more cleanly into the scheme.

While planning for the future, Stockholm hasn't neglected the past. The Old Town, built on one of the islands and promontories that make up the city, is a maze of narrow streets and centuries-old buildings with Baroque portals. Its cramped, high-rent quarters hardly reflect Sweden's internationally respected housing standards, but of course many artists and craftsmen have found the area ideal for studios, and the chic will wait years on a list to get a small flat. Except for a few galleries and craftshops, the Old Town is closed for business on Sunday, but that doesn't stop out-of-towners from flocking to the cobbled byways and squares. Although most of the cafés and restaurants are dark and cavernous, I found a bright one opening onto Stortoget, the great market square, and there in the full light of Sunday afternoon, just opposite the eleventh-century Stock Exchange, on the site of the Bloodbath of Stockholm (November 8, 1520) in which the Danish king Christian the Tyrant decapitated eighty of the city's leaders, I feasted on herring. Listed as an hors d'oeuvre, the three crocks of differently prepared herring along with cheese, rolls, and boiled potatoes amounted to a full meal, all for the un-Swedish price of $1.50 or so.

Around a corner from the Stortoget stands the Royal Palace, rare in that it houses a king and yet is open to visitation. I arrived just as the big clock was striking four and two dozen guards were stepping through a mustering

The capital of the civilized world was: a. Rome, b. Athens, c. Istanbul. (See for yourself.)

Remember when all roads led to Rome? Before that, they led to Athens, and later on, to Constantinople (now Istanbul).

Our tour takes you to these former world capitals, as well as to Milan, Venice, Florence, Pompeii, Naples and Delphi.

The price includes round-trip air fare, two meals a day, sightseeing and good hotels with private bath.

Come with us. There's no time like the past.

Rome, Athens, Istanbul. Part of Alitalia's Italy, Greece and Turkey tour. Three weeks from $789.

For free brochures mail coupon to Alitalia Tours, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019 or call toll free from anywhere in continental United States–800-631-1971. In New Jersey call 800-962-2803.

SR-IGT-10-9

Name Walla Walla Valley Academy

Address

City *Zip*

My Travel Agent is

☐ **Extra-Value Vacations to Europe & North Africa**
32-page Booklet detailing 13 Tour Programs to such places as Italy, Greece, Turkey, Sicily, Tunisia, Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, Holland, England, Belgium, Austria, Morocco. 2 & 3 Week Tours—Prices starting as low as $499 incuding air fare from New York.

☐ **Ski Tour from $397**

☐ **East Africa, South Africa, Ethiopia**
2 & 3 Week Photosafaris—From $1280.

☐ **Bargain Hunter Tours**
Italy, Greece, Turkey, Sicily, Tunisia, Switzerland, Austria. 3 Week Tours—From $599.

☐ **Fly & Drive Tours and Car Rental Plans**
2 & 3 Week Packages—From $397.

Prices based on 14/21 day round-trip jet economy group inclusive tour fare from N.Y. for groups of 15 or more. Bookings must be made 30 days in advance.

Alitalia
ITALY'S WORLD AIRLINE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo: Michael V. Carlisle

A haunting new novel of love, betrayal, revenge, and murder—by one of the leading storytellers of our time

Robert Penn Warren

MEET ME IN THE GREEN GLEN

$7.95. Limited, signed ed., $17.50
Now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

MacInnes

MESSAGE FROM MÁLAGA

A defector, a young American scientist, and a beautiful Spanish dancer set the whirlwind pace in this new best seller by the master of suspense, Helen MacInnes.
$6.95

HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

Photo by Gilbert Highet

ceremony on an outer courtyard. Strutting back and halting stock-still in the sunshine, they effected a more orderly and sober air than I expected. But suddenly at the order to shoulder arms and march off, a bayonet clattered to the cobblestones. The camera-clicking tourists broke into laughter, and the young palace guards blushed and smiled.

Afterward, a long-haired guard, his locks tucked neatly under a navy-blue beret, confided to me and a group of German hippies that he hated the Army in spite of an easy fifteen-month tour. But he talked good-naturedly of the institution, noting that the Army has in stock 50,000 hairnets for soldiers whose hair is deemed too long. "You mean they don't make you cut it?" I asked. "Oh, no," he said, smiling, "they must not infringe on our personalities." Before leaving to return to duty in the palace, he threw us the peace sign.

Three centuries ago, in less neutral times, Charles XII ruled Sweden with an uplifted sword and, for his foreign aggressions, was named the War King. A statue of the king stands in a little park near the harbor, and beneath him the local freaks and waifs gather to talk, smoke, sleep, and play games on the lawn until the city traffic cops order them off. I watched the kids and cops locked in their daily match of patience until finally a bit of force was exerted. No tear gas or nightsticks, of course. Just an elbow here, a shove there. "*Gris*" (pig), someone yelled; the cops stayed calm.

Nearby is a stand of ancient elm trees, the site of a confrontation last spring that also explains something about Stockholm and the Swedish way. Spurred by a group known as the Alternative City, which is trying to spare Stockholm from cars, smog, and other modern incursions, hundreds of citizens showed up to defend the elms. Some even slept in the trees. The police were extended but didn't resort to force. And the elms were saved. It hardly sounds as if the city, or the populace, is dying.

Beyond Freedom

(Continued from page 48)

nem arguments, and the rest—let me briefly state what I think is in favor of the book. First of all, Dr. Skinner pays admirable attention to social problems at a time when psychology, as well as so many other aspects of our society, seems ever more turned in upon itself. In particular he helps to focus attention on the crucial issue of control, both of the individual and society. Skinner's sharp critique of punishment as largely ineffectual control is pertinent to the pressing question of prisons. Surely, too, individualism is not enough, and Skinner is right in warning against the potentially disastrous consequences of a prolific and arrogant individualism. He does a service to concentrate our attention on these concerns, and, contrary to his own convictions, should be thanked for that.

Having said this much for the book, I must add that its most important service is the negative one of providing an example of the absurdity to which the superstition of scientism leads. In the end nothing is left in Skinner's world but a concatenation of environments with no real persons to experience or control them. For in what I can only call his lust to objectivize everything, Skinner has effectively abolished personality and hence man. As the great Russian philosopher Nikolai Berdyaev pointed out, "Personality cannot be recognized as an object, as one of the objects in a line with other objects in the world.... In that way man is looked at partially: but there is in that case no mystery of man, as personality, as an existential center of the world. Personality is recognized only as a subject, in infinite subjectivity, in which is hidden the secret of existence." Skinner cannot have it both ways. Since he wants a manipulable creature he must assert, as he does, "To man *qua* man we readily say good riddance."

Another dream of reason has ended as a nightmare of an eminent psychologist, in this case perhaps the most influential of living American psychologists. But was it a good dream to begin with? Was it even an especially rational one? We all know some of the devastating results of following the old imperative to control and subdue nature outside man, of adopting the dictum of Skinner's spiritual forebear, Francis Bacon, that "knowledge is power." Are we about to try the same experiment with "manipulable man"? Skinner wants to see the survival of our culture. I am not certain survival is the highest human value, but to accept his principles and means would, I am sure, guarantee the extinction of everything that presently energizes our inmost beings and hence our culture. For man, nothing exists "beyond freedom and dignity" but atoms and the void. Thus only if the views of this book are for the most part rejected will it really have a good effect on the social environment.

Walter Arnold is an editor with a New York publishing house and teaches in the Excel program at Fordham University, Lincoln Center.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Sacco and Vanzetti Revived

"ONE WHO READS this record will have difficulty believing that the trial with which it deals took place in the United States." So wrote Justice William O. Douglas in the recently republished transcript of the trial of Bartolomeo Vanzetti and Nicola Sacco in 1921 at Dedham, Massachusetts. As though to prove conclusively that it did happen here and that it remains a blot on the judicial system of this country, an Italian film-maker, Giuliano Montaldo, has reconstructed the trial and some of the surrounding events in a new film, *Sacco & Vanzetti*. And, as though to prove that such cases were not unique, a Swedish film-maker, Bo Widerberg, has based a film (to appear later this month) on Joe Hill, whose full name was Joseph Hillstrom, an early I.W.W. leader executed by a firing squad in Utah for a dubiously proven crime.

Both cases involved immigrant Europeans of radical orientation. Sacco and Vanzetti were Italians, and Hill was a Swede. The cases occurred during periods of labor agitation and anti-Red hysteria. Although the circumstances of Joe Hill's trial have been largely forgotten, the seven-year ordeal of Sacco and Vanzetti, as they attempted to stave off electrocution, have resulted in a virtual library of theses attesting to the innocence or guilt of the two convicted men. The fascination of the case persists. Its cast of characters is one of the most colorful in American legal history. The worldwide agitation it aroused was echoed again when the Rosenbergs were sentenced to death. Just two years ago, one of the Sacco-Vanzetti defense lawyers involved in the later stages, Herbert B. Erhmann, titled his excellent recapitulation *The Case That Will Not Die*. An earlier book by Francis Russell, *Tragedy at Dedham*, has just been reissued.

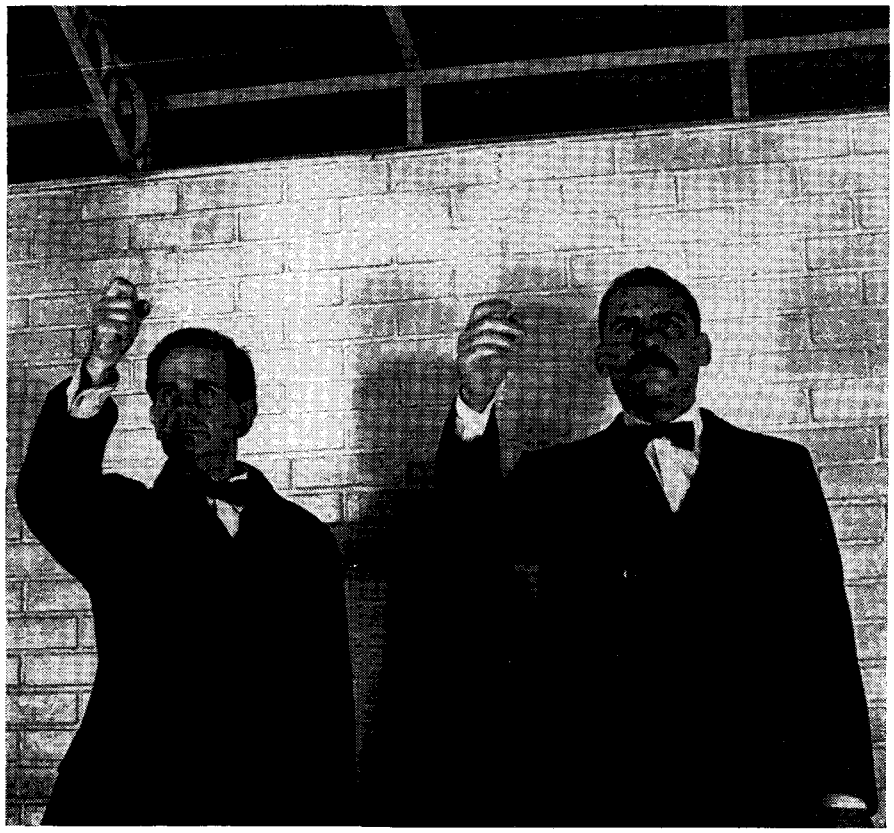
True enough, the skein of events, for anyone with the necessary patience to unravel it, has the implacable surge of Greek tragedy, with fate time and again playing a part. Montaldo obviously found no need to heighten in his film what was already there and has let the events largely speak for themselves. Where he does step in, it is to make what he has called "an ethical-political judgment," this during a meeting between the Governor of the state of Massachusetts and the eloquent fish-peddler, Vanzetti. The film then firmly assumes that the pair was killed not for the crimes with which they were charged but because of their political beliefs.

Montaldo was an assistant to Gillo Pontecorvo on *Battle of Algiers*, in which, behind the documentary reconstruction, it was apparent that the sympathies of the makers favored the insurgent Algerians. Gian Maria Volonte, the powerful actor who is seen as Vanzetti, has made no secret of his Leftish sympathies, to an extent that has both influenced and hampered his career. It might be wondered, then, if we are getting an impartial view of the events. To a surprising degree, the answer is yes. But no two-hour-long film could possibly cover all the ramifications of a case that took seven years to resolve legally and that has never been resolved in the court of public opinion. Of necessity, there has been truncating, selection, and pure and simple omission.

Important participants are among the missing, and not always well understood are the personalities and psychologies of some of those present. Even so, the film is uncommonly interesting, at times devastatingly moving. Its effects are achieved less through cinematic skill than by the convincing acting of the two principals: Riccardo Cucciolla as Sacco, the Milford shoemaker, and Volonte as Vanzetti. Both blaze with the consciousness of innocence, as did the two real men in the dock; both bear quite remarkable resemblances to the men they play. It should be mentioned that Volonte's English was not quite equal to the task; therefore, in his English-speaking sequences he has been dubbed. His performance shines nonetheless.

Nearly forty-five years after their deaths, this filmic account still has relevance. On trial were two admitted radicals. Their chief defense counsel was a flamboyant lawyer well known for his espousal of radical and working-class causes; he wore his hair long, made incessant "objections," and sometimes took off his shoes in court. The judge, Webster Thayer, was a rabid Red-hater. The district attorney, Frederick Katzmann, used the political views of the defendants to help convict them of crimes that could only have been committed by thugs. No wonder, then, that both here and abroad the case looked like a battle between the left-wing working class and the prejudiced, fearful Establishment.

Still, it is to be regretted that the story, other than where it concerns the defendants, hasn't been told in more human perspective. Geoffrey Keen, as Judge Thayer, is a good actor, but his



Riccardo Cucciolla as Sacco and Gian Maria Volonte as Vanzetti "blaze with the consciousness of innocence."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

part gives little indication of the nature of the real-life judge. Making sure to be technically correct, publicly bleating about his supposed fairness, he stands today as a virtual symbol of the deadliness of a legal mind fixed in its prejudice. In the film he comes out as merely a stern jurist; the writers may well have been baffled by the kind of New Englander he represented. (On the other hand, he was hardly the guilt-stricken vagrant of Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset*.)

Opportunity was again lost in the portrayal of Fred Moore, the defense counsel who zealously built issues into the case that transcended the matter at hand, who baited the conservative judge, who squandered defense funds, and whose tactics antagonized the jury —all this having bearing on the long legal death march. Milo O'Shea, an Irish actor, hardly hints at the real person, much less catches him. Much better is Cyril Cusack as the district attorney. Something of a look-alike, he also captures the oily persuasiveness and the forensic ploys of the original.

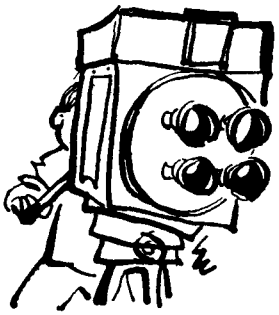
Filmed in this country, in Irish streets that resemble the barracks-like immigrant quarters of 1920 Boston, and in an Italian studio, the movie has a reasonably authentic look. It details the Palmer Red Raids of the period and the hysteria they engendered. The shoe factory that was robbed (with two payroll guards slain) in South Braintree luckily was still there. Less authentic is a Boston dinner party at which some proper Bostonians discuss the case. To put it kindly, this is a European view of such an affair. Words such as "racist" and "extremist" are used in the trial; they smack of today rather than yesterday.

We are shown, as happened, the two men being picked up on a suburban Boston streetcar. They were first suspected of merely being radicals, and therefore subject to deportation, but the loaded weapons found on them led to grimmer suspicions of their being the payroll bandits. Not covered is Vanzetti's first trial, for an earlier robbery attempt, at which the same Judge Thayer presided with similar unfairness. The film doesn't make clear the important fact that at the Dedham trial Vanzetti was already a convicted criminal.

The film strays from the literal in other places, too. Both men made statements when brought in for sentencing by Thayer. Sacco is shown saying nothing, while the choice—and very moving—words are given to Vanzetti. When a prison-mate of Sacco's confesses to him that he was in on the payroll job, Sacco ignores the message. It is Vanzetti who reports the confession to his lawyers. The reverse was true. The film shows Sacco mentally cracking from the long strain. True enough, but Vanzetti, too, went through a period of derangement. The discrepancies may be accounted for, perhaps, because Vanzetti has become the more revered of the two, and because Volonte is the star.

If I seem niggling, it is because the film is strong enough to revive interest in the case all over again. Therefore, I'll mention something else. The film not only points to a group of thugs known as "the Morelli gang" as the real perpetrators but implies a conspiracy on the part of state and federal authorities to keep this fact from becoming known. Thus, the case is made to seem very sinister indeed. Looking into this, I found that defense efforts made a very strong case against the Morelli gang, stronger than the one against the accused, but the conspiracy angle appears to be unfounded. And no member of the defense ever charged such. What prevented the many appeals from bearing fruit was narrowness of mind, fixed assumptions of guilt, a faulty defense strategy, and the incessant agitation that caused a pronounced polarization among Massachusetts citizens. Matters, by the way, have since improved. For one thing, if argued today, the case would have gone to the Supreme Court.

In the course of doing my homework, I found that, like everyone else who has responded to the case's many challenging aspects, I developed an opinion of my own: that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty of carrying concealed weapons (many badgered anarchists of the period did), but of nothing more. My admiration for Vanzetti, in particular, has increased. The seven prison years saw in him a remarkable mental and philosophical growth and a poetic expressiveness as a writer. His anarchism was of the idealistic kind, strikingly akin to that of many troubled young members of our society today. And time has made for an ironic turnaround. The accusers now stand as the accused. The whole truth remains tantalizingly outside our grasp, but I would still join in the almost universal judgment that the state of Massachusetts committed, in effect, legal murder. In this light, I can't help wishing that we, rather than the Italians, had made the film.



All the Muscle

(Continued from page 27)

duction techniques. High U.S. wages could be offset by efficiency in the production of excellent products at a low unit labor cost. This vital capability has been diminished by the long and lavish concentration of research talent and capital on military technologies—in which cost minimization is not a basic criterion.

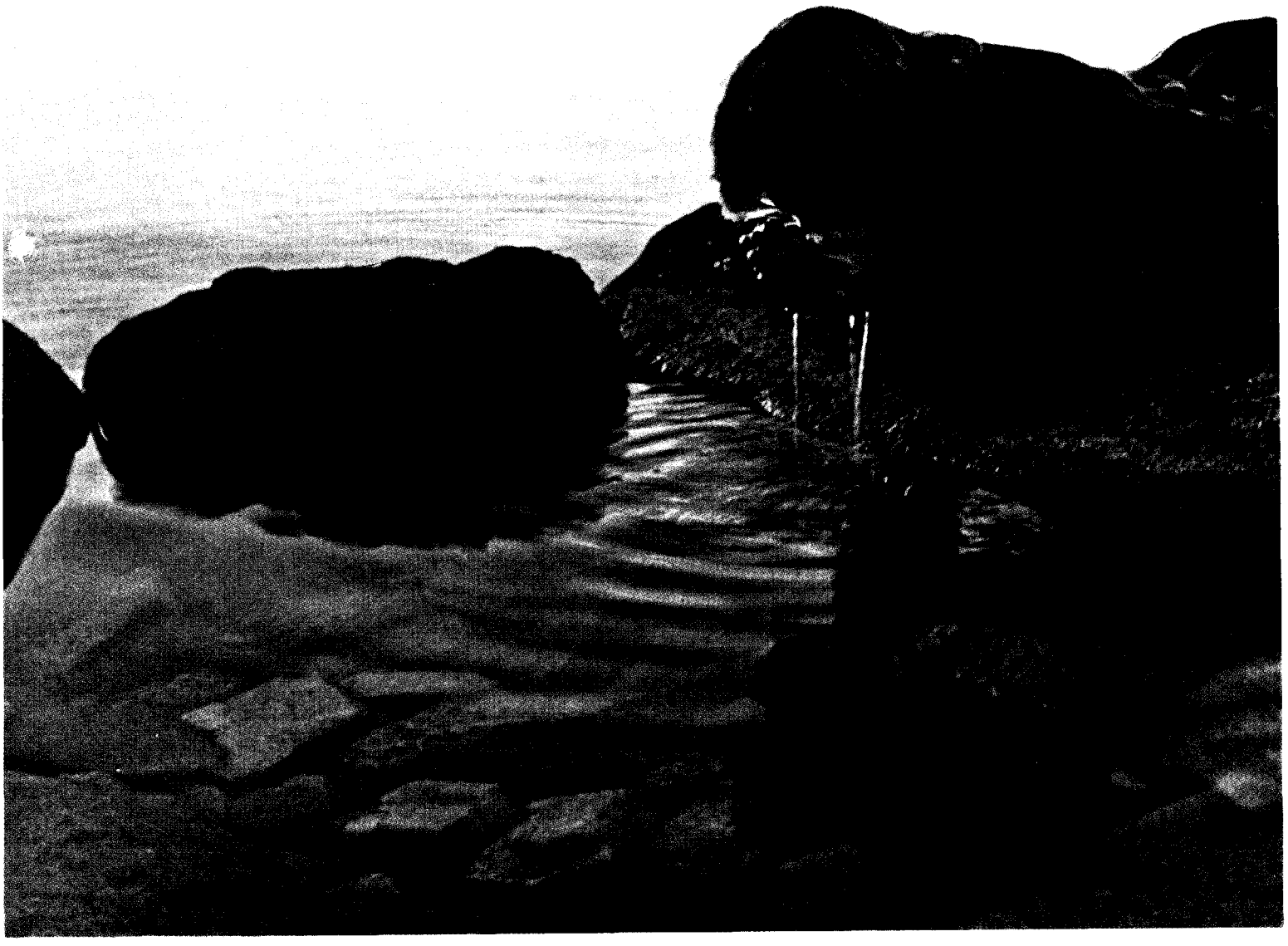
The bitter lesson, especially of the 1960s, is that the security of American society is diminished by policies that aim at worldwide hegemony based upon military power, with the assumption that the wealth of this country is virtually unlimited and that military spending of an unproductive sort is no different from productive economic growth. By the end of 1971, it may no longer be said that the main threat to American security is military, or that the security of the United States may be assured primarily by military means. My proposed redesign of U.S. armed forces and the resultant reduced budgets will make available the large funds that are urgently required for economic and other rehabilitation in the United States.

It is not feasible to anticipate the full range of effects and problems associated with a fundamentally revised American security policy. Nevertheless, because it serves the needs of the American people, I advocate its implementation without regard to prior Soviet agreement.

What if the Russians refuse to follow a policy similar to the one that I propose for the United States? In that case, the Soviets would pile up meaningless nuclear overkill and flexible response forces that would add nothing to the effective security of their society nor diminish the military security of the United States. Such a Soviet policy would, however, continue to drain Soviet resources and would impose a heavy burden of economic privation on the Soviet people.

In the last analysis, one of America's problems is overcoming the fears that many Americans feel if we are not outdoing the Russians weapon by weapon and technology by technology. At a recent informal discussion that included a number of military officers, I presented some of my ideas. Finally, one Air Force man rose to his feet and cried out: "We've gotten so accustomed to just reacting to the Russians that we have allowed ourselves to become too reactive. Why, if the Russians announced they were going to hell, in no time the Bureau of Mines would come up with a program . . ."—at which point the entire discussion dissolved in laughter.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



There's at least one lake still pure enough to drink. General Electric is helping keep it that way.

Lake Tahoe has been called the most beautiful lake in the world. To keep it that way, the people who live there needed one of the world's most advanced sewage treatment systems.

With General Electric's help, they now have it on the lake's south shore.

Water from the system, like the lake itself is pure enough to drink. But the people of Tahoe want only natural mountain streams flowing into the lake. So the treated water is pumped over a mountain pass into a reservoir.

GE motors, controls and meters keep the whole system working. And GE equipment will power a similar system for the north shore.

It's only one example of how GE technology is working to help preserve the environment.

GE jet engines for the DC-10 are virtually smoke-free. GE nuclear plants are just about the cleanest way there is to make electricity. A new GE incinerator can burn most trash without any annoying smoke or odor.

As long as man is on earth, he's likely to cause problems. But the men at General Electric will keep trying to find answers.

Men helping Man

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PROTECTED BY COPYZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

How to Tell if You Are a Good Guy or a Bad Guy

THE WORLD is filled with good guys and bad guys, and it is important to know which you are. Unfortunately, this is not as easy as it might seem, for while the good guys look upon themselves as being good, the bad guys look upon themselves as being good also. Therefore, if you look upon yourself as a good guy, which you do, you may or may not actually be a good guy. You could just as well be a bad guy.

The way to tell if you are a good guy or not is to examine not yourself, but the bad guys. The good guy acts good and he sees the bad guys acting bad and assumes that the bad guys consider themselves bad. The bad guy on the other hand acts bad but thinks of himself as good and therefore reasons that, since if he acts bad and is good, it follows that if you act good you are bad. And thus the guys who act good think of themselves as good guys but actually are bad guys.

Therefore, to determine if you are a good guy or a bad guy, ask yourself this question: Do the bad guys think of themselves as good or bad? If you think that they think that they are bad, then you are a good guy, but if you think that they think they are good, then you are a bad guy. This test always works in spite of the fact that in either case the other guys think that they are the good guys and that you are a bad guy, which is not necessarily true unless, of course, they actually are good, in which case you are bad. On the other hand, if the other guys are actually bad then you have to be a good guy since we cannot all be bad guys any more than we can all be good guys.

—J. R. GOODYKOONTZ.

Grits

EVERY TRAVELER south of Kentucky and Virginia, along roads of my native Deep South, is likely to be confronted by grits. I can tell him what to expect. Grits result when corn kernels are enlarged with lye and ground to the consistency of coarse meal. The stuff is boiled to a mush and served with eggs or as a side dish with country cured ham. Restaurants in the South will include grits with most egg orders.

The wise traveler observes the grits etiquette. By no means does he ask the waitress what they are. Nor does he tell her that he didn't order them. She knows that; in the South grits aren't ordered, they're taken for granted. Besides, by this time the traveler will have noted how nicely grits keep the ham or bacon grease from drowning his eggs. He should start eating those eggs right away or the fatback grease they were fried in will jell.

Every visitor to the Deep South should taste grits at least once, if only to support Iowa farmers who are growing corn for grits processors in Chicago so that he, a tourist en route to Florida, say, can claim he has eaten down-home Southern cooking. If he likes variety he will find that restaurants prepare grits two ways: Southerners prefer the dish hot, laden with butter, salt and pepper, and sometimes cheese; but restaurants that cater to tourists often improvise. The traveler is thrust into suspense. Will his grits this morning be cold and congealed or piping hot and so watery the only thing holding them together are the lumps? In some parts of the South this anticipation is the high point of a vacation.

Complaints at these times will not help. The waitress will imply that as an outlander the visitor would not know well-cooked grits from stewed rutabagas. Affecting a Southern accent will also fail. She is aware local people know better than to eat at any restaurant within ten miles of an interstate highway.

A jocular approach is likewise discouraged. Southerners consider grits their inheritance from the Indians who fed and cared for early settlers until they were strong enough to round up the Indians at gunpoint for mass deportation. The Indians left a few tongue-twisting place names and a yen for grits. Cracks about either are thought to be unfriendly. Calling grits "Georgia ice cream" or openly desecrating them with cream and sugar could prompt the waitress to glue a Wallace-for-President bumper sticker on the car or cause the cashier to charge double for a moldy pecan roll.

Nor does the wise traveler giggle and wonder in a loud Yankee voice how on earth were all those itsy-bitsy grits picked. And if he has been to Hawaii, he does not compare grits to underdone poi. The waitress will think she has been talked dirty to and call her cousin, the sheriff, if he's not busy at the speed trap down the road.

—GABRIEL MOORE.

Does an Italian wine go with gourmet food?

Bolla makes an eloquent case.

12 bottles of Bolla wine, imported from Italy in its own wine rack. Something delicious to drink with anything delicious to eat. You'll enjoy judging this case yourself. About $35.

Bolla
Italian Wine Cellar*

* 3 bottles each of Soave, Bardolino, Valpolicella and Rosé

© 1970, The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y.

DIGITIZED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World of Dance

Walter Terry

Summer Specials

WILLIAMSBURG, VA.
PAUL GREEN'S "symphonic drama with music and dance," *The Common Glory*, is an enormously successful, summer-time tourist attraction, as are, of course, the charms of this elegantly reconstructed town itself. *Glory*, a stirring tale of Thomas Jefferson and the American Revolution, will be a quarter of a century old next summer. It opened in 1947, and its choreographer since 1949 has been Myra Kinch, modern dancer-choreographer, who headed the dance division of the Federal Theater Project (WPA) in the 1930s in the Los Angeles area, and who was director of modern dance at the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival for twenty years.

Miss Kinch's dances for *The Common Glory*—her social dance scenes and her court ballet episode and especially her work dances of sowing, reaping, and celebrating the American soil—have obviously enjoyed continuing success, but this year she added to her Williamsburg prestige with "An Evening of Theatre Dance," a project that had its experimental origins a few seasons ago. Here, she used actors and dancers within a single performing unit, interwove speech and rhythmic action, juxtaposed ballet and modern dance techniques.

The Devil's Tattoo, based on Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*—with Howard Scammon, an actor, playing the old man; John Shearin, an actor with some dance training, playing the young Faust; and Barbara Cleaves, a dancer, as Helen of Troy—was particularly effective, as was *Sappho Synkopto*, with singing and speaking voices and a large ensemble of dancers, based on seven Sapphic poetic fragments. The former work, stormy and intensely dramatic, represents the best danced drama that Miss Kinch has ever created, and the *Sappho*, a sensuous stream of simulated nude bodies that seemed to have stepped forth from ancient friezes for a renewal of life in the amber Aegean sunset, finds the choreographer engaged in movement lyricism that is sensitive yet curiously expansive. The scores for both—instruments, voices, spaced dialogue—were by Manuel Galea and rate high indeed among his compositions for Miss Kinch.

LEE, MASS.
THE THIRTY-NINTH annual Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, which presented some worthy attractions as well as some considerably less than gripping during its ten weeks, closed as it usually does with a new work created by a professional choreographer for the Pillow's summer-time students who have toiled and sweated in the barn-studios all summer for just such a chance. This year, Norman Walker, head of the modern dance department, choreographed *Summer Flight* (to music of Messiaen) just for them. Among Walker's many gifts and high talents is his ability to make his dancers almost always look good. It is not always easy with professionals, and it is nearly impossible with amateurs, but he did it, and the youngsters were absolutely enchanting in a dance that, perhaps prophetically, began with "The New Day" and ended with "Waking Into a Vision."

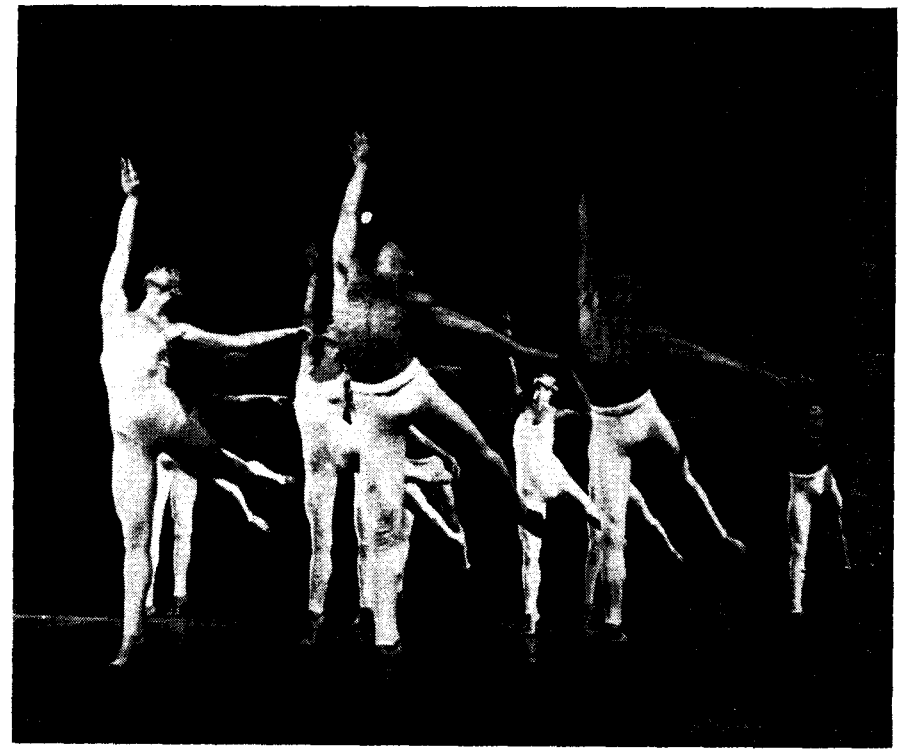
Incidentally, earlier in the festival, Walker appeared with his own adult group in several of his creations, among them one of those overdone, unrooted ritual excursions (which seem to grab choreographers these days), *The Dark Backward*, and one of those bright and shining paeans to the moving body that he does so well, the new *Sky-Well*.

NEW YORK CITY.
A LATE SUMMER dance bonus is the annual New York Dance Festival, presented free to the public in the Delacorte Theater in Central Park. The credits include the New York Shakespeare Festival Theater, the City of New York, the New York State Council on the Arts, the National Endowment for the Arts, plus various foundations and individuals. Donald Saddler, however, was the executive producer, which meant that he was responsible not only for selecting a wonderfully varied series of programs but also for raising most of the money that made the whole affair possible.

This ninth park festival was indeed varied, for it included classical ballet, modern dance of the lyrical variety, modern dance of the forms-and-shapes style, the avant-garde, jazz, dances of protest and dances of celebration, nudity, black dance, integrated dance, bad dancing, good dancing, great dancing, and, justly, an appearance (by a descendant) of the ancient God of the Dance, Shiva, who began it all by creating the cosmos from a divine dance before the dawn of man.

Rain canceled out four nights of this *al fresco* festival, and a trip to Washington's first ballet night at Kennedy Center [*SR*, Sept. 25] made it impossible for me to see all the scheduled dances and dancers. For me, the nadir of what I did see was James Cunningham/The Acme Dance Company in *Lauren's Dream*, in which two singularly unattractive people grunted, hissed, rolled, squatted, and wasted time interminably in a pitiful display of self-indulgence that would have been a bore even if the audience had

(Continued on page 81)



Rod Rodgers Dancers, one of many participating groups in the New York Dance Festival.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As Others See Us

TORONTO:

Against Nuclear Tests

PRESIDENT NIXON is considering cancellation of the Amchitka nuclear test. Undoubtedly the Canadian and Japanese objections must have influenced the reconsideration in Washington. In the present touchy condition of U. S. relations with [these nations], the political consequences of even a comparatively minor accident at Amchitka could be disastrous. But there may be more to it than that—or at least we should like to hope so. If President Nixon is considering some new world initiative in the direction of disarmament and peace—and this would be logical in the developing trends of international politics—cancellation of the test explosion would be an effective way to launch it.

—*The Globe and Mail.*

TOKYO:

A Tactful Utilization?

THE JAPANESE PEOPLE were pleasantly surprised at the news that U.S. President and Mrs. Richard Nixon were to fly to Anchorage to meet the Emperor and Empress.

They nevertheless recognized Washington's political calculations behind the decision, but despite this they welcomed this first historic opportunity for a Japanese Emperor and a U.S. President to meet.

Kentaro Hayashi, professor of literature at the University of Tokyo, said he felt that the American government was tactfully utilizing the occasion of the Emperor's visit.

But he thought that for the ordinary American, it might be only natural to extend a cordial welcome to the Emperor, since the Japanese head of state was visiting their country.

"No matter what is behind this, I welcome the news," he said.

—*The Japan Times Weekly.*

PEKING:

The "Dollar Empire"

AS SOON AS the U.S. "new economic policy" was announced, it touched off acute contradictions both at home and abroad. . . .

While announcing these economic measures, Nixon admitted that "in the past seven years, there has been an average of one international monetary crisis every year." He said that he took these measures because "we must protect the dollar from the attacks." This fully shows the predicament of U.S. imperialism, struggling desperately and unable to find a way out of its drastic decline.

By saying that "we must protect the dollar," Nixon actually demands that other countries sacrifice their own interests to bolster up the privileged position of the dollar.

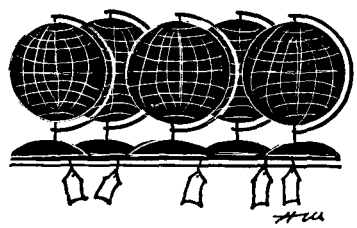
—*Peking Review.*

LONDON:

The Formula for Victory

THE PRESIDENT seeks no broad social change by his prescription, only a return to the good old days of more and more consumer goods with governmental spending restricted to the degree possible and directed into conventional channels. Thus, it is the automobile industry that is given one of the great plums in the pudding, with the thought that Americans must be made to buy more new cars, which will increase production in Detroit, which will provide more jobs. But, in the short term at least, the beneficiaries will be limited to those who work in and own the auto industry and those who can afford to buy cars, which leaves the less affluent out of the equation. Would not a reduction in income tax in the lower brackets help more people more quickly? Similarly, if government spending must be reduced, would it not be better to cut military spending than postpone welfare reform and revenue sharing, which Mr. Nixon so recently proclaimed as the main constituent elements of the "new American revolution"?

Other critical issues remain unresolved. If there are to be federal "guidelines" on wages and prices for any substantial period, the case will be made for controls on corporate profits and dividends—not immediately, while profits are rebounding from their current depression, but two or three years from now. And if Mr. Nixon succeeds, with the help of Chairman Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee, in his intention to reduce taxes and cut depreciation allowances, the government will be hard pressed to find the money to attack the problems of health care, the environment, and education that cry out for innovative solutions. Ultimately, of course, these and other questions will generate the central debate of the 1972 Presidential campaign, and Mr. Nixon appears to feel that he has found the formula for victory.



—*New Statesman.*

MOSCOW:

The Pretext

HAVING INFILTRATED the economy of other countries with the help of the dollar, the American monopolies cannot reconcile the weakening of their positions with the weakening of the dollar. They have done everything to inspire the Nixon administration to conduct the present irreconcilable currency-finance policies, to maneuver in every way so as not to allow, or, at least, to postpone indefinitely, the pressing devaluation of the dollar.

Under the pretext of restoring currency equilibrium, Nixon decided to make other countries pay for U.S. military-political and economic expansion by introducing a 10 per cent surcharge on foreign imports. This dealt a direct blow at the general agreement on tariffs and trade and reduced to nought the results of the Kennedy round.

—*Pravda.*

MANCHESTER:

The American Era

THIS IS NOT the moment for anti-Americanism. It is a time when the world must examine its relations with America. The United States, for a dozen different and mixed motives, is drawing in on itself. Americans are doubting whether they want to be the world's policeman—or even a member of the force. Some of them are not at all sure that they want to be the world's banker or the helper of its least fortunate peoples.

For those of us who see a world in which the United Nations is still too weak and divided to replace military alliances, and in which too few other nations are prepared to take on part of America's burden in helping millions of starving people, the drift toward disengagement will produce a slight feeling of chill. In that chillier new world Britain's entry into Europe and the stronger economy it promises is a necessary protection for the living standards of our own people and offers some hope of being able to do more for the unfortunate in other countries. But it surely also remains in the inter-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ests of Britain, Europe, and the rest of the free world to let the Americans know that they have not outstayed their welcome. The American era, for all its faults and blunders, has been one of unprecedented generosity, and the world will regret it more as time passes.

—*The Guardian Weekly.*

FRANKFURT:

Digging Deeper

IN DISCUSSING the costs for American troops in Germany, one question has aroused a certain amount of comment: Will not the Americans become mercenaries in the pay of Bonn? And will Bonn support the Americans in the style to which they have become accustomed while keeping the German soldiers on their present rather Spartan fare? Washington rejects the idea that American soldiers could be purchased as mercenaries.

Mention is made of those Senators and Congressmen who steadily feel less happy about worldwide obligations. Those convinced of the utility and necessity of the American presence in Europe would have less to fear from their opponents if the German offset payment were more generous. From a long-range point of view, our security interests speak in favor of digging somewhat more deeply into our pockets—even though perhaps not as deeply as proposed to us at this particular moment in American economic history.

—*Frankfurter Allgemeine.*

MALMÖ, SWEDEN:

The Poor Get Poorer

THE WESTERN EUROPEAN countries will have to pay a high price for helping to rescue the American economy from the present situation on stagnation and inflation. At this point one can only speculate about Nixon's possibilities to really achieve an economic expansion. The tremendous importance of such an expansion is obvious. Nixon has recommended economic measures that date back to the 1920s. It seems impossible that a strong cutback in federal expenses has been made, in a situation where large groups get along on a standard of living that is frighteningly low in comparison to the enormous resources the United States has. There should be possibilities for an effort to raise the consumption level of these people, which would also be possible to initiate without risking trade balance and price stability. The only thing that seems sure is that the poor in the United States will be even poorer.

—*Arbetet.*

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

New York Example

I HAVE JUST RETURNED from New York where I visited the Metropolitan Museum and was impressed how they tackled the problem of charging an entry fee.

You have to pay a fee but the amount is left entirely to the visitor. If you have little money, you would be admitted for a few cents, but if you are on a world cruise you might find it very cheap to contribute £1 to see such treasures. Why not put that system on trial?

—*H. Gerard,*
The Manchester Guardian Weekly.

Manners and Morals

THE VISITOR to Prague, upon asking a sales clerk for picture postcards, is likely to be offered what the Czechs call *aktu*, or nude models. As a matter of fact, pictures of nude models are to be found in many Czech magazines, alongside political commentaries and news. The attentive reader will find that this seemingly innocent "cult of the female figure" and "fight against old-fashioned Puritanism" has a cleverly masked ideological meaning.

Last June the magazine *Mlada Svet* carried an interview with a Captain Burgr under the intriguing headline: "Art or Pornography?" In Burgr's enlightened opinion there is no dividing line. The notorious magazine *Playboy*, he claimed, is not pornography at all; it merely prints pictures of nude models. Customs officers are urged not to hinder the entry into Czechoslovakia of Western pornographic "for-men-only" magazines.

At this, the editors of some Czech magazines decided that what was sauce for *Playboy* was sauce for them. Why should they lag behind the democratic West? Nude beauties began to push their clothed sisters off the pages of magazines and newspapers. A campaign was launched for freedom to demolish all moral standards and values, using the "freedom of the press" slogan that antisocialist forces in Czechoslovakia were employing.

—*N. Bolshakov,*
Komsomolskaya Pravda, Moscow.

Relieving a Burden

THE VEILED WARNING to our Government, that the millions of refugees now storming India would ultimately wreck our already weak economy should serve as an eye-opener. Crores of rupees are being diverted to feed these refugees on the plea of humanitarian considerations. How long is this to go on? The so-called Big Powers and also the lesser nations cannot agree that they should share the burden with India. An MP from Britain has aptly said that it is foolish to think that the refugees will go back in the near future. The Indira Government should seriously ponder over the situation and come to a decision, however drastic it may be, to relieve us of a burden that our economy just cannot bear.

—*N. N. Prabhakar Rao,*
The Illustrated Weekly of India, Bombay.

Whose Affair?

I WISH I could agree with Katharine Whitehorn that all I need think about my daughter's social or sex lives is, "It's not my affair." What if this sixteen-year-old girl who needs so much freedom and privacy also needs an abortion, catches venereal disease, or has an illegitimate child to rear? Whose affair is it then?

—*Mary Green,*
The Observer, London.

Cruel Husbands

WHILE CRUELTY by husbands dropped to 7.2 per cent (which suggests a relative weakening of men), I would like to suggest to the writer that true strength in men is not cruelty to other human beings, especially to wives. It is not manly to be cruel. Let's be true men and be kind and loving rather than cruel and hateful and spiteful in trying to be superior, which we are not.

—*A.E.M.,*
The Japan Times, Tokyo.

Greedy U.S.

I HOPE Canada will cease to follow the U.S. model, which is founded on organized greed; *e.g.*, its public assistance covers only eight million of the thirty million Americans living in poverty. Children come to school too hungry to learn, and the infants of the poor suffer irreparable brain damage from the lack of protein.

Though half the world is hungry, the U.S. pays its farmers to produce less food and so keep prices up.

—*Frances Wilcox,*
The Ottawa Citizen.

People's Last Hope

I ONLY WANT to remind those who have forgotten that there still remains a country in the world where it is suicidal to tune in to foreign broadcasts and to be caught reading Western newspapers. One can't even think or dream of protesting peacefully, let alone violently.

Those who for various reasons are trying to destroy the United States from within must be made to realize that it is because they live in the United States that they are free to protest and express their views peacefully or not.

—*Lafor Bernstein,*
The Montreal Star.

—*Compiled by* NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

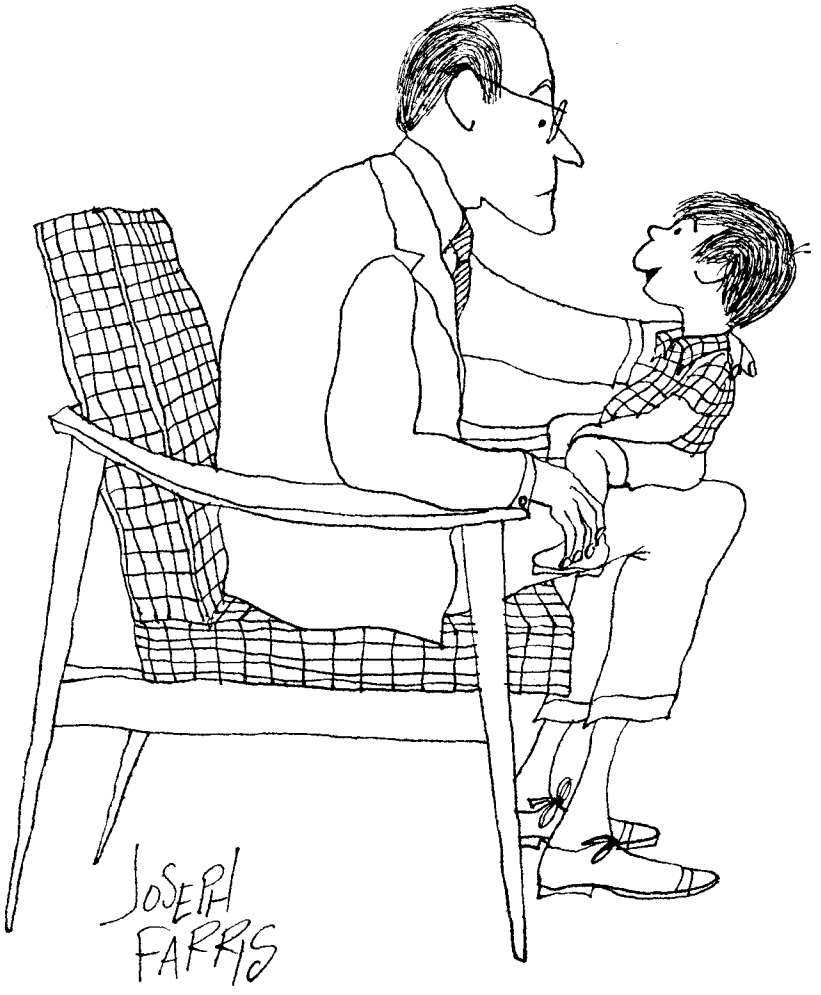
European Potpourri

LONDON.

THE AMERICANS have taken over the Tate. Despite recent "put-downs" at home, the New York Abstract Expressionists emerge as the most vital force of the last two decades; at least they do in London. I refer to the Tate's outstanding works by Barnett Newman, Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, Arshile Gorky, and Willem de Kooning, and to an incomparable group of Mark Rothko paintings given to this English museum by the artist shortly before he died. I should also mention two extraordinary color compositions by the Washington painter Morris Louis, who is not usually considered a member of this school but whom I identify with it, if only because of the immediacy of his brushwork. With the exception of de Kooning, all these men are now prematurely dead; yet because they are represented in London by key examples of their work, they do more than hold their own with contemporary Europeans and younger Americans—they actually seem to be leading the way.

The United States appears in many guises and from many periods at the Tate. There are numerous eighteenth-century British-inspired canvases by Benjamin West, John Copley, and Gilbert Stuart; there are later, more continentally influenced works by Whistler and Sargent; there are splendid indigenous American action paintings, and finally there are fashionable up-to-the-minute compositions by Frank Stella, Kenneth Noland, and Ellsworth Kelly, to mention a few of the later men. Unfortunately for these younger Americans, a single superb collage of 1953, *The Snail* by Henri Matisse, "out-color-fields" all competitors, or should I say all followers? Produced by an old, sick man, this chef-d'oeuvre is smashing evidence of human resiliency. It sings with contrasts and affinities, with visual shocks that dovetail physically and psychically. The collage shows no signs of dating and, despite its frankly decorative emphasis, is more readily connected with today than are most of the recent schematic derivatives it has inspired. As timely proof of how Matisse, far more than Picasso, has infiltrated present-day art, *The Snail* is both prototype and pacemaker for many contemporary paintings, especially American ones of the last decade.

And yet the most exciting experience at the Tate appropriately stems from British artist Joseph Mallord William Turner's sequence of paintings and water colors that he bequeathed to the museum. No words can describe the sheer brilliance of these tremulous notations, which seem to have been created at once by some unpredictable magic and by prodigious technical authority. The Rothko gift has much in common with the Turner Bequest. I remember the American artist's confessing that he gave his paintings to the Tate partly because he was a zealous admirer of Turner. In any case, Turner's condensed mists coalescing from hollows and ponds are not unlike the burning cores of Rothko's abstractions. And the latter's color concentrations carried to their final pitch recall the Englishman's hallucinatory atmospheric effects. Rothko's nine mural paintings, originally planned for New York's Seagram building and all dating from 1958 and 1959, are searching attempts to re-create a dark, throbbing, and strangely desolate inner landscape. Based on maroons, wine-reds, and blacks, this somber group represents the artist's first protracted experiment with interrelated wall paintings. Interesting is how Turner started with dark canvases and headed toward high-keyed exuberant ones while Rothko did exactly the opposite.



"Dad, tell me the facts of life. How does one beat the system?"

BRUSSELS.

IN BRUSSELS I headed for the Musée de Beaux-Arts. Though the streets were crowded and the Grande Place was jumping with European tourists, I was all but alone in that wonderful, shabby museum. Where can one see better paintings by Dirk Bouts, Petrus Christus, Memling, van der Weyden, Brueghel, and by two anonymous artists, the Maître de Flamalle and the Maître de Moulins? These early northern works with their chiseled refinement and silent reverence seemed eminently suited for private viewing. In direct contrast to the lustiness of Rubens, who also shines in Brussels, the more primitive painters produced unexpectedly realistic religious distillations. Rubens, on the other hand, though often accused of materialism, allowed

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself greater freedom; he offers us another dimension—not the realism commonly and erroneously attributed to him, but a visionary interaction of heroic figures projected in space. Before he exploded on the scene, everything was relatively quiet, resolved, and pure. He grappled with abstract elements, with opposing bodies hurtling diagonally through a turbulence their paths actually created. His forms were realistic; his final objectives were not.

One need only compare his canvases with those of Jacob Jordaens hanging in the same large gallery at the Brussels museum. Jordaens's compositions are fleshy, flashy, honest, bourgeois, and frontal; Rubens's are also earthy, but they have to do with ephemeral qualities such as the interdynamics of motion and space. Pushing sensuousness beyond daily experience, he openly exploited the human body, using it as an unlikely vehicle in complex juxtapositions. As I wandered through the Musée de Beaux-Arts, I was particularly struck by two pictures devoted to the same subject—one by Rubens, the other by Brueghel. Both depicted the fall of Icarus, but one was rooted in Gothic serenity, the other in more modern expression. Brueghel's painting is memorable for its limpid landscape, its static tilted space, and its farmer plowing his field in a rhythmic choreography. Only the sharpest eyes will detect Icarus, who has fallen into the sea, his legs alone still visible. The theme merely provided Brueghel with an excuse to paint an idyllic scene in which philosophic overtones suggest that life always goes on. Rubens's Icarus is another matter. Though only a sketch, it lays bare more violent emotions. The entire composition is engrossed with "the fall," not so much a psychological as a physical fall. Brueghel's minute delineations give way in Rubens to direct generalizations that predict twentieth-century Expressionist techniques. Little more than 100 years separate the two artists, but in that brief span of time Rubens leapt from the Middle Ages into a modern world.

PARIS.

THE LOUVRE, madly crowded as usual these days, has recently opened a newly refurbished gallery devoted to Italian seventeenth-century paintings, a sequence that again underlines this museum's incredibly comprehensive holdings. The Hermitage alone can compare. I pushed my way through hordes of viewers only to find the new installation something of a disaster. The endlessly long gallery is too narrow, too plagued by direct sunlight, too lacking in space, and too architecturally monotonous to qualify as a sympathetic background for sonorous baroque paintings. Everywhere one is blinded by sunlight bouncing back from glaring walls. Operatic canvases by such artists as Bassano, Crespi, Strozzi, the Caravaggiesques, and, of course, Caravaggio himself are reduced to impenetrable shiny surfaces. It all seemed rather inhuman, as if some modern decorator had decided the past required a shot in the arm, regardless of various works' individual needs. I felt trapped in that interminable corridor-like gallery where the paintings were stubbornly invisible and where I found myself yearning for the Louvre's beat-up old installations and for a sunless day.

TURIN.

VERY DIFFERENT is this city's Galleria Sabauda, an exemplary museum full of wise surprises. The town itself, less than two hours' drive from Milan, is an architectural triumph, with its noble squares and measured nineteenth-century colonnades evoking at every turn Chirico's sur-real perspectives. During his early years, when he was painting his greatest works, Chirico lived here. The Galleria Sabauda, stressing the same group of seventeenth-century Italian painters whose work the Louvre has recently relocated, is a well lighted, sensitively installed museum. It is notable for a peerless sequence of Veroneses, Bassanos, Crespis, and Piazzettas and, above all, for one of the most beautiful Annunciations ever conceived, a breathless light-struck work by Orazio Gentileschi. There are other major attractions here, scarcely the least of which are two tiny paintings of great rarity—one by Saenredam, the other by Van Eyck. I came on them with a sense of discovery, for, like many Americans, I had never before visited Turin. Quite as amazing as the Saenredam and the Van Eyck is an unpublicized small portrait by Antonello da Messina, another artist seldom seen. Not in the museum but tucked away in a kind of city hall-like palace, this masterpiece could easily be missed. It was only luck and an overdose of curiosity that uncovered it for me. Painted with cool irony, a man's mocking image is projected so tautly as to become an unforgettable, if disquieting, experience.

FRANKFURT.

FOR ME, one of the pleasures of Frankfurt was a visit to Hanna Bekker vom Rath's personal collection of German Expressionist paintings. Her house in the nearby town of Hofheim, packed from floor to ceiling with works of art, is almost a visual autobiography, for this lively lady was one of the earliest, most ardent collectors of and dealers in Expressionism. A contemporary and friend of Jawlensky, Schmidt-Rottluff, Nolde, and many other Expressionists,

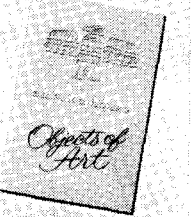
Objects of Art Catalog

★ Limited Editions
★ Multiple Originals

Those who seek the unique, the rare and the collectible for aesthetic beauty, special gift giving or personal investment will find the new America House catalog a rewarding experience.

For over 30 years America House has been synonymous with the finest in American crafts and now we place a special emphasis on exclusive *Limited Editions* and exquisite *Multiple Original* Objects of Art created by specially commissioned artists, craftsmen and sculptors working in precious metal, lead-crystal, wood, stone and other media.

We have a limited number of complimentary copies of our 32 page full color Objects of Art catalog. Write: Dept. H



Exclusive Limited Edition and Multiple Original Objects of Art

ESTABLISHED 1940

america house

FRANKLIN CENTER, PA. 19063

Enjoy New York at a Prestige Hotel Address at Moderate Rates... overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza

AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH N.Y.C.

...renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. Our superb French Cuisine and personalized service have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

WRITE FOR COLOR BROCHURE S
OR CALL: (212) CI 7-7000

Relax— you've found paradise, our style.

Write: Ray Morrow, 51 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017; or First Reserve Hotels, Suite 1309, 2 Carlton Street, Toronto 2, Canada.

Coral Reef Club
OF BARBADOS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sony brings you 3000 new radio stations.

If you're getting tired of All News, Top 40, and even FM rock and roll revival stations, there's something you should think about.

Short wave radio.

The BBC is on short wave. So are French lessons, from France.

There are ham operator, and ship-to-shore calls. Not to mention Radio Moscow, the Voice of America, and the voice of every other country. Altogether, in fact, there are more than 3000 short wave stations.

And we've got something that can pick up every single one of them.

The CRF 230, on the left in the picture, is the best short wave we make.

It has 23 bands, 3 antennas, 2 speakers with separate bass and treble controls, and a muting switch to eliminate between-station hiss on FM. Plus, on short wave, a double conversion superheterodyne circuit which rejects interference signals and makes tuning easier and more selective.

The radio on the right is the CRF 160. It's slightly less sophisticated than the 230, but it also costs a lot less.

If you're really curious about either radio though, or about short wave in general, why not see a Sony dealer or write us at the address below?

After all, since you've been interested enough to read this whole ad, something about short wave must appeal to you.

Right?

SONY®

© 1971 Sony Corp. of America, 47-47 Van Dam St., L.I.C., N.Y. 11101.

she too is a painter, but her greatest energies have gone into backing, promoting, and representing her colleagues. Her gallery, the Frankfurter Kunst-Kabinett, which she now shares with several partners, is still the most interesting center for contemporary art in the city.

Yet to see the German Expressionists at their best and in almost lyrical intimacy, one must visit Hanna Bekker vom Rath's home in Hofheim, for here spontaneous small drawings have equal billing with emotion-drenched oils. And to be honest, it is the fragmentary minor works that are most illuminating. To find these artists operating behind the scenes, as it were, is to realize that they were not always shrill. Schmidt-Rottluff, whose friendship with the German dealer goes back more than half a century, is seen in unusual profusion at her house. No less than sixty-seven works—from violent landscapes erupting in color to tender portraits (a fine one of Hanna Bekker vom Rath painted thirty-six years ago), from rapid drawings to primitive wood carvings—show him at every stage in his development. Though never myself an avowed admirer of Schmidt-Rottluff, in these affectionate surroundings I discovered new meaning in his work and in that of the other Expressionists as well. It was almost as if they had suddenly let their hair down to emerge as individuals rather than as members of a self-righteously accusing group. And as individuals they often used understatement with the same expressive acumen they usually reserved for more virulent attacks.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1473

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1473 will be found in the next issue.

MYU GXMVRQROUV MYCQIX RB MYU XMGVX, MYU QGMWVGNCXM RB QGMWVU, MYU LYCNRXRLYUV RB YCOXUNB.

—BRQMUQUNNU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1472

Inability to pay decides for many of us perplexing questions that worry the well-to-do.

—WILLIAM FEATHER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

SR Communications

63 **Editorial** by Richard L. Tobin

64 **Letters to the Communications Editor**

65 **Sportswriting—and the All-American Dollar** by Joseph Durso

68 **Our Shrinking Magazines—Time to Change Your Page Size** by John Tebbel

71 **Journalism Education—a Matter of Coexistence** by M. L. Stein

74 **Public Relations: The Making of a Profession?** by L. L. L. Golden

75 **Books in Communications: One Year of TV** by Stuart W. Little

76 **Madison Avenue: When an Ad Agency Goes Public** by Leonard Sloane

This Program May Be Harmful to Your Child

A recent study made by trained psychologists for the Office of the Surgeon General of the Public Health Service has once again found a linkup between viewing aggression on the television screen, particularly by children, and subsequent aggression on the part of the viewer. The battle over children's TV is, to be sure, just beginning. This fall and winter the networks are bound to batten down in earnest against what will surely be all-out assaults by the Federal Communications Commission and the Federal Trade Commission aimed at both violence and hypercommercialism on TV, particularly in programing for children. In a society so violent as to be unbelievable, the Surgeon General's renewed proof of the connection between violence on the screen and violence in Americans, especially young ones, will not fade away this time simply because the networks say it isn't so.

The television industry's argument that violence on TV is cathartic, that it substitutes make-believe violence for the real thing, never was very convincing. A recent editorial in the *Christian Science Monitor* put it this way: "The challenge on TV is for programmers to air shows that help youngsters to *master* violence, to find solutions to life's problems that preclude violence, not to continue airing violent situations that *induce* violence." When you consider that a recent analysis of programing and advertising for the young on Boston's television stations discovered that there was one commercial every three minutes and that many children were saturated with violence, you wonder how the young new generation survives at all. The *Monitor* added: "Warning: This program may be harmful to the mental health of your child."

Preliminary findings in the federal study showing that TV can make the young more violent say of the psychology involved: "Repeated exposure to televised aggression can lead children to accept what they have seen as a partial guide for their own actions. As a result, the present entertainment offerings of the television medium may be contributing . . . to the aggressive behavior of many normal children. Such an effect has now been shown in a wide variety of situations." In other words, violence in television programs is proved by formal psychological tests to lead children who watch the programs to become more violent in their behavior. The Surgeon General's psychologists learned that children exposed to violent television programs were more likely to hurt their peers and hurt them more intensely than were children of the same age who had been watching highly active but non-aggressive sporting events. According to *The New York Times*, the contention that TV violence "stimulates children to aggressive behavior has been repeatedly discounted by the television industry . . . and it has been suggested by TV spokesmen that, instead of stimulating violence, television programs may reduce it by providing a cathartic experience." The new federal study appears to undermine the industry's argument, for the latest findings show the children who are least violent in their personal behavior view the least amount of televised violence.

Over the past decade, these pages have carried editorial after editorial along the very lines of the new federal study on TV and violence, the most widely quoted of which was published in June 1968, two days before Robert Kennedy was assassinated. At that time we reported on an informal survey of an eight-hour vista of bloody TV viewing taken at random one Saturday, a communication that later became a silent but star witness in Senator Pastore's famous hearings on television and violence. We reported

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that we encountered in that single day's viewing (during TV hours available to children) seven different kinds of pistols and revolvers, three varieties of rifle, three distinct brands of shotgun, half a dozen assorted daggers and stilettos, two types of machete, one butcher's cleaver, a broadaxe, rapiers galore, an ancient broadsword, a posse of sabers, an electric prodder, and a guillotine. Men (and women and even children) were shot by gunpowder, burned at the stake, tortured over live coals, trussed and beaten in relays, dropped into molten sugar, cut to ribbons (in color), repeatedly kneed in the groin, beaten by hoodlums while being held defenseless, forcibly drowned, whipped with a leather belt, and dealt with in many other ways before our very eyes—and the eyes of the hundreds of thousands of children who must have been watching some part of what we saw. By the end of the stint we were quite insensitive, almost immune to the shock of seeing a human being in pain. It has ceased to mean much to us that most of these weapons of mayhem, cruelty, and homicide were available in the nearest town or through the local post office. The patent connection with recent headlines was not lost upon us.

We would now like to bring our readers up to date, in the light of the Surgeon General's new findings, which support our long-standing thesis. A few weekends ago we sat once again for eight hours in front of a TV set (again at times when children would be apt to tune in) and discovered that little if anything has changed. Murders, tortures, gougings, whippings, brutality of every conceivable sort marched endlessly across the bloody screen. In more than two-thirds of the segments some form of gun or rifle was used or at least displayed menacingly. The catalogue of violence recorded in June 1968 was still approximately the same in September 1971 in spite of all the fine talk. Only the names of the victims had been changed and not to protect the innocent. All we could think of was something the late Ralph McGill once said to us after his having won the Pulitzer Prize. We asked him how it felt to be the most famous journalist in America, and he replied at once: "Frustrated and sad that in a lifetime I've been able to change so little with so many words." —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

The Woman's Page and Women's Lib

BRAVO to R.L.T. for his "What's Wrong with the Woman's Page?" (*SR*, Sept. 11)! Women's editors and publishers should be made aware that these pages, with their narrow *Kirche, Küchen, Kinder* focus, are in danger of becoming largely irrelevant to the lives of the thinking woman of the Seventies. As a consciousness-raiser, try imagining a "man's page" in your daily newspaper.

Meanwhile, since we may have women's pages with us for a while, they should reflect the fact that more than thirty million women are working and no longer fit the image of "average housewife," interested solely in home, food, and fashion. These pages should also reflect the concerns about social issues that are pertinent to women, such as child care, abortion reform, women's liberation movement, legislation, women in politics and the professions—stories about individual women's achievements, etc.

MIDGE KOVACS,
Image of Women Committee,
National Organization for Women,
New York, N.Y.

IF ONE PAGE in a newspaper is titled "woman's page," does this imply the rest of the paper has "men's pages?" The woman's page is an anachronistic appendage. Let's put it all together.

DIANE KATZ,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

R.L.T. MAKES one vastly oversimplified assumption: that women read only one page in the newspaper.

As an avid reader of the feminine gender, let me assure him that the "women's pages" when relabeled, as many now are, must meet lead interest and layout requirements equal to any other "news" content. When "home," "fashion," and "society" are the heading under which "women's" news appears, they indicate, as do "sports" or "travel," that a reader of either sex will find something of that category on those pages. All others move on.

Let's recognize that readers male and female are attracted to stories that interest them as persons—no matter which page they are printed on.

CYNTHIA J. EDSON (The Rev. Ms.),
Managing Editor,
Unitarian Universalist Association,
Boston, Mass.

AS A FORMER woman's page staff writer/reporter for a daily newspaper, I cannot help but respond to R.L.T.'s editorial. He is right when he says that woman's page space can be put to better use in many publications. But why not go a step further and, rather than merely replace the recipes with consumer features and club news with woman's lib pieces, do away with the woman's page completely? Isn't consumer and human (female, too) rights everyone's concern? Why not integrate such articles into the main body of the newspaper?

I would suggest the same be applied to sports news, which until recently I had never read but used to line the old garbage pail. There's some interesting, palpable reading going on, I have discovered—even in the sports section.

If my plan were implemented, the concept of the newspaper as a fast, easy means of information would be greatly altered. It would no longer be convenient to simply discard an entire, unread newspaper section, or even flip past a few pages we do not intend to read. Such an objection can be easily remedied by use of effective headlines.

I think it is interesting that R.L.T.'s views regarding the woman's page are so mild and reflect how far we "haven't come a long way, baby."

ELLEN LINZ,
Charlestown, Ind.

R.L.T. STATES: "So little space is available on the woman's page for serious pieces about abortion, day care, alimony. . . ." About as much as is available on the sports page for serious pieces about vasectomies, tuition fees, and other matters vital to men? Leave the woman's page and the sports page alone. How else to divide up the sections of the paper between two people of opposite sexes who are reading one paper?

MRS. C. A. BITTS,
Stockton, Calif.

Golden Xerox

EVERY (L.L.L.) Golden word in "The Why of Xerox [Aug. 14] rang true to this Haloid-Xerox watcher of some twenty years' standing. The company—from its modest days through the financial tightrope-walking years of copying machine development to its present eminence—consistently has been a solid, progressive corporate citizen.

Although the story amply credits Joseph C. Wilson, its social and corporate pathfinder, it did not put him into total focus as the towering figure he is. This, however, was merely an extension of his personal code of conduct. Too many chief executives catch religion only when they scent success, and even then delegate the active priesthood to a Vice President for Doing Good. In contrast, Mr. Wilson has been a constructive activist since well before the days of Xerox opulence in countless enlightened causes.

The fact that he has given millions to education and other worthy endeavors is beside the point. Much more important are his vast contributions in personal time far beyond the point of personal or corporate return. He gathers a crowd wherever he goes in his community, not because he is rich but because he is loved.

Those earnestly in search of better ways of being corporate good citizens will do well to seek Mr. Wilson's philosophy, advice, and methods. Chances are that they

(Continued on page 80)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORTSWRITING—AND THE ALL-AMERICAN DOLLAR

by JOSEPH DURSO

For those of us who grew up setting our clocks by the precise rotation of the sports seasons, there is a rising babel of communications these days that often makes the sports pages as perplexing as the front pages.

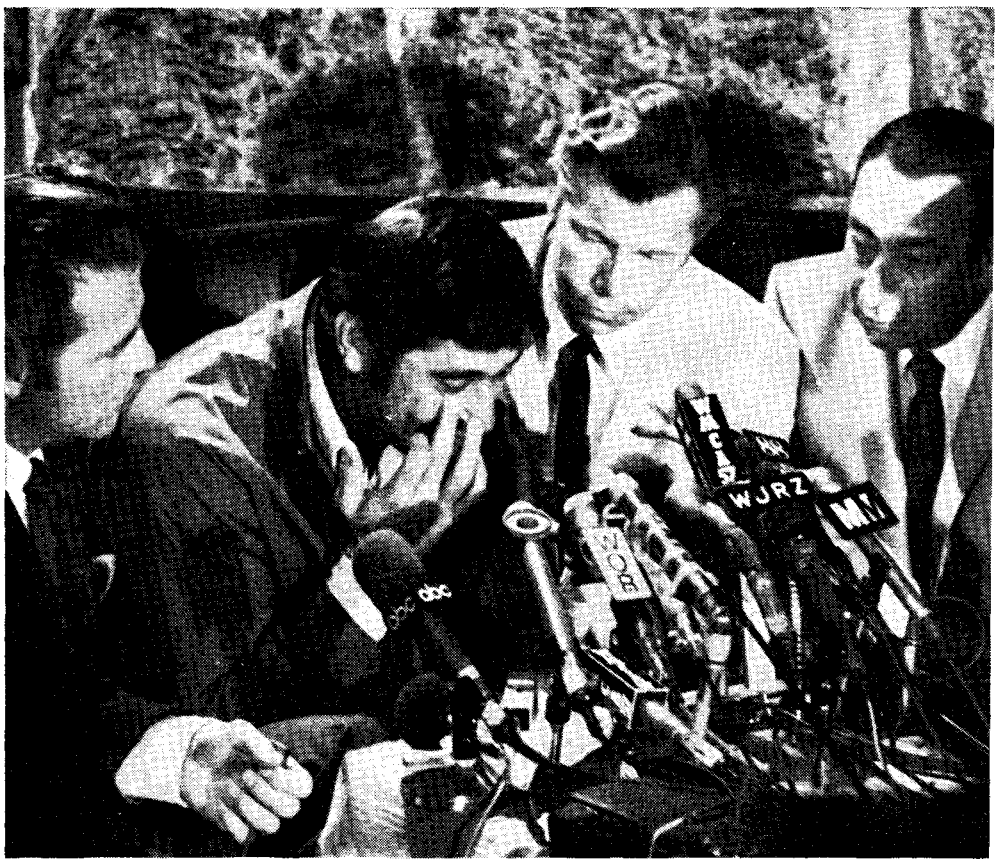
"Pro football, which is a cool-weather game," observed James Reston, reflecting on the stampede, "now starts in August. Pro baseball, which is a hot-weather game, now starts in the cold and rain of the capricious spring. Pro basketball, which is an indoor winter sport, runs from late summer to May. Everybody is out for the Big Buck, and the television contracts are king."

Check the calendar and it will tell you that it's World Series time; check the headlines and they will tell you that it's football, hockey, basketball, golf, and racing-on-Sunday time. A time of $100-million stadiums and $200,000-a-minute commercials. A time of leap-frog franchises and season tickets. A time when the public increasingly acquires the leisure and the cash to spend on sports, and to reward its heroes like capitalists. A time when the athletes come armed with briefcases, agents, managers, and lawsuits, and when the sports writers flock to the courtrooms instead of to the ball parks. A time when money is giving professional sports its biggest opportunities—and biggest headaches—since World War II.

For the public, it means lavish and probably head-spinning entertainment like the Super Bowl and the prolonged playoffs in all the major sports. But it also means self-splitting leagues, higher prices, and a kaleidoscopic switching of franchises. Boston is abandoned for Milwaukee, then Milwaukee is abandoned for Atlanta; New Orleans and New Jersey build stadiums, then shop for teams; Montreal gets a team, then shops for a stadium.

For the players, it means greater rewards, wilder competition for jobs, labor unions, boycotts and strikes, pensions after four seasons, and desperate stakes for the injured, the outplayed, or merely the ill-advised.

JOSEPH DURSO of *The New York Times* sports staff is the author of four books, including *The All-American Dollar*, which will be published this month by Houghton Mifflin.



—UPI

Joe Namath (second from left) quits football (temporarily), with broadcasters Frank Gifford (extreme left), Kyle Rote, and Howard Cosell.

For their employers, it means unlimited chances for staging extravaganzas and making money, depreciation allowances, tax write-offs, arbitration hearings, and antitrust suits. And, because the public has a wider choice than ever before, it also means a scramble for new talent, new markets, new sources of cash, and a whole new generation of entertainment specialists and money men to mastermind the show.

In the middle sits the reporter, covering the "revolution" with typewriter or microphone, hopefully with some grasp of economics, sociology, politics, and the law, to say nothing of geography. Now to get the story behind Curt Flood, the Washington Redskins, and the New York Yankees, he must match minds with Arthur J. Goldberg, Edward Bennett Williams, and John Lindsay's corporation counsel. For the latest on Joe Namath, he "covers" an orthopedic surgeon named Dr. James Nicholas or a lawyer named Mike Bite. For the inside stuff on Arnold Palmer, there is an investment counselor named Mark McCormack. And this reporter, at least, can remember spending one afternoon of spring training last year watching the St. Louis Cardinals play the New York Mets, then the next five afternoons chasing the Seattle-Milwaukee process-servers, Richie Allen's attorney, and Denny McLain's creditors.

All of which reminds us that it's a long time since Gene Fowler sat at his own typewriter, surveyed the carnival days of Tammen and Bonfils of *The Denver Post*, and wrote:

> I believe every newspaperman looks back on his sports-writing days as the best of all. A reporter finds in that sphere a work that is play. The characters are of raw material, the games filled with direct action; it is a world which reflects one's own gay youth, without the intrusion of old men's de-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

featist mottoes and old women's dismal taboos.

There are friendships which are lifelasting, and familiarity that does not breed contempt. And again, a sports reporter has leeway in his writing, a privilege which sometimes makes for glib, sloppy composition, but more often makes possible the best stories in a paper—largely because one is free of the pussyfoot censorship of managing editors, a burned-out breed that too often stifles the energies, ambitions and talents of a young reporter. A pox on the old tsetse flies!

Allowing for Sir Gene's irreverence, however, times have changed, sports have changed, and managing editors have changed. They are likely to be an energized breed working, in competition with television, to evoke the "best stories" on all the revolutions changing society; and, in the case of the sports revolution, working to analyze as well as report it among the tangleweed columns of agate box scores, racing charts, and team standings in all those new leagues.

Even in Fowler's robust day, the major sporting events got front rank as public spectacles even if the writers customarily did not plumb the souls and the bankrolls of the stars as they do today. One of the first sports bylines printed in *The New York Times* belonged to John L. Sullivan, the retired heavyweight champion, who was hired to write a first-person piece from Reno in 1910 on the title fight between Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson and who rose to the occasion with this front-page lead:

> RENO, Nev., July 4—The fight of the century is over and a black man is the undisputed champion of the world.

Sullivan received another byline on page 2 along with his round-by-round account, and Carr Van Anda, the managing editor, who was a mathematician and Egyptologist as well as a racing and boxing enthusiast, ran four full pages on the fight. He also posted bulletins in the windows of the Times Building, around which 30,000 persons had gathered. Still, while the lead pages were reflecting the extraordinary public passion for the fight, the editorial page was focusing on its implications—the tail that half a century later would freely be wagging the dog.

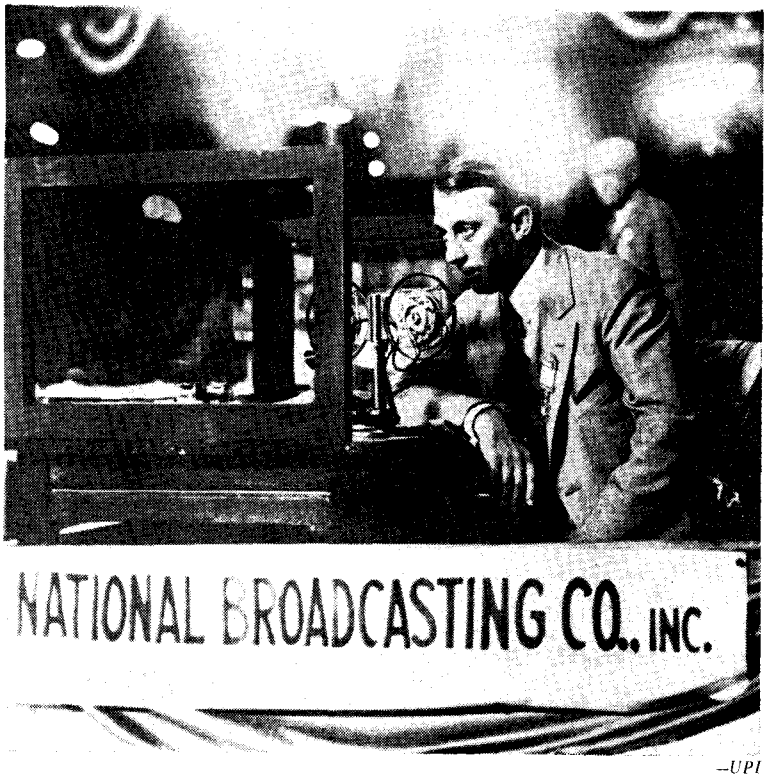
"Money, indeed, has been the sole object of this brutal and vulgar contest," *The Times* editorialized. "The result of the fight proves nothing more than that one human being is more alert and stronger than another. No matter which of these pugilists had won, no honor would have fallen upon him."

Still, eleven years later the Dempsey-Carpentier fight rated the top of page 1 in eight-column headlines that read: DEMPSEY KNOCKS OUT CARPENTIER IN THE FOURTH ROUND; CHALLENGER BREAKS HIS THUMB AGAINST CHAMPION'S JAW; RECORD CROWD OF 90,000 ORDERLY AND WELL HANDLED.

A team of a dozen writers filed stories that were spaced out over *twelve pages*, including a syndicated byline piece by Irvin S. Cobb and a special reaction report from Paris by Edwin L. James. And two years after that, Van Anda dispatched Elmer Davis, a Rhodes scholar on his news staff, to Shelby, Montana, to cover the Dempsey-Gibbons fight, which *The Times* spread over four pages that included three byline pieces from Davis.

In those days, every year at about this time, the World Series would take over. Lines formed outside the Polo Grounds bleachers twenty-four hours before the gates were opened. Brokerage houses quoted odds on McGraw's Giants as confidently as on the skyrocketing rail and oil stocks. Thousands crowded Times Square for the play-by-play details as they were flashed on the electric signs. And Graham McNamee, after broadcasting the 1925 World Series, was inundated by 50,000 letters.

Ring Lardner, Grantland Rice, Westbrook Pegler, F.P.A., Frederick G. Lieb—they were all there, and some of them had been there even in the earlier days when the press box was a no-man's-land of gate-crashing fans, actors, and politicians. Even Lord Louis Mountbatten made the series once—Grand Admiral of the Fleet, illustrious cousin to the Prince of Wales, uncle to an empire—forsaking the polo matches to head for McGraw's ball yard with his Lady. And the press duly reported that Lady Mountbatten, one of the reigning beauties of Europe, watched through a



—UPI

—UPI

Left to right, Graham McNamee broadcasting from the Republican National Convention in 1928, and Jack Johnson defeating Jim Jeffries for the world's heavyweight title in 1910.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tortoise-shell lorgnette while *he* consumed six ice-cream cones, two bags of peanuts, and four bottles of soda pop. Not only that, but when Babe Ruth appeared alongide the Yankee dugout, Her Ladyship leaned over and cheered: "Atta boy, Babe." Then when the umpire called a strike on Wally Pipp, she was heard to grumble, "Rotten."

They had lawyers and agents in those days, too, but they hadn't started upstaging their clients. That came later, in the years after World War II, when television and the jet airplane revolutionized life as absolutely as radio and the motorcar had after World War I. The difference was that the revolution of the Twenties put professional sports in business; the revolution of the Sixties and Seventies put them in big business. And, for better or for worse, the newspapers, networks, and periodicals have been laboring to mirror the change ever since.

The prime mover in it all is, for want of a better term, money. The problem is not just to chronicle where it comes from and where it goes, but what it buys, whom it corrupts, and why it works. It is there, from the $2.50 grandstand seat to the million-dollar basketball bonus, to the $70-million paid by TV for four seasons of baseball, to the $50-billion poured into gambling each year, most of it illegally. It is why sports teams sprout like supermarkets, why leagues split into "conferences" and conferences into "divisions." It is why the National Hockey League started the Sixties with half a dozen teams and the Seventies with fourteen (with Vancouver in the "East" and Philadelphia in the "West"). It is why the National Basketball Association multiplied to seventeen teams, the American Basketball Association from none to eleven; why the sixteen baseball teams in the big leagues went to twenty-four; why the football teams, which took shape in places like the empty lot behind Hagemeister's Brewery in Green Bay, spawned twenty-six franchises in six divisions in two merged leagues on all three TV networks—and why nobody bothers to pass the hat on Sunday afternoons.

"Once upon a time," commented James Roach, the sports editor of *The New York Times*, who on many days of the year might be taken for the financial editor, "I wrote about horse races for *The Times*, and when I learned what leading jockeys were paid, I decided that if I ever had a male child, I'd start him on big black cigars at an early age and stunt his growth and make a jockey of him and retire early.

"Now I'm not so sure. I think maybe I'd give the male offspring plenty of vitamins and fresh vegetables and other nourishing food and buy him a 7-iron at the age of six and, in time, make a professional golfer of him."

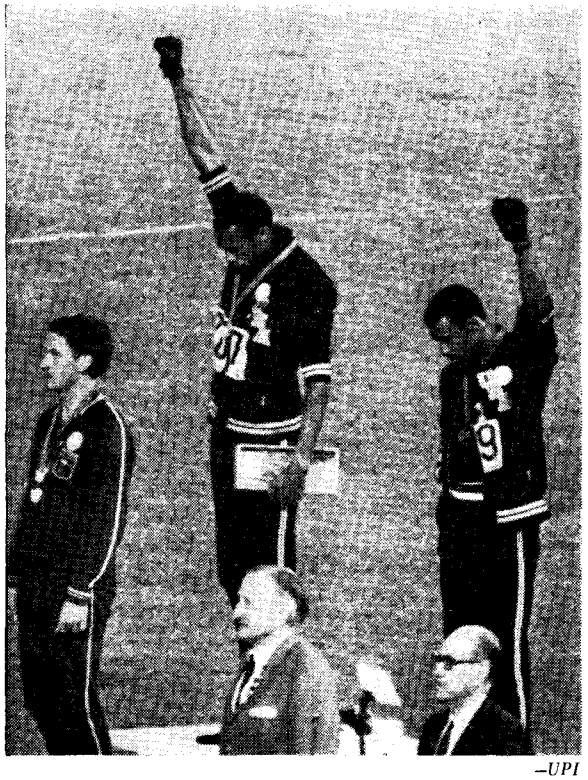
Mr. Roach's conviction was strengthened when he calculated that the second-ranking money-winner in golf on July 2, 1970, was a twenty-eight-year-old Californian with the unfamiliar name of Dick Lotz. He had earned $107,000 by then and still had twenty-two tournaments to go, seventeen of which listed prize money in excess of $100,000 each. His conviction was cemented a year later, when the leading money-winner by the middle of summer was a chubby thirty-one-year-old Mexican-American from Texas named Lee Trevino. He had earned more than $209,000 by then, including a sweep of the United States, Canadian, and British Open tournaments within a month's time.

"In the old days," Trevino remembered, "I had trouble finding people who could afford to pay me for golf lessons. Now everybody wants to take lessons from me. Five years ago, I didn't own a car. Now I got five cars. I used to live in a trailer. Now I live in a five-bedroom house. I didn't have a phone. Now I got a phone and the number's unlisted. Boy, that's progress."

It was progress, all right, and it was news, too. But alongside the progress came news with a new dimension for a new generation of reporters, commentators, and Gene Fowler's old friends, the managing editors. They all were confronted with the fact that the dramas on the field were being crowded by dramas of finance, labor relations, and racial protest like these:

- The 1964 Olympic Games were embroiled by charges that equipment makers had made payoffs to athletes.
- The 1968 Olympics were torn by protests from black athletes, who first threatened to boycott the games and

(Continued on page 73)



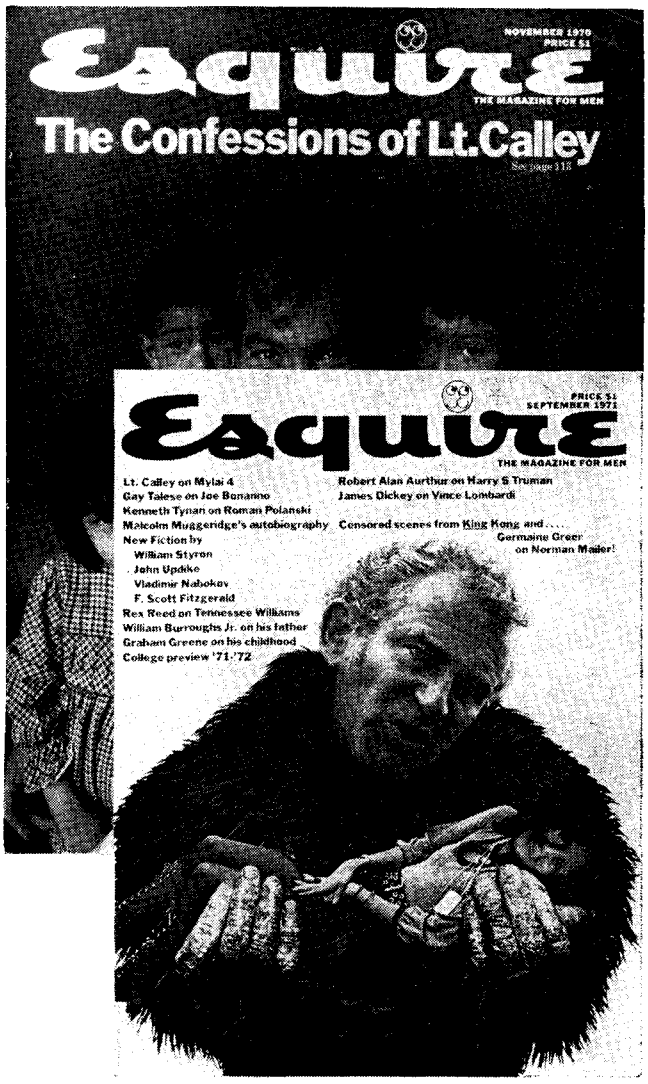
—UPI

—UPI

On the left, Tommie Smith and John Carlos making black power gestures at 1968 Olympic Games. On the right, a policeman observes umpires Nick Colosi and Harry Wendelstedt on picket line.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TIME TO CHANGE YOUR PAGE SIZE



by JOHN TEBBEL

Identifying and defining a trend in the magazine business is a slippery matter, since it is an industry full of "yes, but" and "on the other hand." There appears to be no doubt, however, that one part of it, the mass magazine, is physically shrinking, and there are those who predict that the day of the large-page magazine is over, ended by constantly rising costs and the general trend toward miniaturization.

Another foreshadowing of possible things to come was the demise last month of *Look* magazine. Most people thought of *Look* as the only survivor from the rash of imitators that followed the instant success of *Life* in late 1936, but it was much more than that. Historically, it preceded *Life* by a good ten years in one sense, inasmuch as the Cowles organization was experimenting with the picture-text idea in the Sunday rotogravure section of its Des Moines *Register-Tribune* a decade before Luce's magazine made its debut. Gardner Cowles, Jr., better known as "Mike" and son of the founder, John Cowles, created *Look* from these tests, and even traded ideas with the Luce organization as the planning for the two new magazines moved along almost simultaneously. *Life* appeared for the first time in November 1936; *Look* two months later, as a monthly.

As a picture-text magazine, *Look* kept reworking its basic formula through several different transformations in an effort to establish its own identity, and appeared to have succeeded in the Sixties, when it began to offer more text, including some of the best investigative reporting and other depictions of American life seen in decades.

It has been no secret, however, that both *Look* and *Life* have been in severe difficulties for some time. They have been among the first magazines to feel the impact of the new second-class postal rates, which may increase mailing costs by nearly 150 per cent over the next four years. As primarily picture magazines, both *Life* and *Look* have also shared the special problem of their genre: extremely high production costs. Yet, they could not follow other large-size periodicals in cutting down their page dimensions because picture magazines must have the large page to work with, otherwise essential values are destroyed.

Caught in this squeeze, and with losses of $5-million in 1970 and an equal amount up to September 1, 1971, Mike Cowles had little choice but to suspend his magazine, observe that there was room for one such publication in America but not two, and retire gracefully from this particular field. While *Life* will certainly be grateful for the advertising it can now expect to get, it still has a problem no one envies. In 1966, at the peak of its success, it was running 3,380 ad pages for the year; in 1971, through September, it had carried only 1,291.

Meanwhile, other magazines have resorted to various methods of either saving themselves, in the more desperate cases, or of enhancing their attractiveness to advertisers by cutting their page sizes and employing every cost-cutting method at hand to meet the formidable threat imposed by the new postal rates and the relentless rise of production costs.

In general, magazines come in three more or less convenient sizes, as well as innumerable juicy flavors. There is the familiar digest size; the 8¾" x 11" size, known as the medium or newsmagazine size; and the large, or *Life* size. What has been happening since 1969 is a steady trend from the large to the medium size among mass magazines, and a few others as well. Whether this is a genuine trend or simply a response by a few magazines to the difficulties all periodicals face is hard to say. As always, the situation is full of contradictions.

Some trade experts think the movement away from large page sizes began in the Thirties and Forties, with the collapse of such well-established favorites as *Woman's Home Companion* and the *Delineator*, but that theory does not take into account the success of such large-page magazines as *Esquire*, *Fortune*, and *Life*, all of them begun in the Thirties. In fact, the history of magazines is too contradictory to sup-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

port any theory about sizes. Magazines in the nineteenth century were standard or small size at first because of mechanical limitations as well as tradition. The success of Frank Leslie's large-page *Illustrated Weekly*, the true forerunner of *Life*, led to a good many imitators, but in the early years of this century the most successful of the popular muckraking magazines, like *McClure's* and *Munsey's*, were the same standard size as the literary monthlies like *Harper's* and *The Atlantic*. Large-page sizes have flourished ever since the Thirties, and it is only now that their ranks have diminished sharply.

Page sizes are figured in lines to the page, as well as by actual dimensions, so the movement has been from 680 lines (the large-page size) to 429 lines (the standard, or newsweekly size). The changes began in 1969, when *American Home* reduced its page size; it was followed a year later by *Boys' Life*. Then came the flood in 1971. *McCall's* came down in February, at the same time *Holiday* was still on the stands with the December-January edition, its first in the same standard size. Meredith's *Apartment Ideas* joined the parade with its spring issue. *Esquire* made the move last month. Besides these leaders, *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, a large-size men's fashion magazine, reduced itself to medium size in October 1970, *Successful Farming* made the change even earlier, and *Southern Living*, in January 1969, made at least a token reduction from 429 lines to 420 lines per page.

There have been two major upward changes in page size during the same period, as though to demonstrate the paradoxes in magazine publishing. In February 1970, *Popular Science* increased its size from 224 lines per page, the same as its competitor, *Popular Mechanics*, to the standard 429. At the same time, it increased its advertising rates by 5 per cent and raised its price from 50 to 60 cents per copy, and from $5 to $6 a year. These moves ran counter to conventional publishing wisdom, but apparently they were the right ones. *Popular Science* has established itself in a different category, as a result of the changes, and seems alive and well.

A similar change was made by *Intellectual Digest*, CRM's rapidly growing publication, which switched in September 1971 from a digest-size bi-monthly, with 35,000 circulation, to an 8" x 10" monthly, with a guarantee to advertisers of 200,000. These changes, the magazine said, were designed for "advertiser convenience," readability, and better newsstand display, but again the effect was to put the magazine into a different category, placing it in competition with its natural rivals. As a digest, it had been competing against publications not really in its category. In its new form, *Intellectual Digest* is aiming for a guarantee of 400,000, and, as a unique product in the business, shows every sign of making it. Its first standard-size issue ran ninety-six pages.

Differing circumstances have been involved in each of the changes among the other magazines. *Holiday*, for example, had been struggling to stay alive, and its cut in page size was accompanied by a reduction to nine issues a year, and a trimming back of circulation base from 1.1-million to a million. *Esquire*, on the other hand, increased

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its circulation from 1.2-million to 1.25-million when it announced the size change, the first it had made in its thirty-seven-year history.

McCall's, losing money in the deadly competition among women's magazines, was beset by the same problems, but its situation was serious enough to warrant cutting its circulation base by a million, to 7.5-million. Because of the change, McCall's expects to save $3-million a year.

Boys' Life, however, raised its circulation guarantee to 2.4-million when it came down to standard size. At the same time, it reduced its printing costs by changing completely to rotogravure, a step other magazines have also taken.

Where do all these changes leave the remaining big-name periodicals? In the women's field, only *Ladies' Home Journal* retains the large-page format, and John Mack Carter, who has long been regarded as one of the best magazine editors this century has produced, said last month that there was no intention of reducing page size. The *Journal* has, in fact, made a virtue of its large pages, coining the phrase "showcase size" to describe it, and in its advertising promotion literature it calls the magazine a "prime showcase." Carter has every reason to be encouraged. In this uncertain year, with so many magazines suffering, the *Journal* is up 18 per cent thus far in its advertising figures.

Better Homes & Gardens, another large-page magazine that refuses to change, stands firm on its repetitive but impressive guarantee of 7,777,777. Its page size, 632 lines, making it slightly smaller than the others, is the same as its competitors, *House Beautiful* and *House & Garden*. If one of these "shelter books" changed, no doubt they would all change, but both editors and advertisers need the large page size to display the kind of editorial matter and advertising that constitute their specialty.

The argument *Life* makes to its advertisers on behalf of its large size is one of efficiency in selling. Oddly enough, this is the same argument the *Reader's Digest* makes at the opposite end of the scale. As long ago as 1962, the *Digest* was distributing a research study made for it by Gallup & Robinson that showed there was no difference in advertising effectiveness between *Digest*-size pages and the larger sizes, based on four criteria: recall, communication of the sales message, persuasiveness, and the relative permanence of the impression.

Among the so-called "special interest" magazines, most of which are large-page size, there seems to be little interest in reduction. *Seventeen* is large-size, even though its competitors, *Mademoiselle* and *Glamour*, are in the smaller 429-line format. Nevertheless it has gone to roto, while insisting that it does not intend to reduce. Condé-Nast's two large-size products, *Vogue* and *House & Garden*, say they will not cut size either, nor will *Vogue*'s competitor, *Harper's Bazaar*. *Fortune* magazine, the Luce organization's other large-size periodical, not only has no intention of reducing its size, but declares that its page dimensions are a part of its unique character, something special it has to sell.

If advertising agencies were not as marketwise and cynical as they are, they might be confused by the conflicting claims and elaborate justifications advanced by publishers for reducing or increasing size, or even for remaining the same. In spite of the 1962 Gallup & Robinson survey, no conclusive proof exists that one page size sells better than another as a matter of general principle, although it may well be so for a particular magazine. When all the sales messages are laid away in the marketing folders, the reason that page sizes change is primarily a matter of simple economics. Either a magazine is forced into doing it by insurmountable costs, or it retains its size because it is able to sell its product to advertisers and subscribers best in that format. Everything else can safely be put down as sales rhetoric.

The magazine business, like the theater and book publishing, is always in trouble. It never has been otherwise. The most troubled times are customarily the herald of fundamental changes, and that may well be the case today. Only the hardiest optimists doubt that the present situation is critical. A recent survey by the Gallagher Report showed that the total average paid circulation of American magazines with more than 100,000 circulation declined last year for the first time in two decades. For the first time, the business is losing ground in copies sold, and as of January 1 this year, advertising in magazines had reached its lowest level in seven years.

It would be erroneous to conclude, however, that the magazine business is dying. Every year, the number of new arrivals exceeds the casualties. But the medium is certainly changing, as the old mass magazine format dwindles a little every year and the magazines directed to specialized markets continue to grow. The few exceptions are not enough to contradict the rule.

As far as page sizes go, it is instructive to remember that the largest selling weekly in America is *TV Guide* and that the largest monthly is *Reader's Digest*. In the end, consistent with contemporary patterns in American life, the quick service lunch counter may replace the full-course meal in magazine publishing. It is hardly an enchanting prospect.

"In no more than a minute or so, we can massage all these wrinkles into character lines."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOURNALISM EDUCATION— A MATTER OF COEXISTENCE

by M. L. STEIN

According to various indicators, journalism education in the United States is in its Golden Age. Approximately 38,000 students are currently enrolled in journalism schools and departments, to say nothing of thousands with minors in the subject and those taking journalism courses at junior colleges and other institutions where journalism is not a major. The Newspaper Fund reported that journalism enrollments last year set a record for the tenth straight year, having increased more than 20 per cent since 1968 and having tripled since 1960. The number of junior and senior majors jumped 241 per cent in the ten-year span, and in 1970 there were 54.7 per cent more journalism degrees awarded than in 1968.

A total of 3,692 students were taking graduate journalism courses during the 1970-71 school year, a 13 per cent rise over the previous year.

There seems to be no slowing of the trend this fall. New journalism departments or offerings are popping up in schools across the nation, and a growing number of institutions are seeking accreditation by the American Council for Education in Journalism. The Council is so jammed with applications that some schools must wait as long as a year and a half for a visit by an accreditation team. At the same time, the council's requirements are getting tougher, with the clear intent of barring substandard or marginal programs. Currently, there are sixty-one schools accredited in one or more journalism sequences out of some 175 schools that have journalism and communications programs.

With this bonanza has come a marked improvement in the status of journalism education. University administrators, who once regarded the journalism department as a kind of embarrassing stepchild on campus, have taken a look at the registration figures and decided that journalism is a full member of the academic family after all. Scores of students are picking journalism as a "with-it" major, providing them with an opportunity for involvement in political and social issues as well as giving them an outlet for creative expression. Others see communications education as a clear road to a job, although the past year has been a lean one in that respect.

Journalism has penetrated even the Ivy League. Cornell has more than 100 majors, Pennsylvania claims the Annenberg School of Communications, and Princeton offers media lectures by Irving Dilliard, erstwhile editorial-page chief of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Beneath the glowing statistics, however, lie serious problems. How they are resolved will determine the future course of journalism education and may affect the operation and content of the mass media as well. One of the major issues is the design of the curriculum. Should the emphasis be on the practical courses in reporting and editing or on the social impact of the mass media? Should schools and departments continue to assign the bulk of their resources to traditional undergraduate programs or to graduate work in mass communications research? In brief, who should run the journalism schools: the reporters or the behavioral scientists?

The so-called Chi Square vs. Green Eyeshade feud is more muted than it was five years ago, but it's still very much alive, with resentments running deep on both sides. At one end are the older faculty members with newspaper backgrounds and teaching predilections to match. At the other are a group of generally young, bright, and assertive Ph.D.s whose interests run to researching and teaching the processes and effects of mass communications. Most of them have had little or no media experience and are indifferent, if not hostile, toward undergraduate techniques courses. There is a middle ground in this picture that I'll get into later.

The researchers have piled up impressive victories in the relatively few years since they appeared on the scene. They are a powerful influence within the Association for Education in Journalism (AEJ); indeed, some observers feel that the researchers dominate the national teaching organization. Such big journalism schools as the Universities of Iowa, Texas, Colorado, Minnesota, and Washington are headed by men holding doctorates in mass communications research or another behavioral science. In addition, these schools and others have developed sizable graduate programs in mass media research that draw hundreds of thousands of dollars in grant money. Stanford's Institute of Communication Research, which supplies a number of Ph.D.s in this area, far outstrips in wealth and prestige the undergraduate journalism program.

The heightened status of the Chi Squares is reflected in other ways, too. *Journalism Quarterly*, the AEJ's professional publication, is replete with articles bearing such titles as "Information Flow, Influence Flow, and the Decision Making Process," "A Q Analysis of Values and Attitudes Toward Advertising," and "Mass Communication and Political Socialization." Its cover describes the magazine as being "Devoted to Research in Journalism and Mass Communication." The *Quarterly*, however, does contain historical pieces and articles that evaluate press performance in a straight, expository style. A recent one examined the reasons for the death of the Los Angeles *Daily News*.

Dr. Edwin Emery, the *Quarterly*'s editor and a member of the University of Minnesota's journalism faculty, said that a research slant is not an automatic entree into the *Quarterly*'s pages. "First," he explained, "the research must be original and the article must be readable." Emery added that the periodical is receptive to historical and media appraisal efforts if the same criteria are met. "We turn down anything that is too narrow in scope, such as an evaluation of the Baptist press from 1890 to 1900," he noted.

Journalism teachers in the Green Eyeshade camp sneer at the research reports; they consider the reports and their complex correlation tables as trivia piled on trivia. They argue that it diverts journalism schools from their true function of turning out competent newsmen and women for the nation's newspapers, magazines, and broadcast outlets. Television and radio news, along with advertising and public relations, play a large role in journalism education today. Some of the old newspaper types even resent the introduction of broadcast skills into the curriculum. Dr. Curtis D. MacDougall, of Northwestern, a bitter foe of research emphasis in "J" schools, thundered during the recent AEJ convention held at the University of South Carolina that "all journalism is reporting. There is a need for more and more effective reporting."

Professor William E. Porter, chairman of the department of journalism at the University of Michigan, declared

M. L. STEIN is chairman of the department of journalism at New York University.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the convention that "we are the only people still teaching writing. The English department has given it up."

A number of old-line journalist-teachers also are convinced that most of the communication Ph.D.s bring with them an anti-media bias, especially toward newspapers. Recalling his job interview with a newly-minted research doctor, a department chairman said, with contempt, "I think he wanted to teach a course called 'Beat the Press.'"

Some of the papers presented by the AEJ's Theory and Methodology (T and M) Division at the South Carolina meeting confirmed the traditionalists' suspicion that communications research has strayed far from the concerns of professional journalism. The studies carried such titles as "Family Communication Environment and Citizenship Norm Acquisition," "Communication as Interaction: A Role Theory and Dissonance Analysis," and "Visual Literacy: Facets Toward an Understanding of the Visual and Symbolic Process."

The proliferation of such research prompted one AEJ wag to circulate to delegates a spoof abstract titled "Family and Peer Sociometric Dimensions of Valentine Interchange." "Using Guttman Scaling," the author wrote, "it was found that more cards were exchanged among buddies than blood enemies. This finding reinforces earlier suggestions that some people like some other people better than they do others."

Few of the methodologists were amused. They see their work as making an important contribution to knowledge and the first real attempt to discover the processes and effects of mass communications. They say they can advance the cause of professional journalism if only media managers and editors would listen to them. Further, the research professors believe that conventional journalism courses in many schools are outmoded and are taught by newspapermen who haven't had a new idea since the 1940s, when they practiced their trade.

"Many newsmen come into journalism education and want to live on their past reputations," said Dr. William E. Ames, of the University of Washington, and a past AEJ president. "Their teaching methods are outdated and they don't want to change."

The T-and-M proponents reject the newsmen's criticism that they are unqualified for media research because they lack professional experience. "We don't have to have had newspaper training any more than a doctor has to have been a nurse or a child psychologist, a father," snapped Minnesota's Phillip J. Tichenor, a Stanford Ph.D. "We don't claim that we have all the answers, but journalism teaching must evolve. Mass communications research is a way of studying society. We are like any other discipline in that we are seeking new knowledge. Journalism schools could fail if they don't restructure themselves to adapt to new ideas and methods."

These assessments are given some credence by professionally-oriented faculty members, who concede that reporting education is ready for an overhauling in a number of journalism schools.

"If reporting is dying in 'J' schools, maybe it's our fault," said R. Neale Copple, director of the University of Nebraska's School of Journalism and a former reporter and city editor. "Maybe it deserves to die. If reporting is the base of our curriculum, we've got to improve it before the sharp kids and the real journalists find us out. Telling the students about the inverted pyramid style of writing and how to check a police blotter is not enough for today's journalism."

Professor Hillier Krieghbaum, of New York University, the current AEJ president, declared: "With media, both print and broadcast, under probably the most vigorous attacks during a generation, journalism teachers should stand behind good performance and try to blunt those criticisms that are self-seeking and unrealistic. Teachers should get out of their ivory towers and help media do the best job possible rather than quibble over the relative merits of Chi Square versus Green Eyeshade. There is plenty of work to do in journalism education and to see that minority groups get a fair share of the jobs in journalism."

It is significant that Tom Wolfe, one of the high priests of the New Journalism, got a huge ovation after he outlined his approach to writing at the South Carolina assembly. "He represents what the students want in journalism," one dean said later.

Many news-leaning journalism instructors say they have no objection to research if its practitioners will stay at their end of the journalism building and not try to push out the professional courses. "I have nothing against research but . . ." was the response of several "J" school teachers when asked about the split in AEJ ranks. The "but" invariably indicated their dread about a T-and-M take-over, an eventuality that some researchers would not find inappropriate. The journalism professor, for years the odd man on campus, feels the Ph.D.s have gone far enough. He resents their new-found academic respectability, their easy camaraderie with other social scientists, and the generous supporting funds they draw in comparison to the relatively tiny amount of outside money available for basic journalism training. Another sore spot is the fact that the infusion of Ph.D.s into journalism schools has made it almost impossible for administrators to hire instructors without advanced degrees, no matter how capable they are. The degree factor also has affected promotions. Journalism teachers without doctorates must, like Avis, try harder if they want to move up.

"The Ph.D. is keeping a lot of good people out of journalism education," said Dr. Ray E. Hiebert, head of the University of Maryland's department of journalism and the former director of the Washington Journalism Center. "Not all newsmen make good teachers, but there are those without doctorates who can make a significant contribution to our programs." Dr. Hiebert asserted that Maryland is, foremost, a professional school but also has room for research.

Their fears notwithstanding, the reporting advocates have won their share of skirmishes. Neale Copple, a tried and true newsman, emerged as the

"Maybe it would help, dear, if you could just think of being stuck in a holding pattern as getting more flying for your money."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

president-elect of AEJ at the South Carolina gathering. The University of Missouri's School of Journalism, one of the giants in the field, recently picked as its dean Roy M. Fisher, editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, who has only a bachelor's degree. Also, reporting and editing courses are a long way from extinction, as today's enrollments make quite clear.

The Chi Square-Green Eyeshade controversy sometimes obscures the fact that there is a middle ground between the adversaries. It's represented by a body of journalism instruction that involves the relationship of mass media to society and the effects of interaction among the media, government, and the courts. It includes such issues as free press versus fair trial, the right to know, the newsman's protection of his sources, and how our lives are made better or worse by mass communications. These are courses of interest not only to the future journalist but to anyone who will have contact with mass media. Hundreds of non-journalism majors are signing up for them. Among the leading exponents of this approach are Dr. William L. Rivers of Stanford, a one-time Washington correspondent, and Dr. J. E. Gerald of Minnesota. Said Dr. Rivers: "We are seeing a decisive change in journalism education. We can't continue to believe that all journalism majors are going to be reporters. Nor can we teach newspaper reporting as I was taught it."

The research-pragmatic teaching issue need not be irreconcilable. There is a need for competent research into the mass media, and journalism schools are the proper place for it. We know little about the effects of the mass media, a topic that might also benefit from such investigation. Newspaper editors who sought to divine reader preferences generally were unsuccessful. If the explorations reveal shortcomings in the media, that, too, is a legitimate function of journalism education. At the same time, journalism schools have a responsibility to graduate well-trained, liberally educated men and women to report on an increasingly complex society. Journalism instructors must also meet the challenge of students who don't want to be strait-jacketed in old writing forms. They can be taught basic and important principles of news gathering and writing, while being given the opportunity to do their own thing in going behind hard news for the story in depth and in true focus. This is as vital for broadcast journalism as it is for the print media. Any attempt to remove or weaken the core of professional courses from journalism schools would be a disservice to education and society as a whole.

Sportswriting

(Continued from page 67)

who then gave the black power salute during the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" in Mexico City.

• The 1968 Kentucky Derby was plunged into a historic dispute, and long litigation, after illegal medication reportedly had been found in the winner, Dancer's Image.

• A power struggle was waged for control of amateur sports by the Amateur Athletic Union and the National Collegiate Athletic Association.

• A boycott by horsemen closed down the Aqueduct racetrack in New York, and a boycott of several tracks was threatened by jockeys when exercise girls began to win their crusade to be licensed as regular riders.

• Baseball umpires won the right to unionize under the National Labor Relations Board and later went on strike during the 1970 playoffs.

• Joe Namath quit pro football during a battle with Commissioner Pete Rozelle over the quarterback's ownership of a Manhattan bar frequented by "undesirables," but then relented, sold the bar, and returned to the wars. But, at other times for other reasons, mostly economic, the sports ranks were "quit" by Fran Tarkenton, Maury Wills, Hawk Harrelson, Sam McDowell, Tony Conigliaro, George Sauer, Joe Kapp, and Rick Barry. And "inside" books of protest came from the disenchanted pens of Jim Bouton, Dave Meggyesy, and Bernie Parrish.

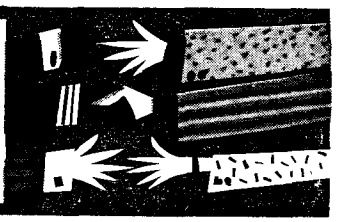
• The touring golf pros seceded from the PGA in a struggle over control of their $7-million tour, then returned under their own commissioner, Joe Dey.

"Sport in America," reflected James Reston, "plays a part in our national life that is probably more important than even the social scientists believe. Sports are now more popular than politics in America, increasingly so since the spread of television. The great corporations are much more interested in paying millions for sports broadcasts than they are for all political events except for the nominations and inaugurations of Presidents, because the general public is watching and listening."

"I got paid $2,100 a year when I joined the big league," recalled Casey Stengel, who made the old Brooklyn Dodgers half a century before Curt Flood sued baseball for his freedom from the reserve clause, "and they get more money now." They get more money, and more headaches for their money, and Casey Stengel gets more of both because he's a banker now. And for the sports writers, as with all people who report revolutions: more headaches, more challenges, more opportunities. Come back, Gene Fowler, and join the fun; all is forgiven.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Public Relations



The Making of a Profession?

Despite sharp, sometimes deserved, but often unfair attacks on the function and practice of public relations, the field has grown steadily. Regardless of the title by which the function is labeled, it is clear that public relations is more and more necessary in a time when so much that is basic in our society is being challenged.

Colleges, universities, corporations, churches, foundations, trade unions, and even governmental departments increasingly are finding that they cannot operate effectively without public approval. And this need calls for expert help in establishing policy and communication. It is no wonder then that the demand across the country for skillled practitioners has intensified in all sectors, private as well as public.

One sign of growth is reflected in the membership of the Public Relations Society of America, the only national organization in the general field of public relations. From fewer than 500 in its founding year, 1948, membership has multiplied to more than 6,500. This year the organization appointed its first full-time—and well-paid—president. Chapters of PRSA have proliferated: there are now seventy-two. In addition, forty-three student chapters have been formed in colleges where public relations is taught. However, PRSA membership is not the only indicator of growth, for there are far more men and women in practice than is shown by the society's membership.

Still, there is an uneasiness among many PRSA members, particularly those with long experience. It is evidenced by individuals who come from agencies as well as among those who work for corporations and non-profit groups. This dissatisfaction with PRSA is bound to be extensive, since the diversity of work experience and skills is so great within the membership that it is difficult for the society to serve every member effectively.

Wisely, PRSA officers are looking at the organization carefully. And while they do so, they might well consider the organization's attempts to make it appear as though public relations is a profession. It is not. A business, a trade, a craft, a skill, and often even an art, perhaps, but to presume it is a profession is to give it a posture that adds nothing to the status of public relations; to do so could even be harmful.

As an example, the society's "professional standards for the practice of public relations," forbid members to solicit a client who already retains a public relations agency. In fact, most of the complaint cases acted on by the organization do not involve actions against the public but, rather, instances of what the society calls "member encroachment" or "account piracy." It is clear that a PRSA member is more prone to object if someone tries to solicit one of his accounts than he is if a fellow member acts against the public good.

What the pertinent section of the code does is give the society a Pecksniffian air, for the effect is to prevent competition between agencies—to drive business solicitation, via the indirect approach, into the country club. And it protects those who already have from those who would like to, even though the chance of a satisfied client's switching firms is certainly remote.

It is worth taking a look at other organizations whose members are also communicators. Advertising agencies are, in many ways, comparable to public relations firms, inasmuch as most of the latter are essentially communicators, with policy counseling an adjunct or not provided at all. The American Association of Advertising Agencies, founded in 1917, makes no bones about advertising's being a business. Advertising does not try to masquerade as a profession, and its practitioners are all agencies rather than individuals, as is the case within PRSA. AAAA's service standards—first adopted in 1920 and revised in 1962—are voluntary. These standards are intended, they note, "to serve as a guide to the kind of agency conduct which experience has shown to be wise, foresighted, and constructive." They also proclaim that "advertising is a business and as such must operate within the framework of competition" and that "keen and vigorous competition, honestly conducted, is necessary to the growth and health of American business generally, of which advertising is a part."

AAAA does not prevent or even oppose solicitation of clients. Its policy, under the section dealing with "unfair tactics," is that "the advertising agency should compete on merit and not by deprecating a competitor or his work directly or inferentially . . . or by making unwarranted claims of scientific skill in judging or pre-judging advertising copy, or by seeking to obtain an account by hiring a key employee away from the agency in charge in violation of the agency's employment agreements."

The Institute of Canadian Advertising, which also accepts only corporate members, has no solicitation ban, nor does it seek one.

The Institute of Practitioners in Advertising (the British counterpart of AAAA and the Canadian organization) has individual members as well as corporate membership. Its by-laws, revised in 1969, state simply that "members shall conduct themselves in their business at all times in a manner that will uphold the reputation and standing of the institute and its members" and that members "shall not discredit fellow members or their work." But there is no ban on account solicitation.

The Australian Association of Advertising Agencies, which has only corporate memberships and is akin to AAAA, does not oppose solicitation of accounts by members from each other. In this repect, it is on all fours with the American, Canadian, and British organizations.

By insisting that their calling is a profession, some members of PRSA compare themselves with the legal profession. Such a comparison is a childish status-seeking exercise. Before practicing law, lawyers must have not only certain educational standards before attending law school but must pass bar examinations after graduation. They are not permitted to solicit business in any way. But anyone who knows the legal profession knows that lawyers, by indirection, can and do make a potential client aware that they are available.

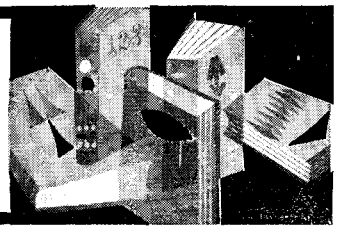
PRSA, of course, does not include all who work at public relations. Many first-rate practitioners are not members—not to avoid the code of the society, but because they prefer not to join. In addition, PRSA's code does not and cannot affect those who are not members of the society. So, as a result, it is an offense for a member of the society to try to get a fellow member's account away, but it is not an offense to pirate an account from a non-member. Obviously, if it is unprofessional to solicit an account from a society member, it ought to be unprofessional to solicit an outsider's account.

In the continuous search for improvement of PRSA, it would be helpful if the society's hierarchy took a hard look at the "member encroachment" section of its code of standards.

—L.L.L. Golden.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books
in Communications



One Year of TV

The charms television holds for you and me are not the ones Les Brown sees. We are bemused by the flickering blue flame dancing on the screen; he is fascinated by the highly paid custodians who stoke the fire—the Mike Danns, Don Durgins, Paul Kleins, Jack Schneiders, Mort Werners, and Bob Woods. Brown's *Televi$ion* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $8.95) recounts the plots, schemes, ploys, and countermoves the network executives use to maneuver half-hour and hour-long taped packages of comedy, adventure, action, drama, and talk before 20.0 Nielsen-rated audiences (12 million homes).

It is not a flattering picture of either the activity or the result. "The American broadcaster," Brown says, "is one part conscience and nine parts profit motive." Scarcely a thirty-second spot's worth of idealism can he squeeze out of his entire cast of super-producers. Consider the program chief who jams all available station breaks with billboards to announce the fall's new shows and then orders up crawls similar to news bulletins on the summer re-runs. (When a colleague suggests crawls on the commercials, he recoils in horror before recognizing the sarcasm.) Consider the programing prodigy with "an extrasensory perception about the television audience that was uncomplicated by conscience, taste, idealism, or a personal life." These are not anonymous references. Everywhere Brown uses names, times, and places, and reports conversations.

I have not seen anything written on the subject with such telling detail or candor. The absolute amorality of American television has never been more devastatingly demonstrated.

Brown's method works brilliantly to his advantage. He has taken the measure of one programing year in televisionland and has hung the whole story on what transpired in 1970. He writes as editor of the television and radio section of *Variety*, the entertainment trade weekly. It is only a short walk from his paper's antique headquarters off Times Square to the antiseptic office towers on Sixth Avenue—buildings whose stylistic and graphic purities are at odds with the human imperfections of their occupants.

The narrative technique allows him to pause and describe without fatigue the more technical aspects. We learn about Nielsen "dark weeks," a five-week unrecorded period every fifth year when the service suspends to adjust its surveying apparatus and every network trots out its cultural dogs. "When good things come to commercial TV, the motives for them are usually base," Brown says. Prime time, as Brown peers through the eyes of his Sixth Avenue executives, is twenty-one saleable minutes a night. "Audience flow" is so arranging the order of shows that their matching appeal will hold viewers riveted to the set all evening. The conscience of the network reposes almost entirely in the newsroom.

The executive Brown examines most closely is Mike Dann, CBS's program chief, the consummate pro who, win or lose, accepts the terms of the game at face value and who in the end drops out of the rat race and accepts a lower paying executive post with the Children's Television Workshop to become a tamed tiger among the educational TV kittens. Dann's chief antagonist at NBC, Paul Klein, once outmaneuvered the overtaking Dann in a ratings war simply by declaring NBC's season ended one month early. Within the year he had also dropped out. He left NBC to form his own cable television company specializing in self-selected video cartridges. These two actions emerge from the book as a portent of the future. The world Brown examines so minutely is slipping, and cable and public television are in the ascendancy. He stands out as one of television's most astute critics.

One Day of News: I find it hard enough getting through my copy of *The New York Times* each day without sitting down to a book describing how *The Times* gets through *its* day. My initial reaction to *A Day in the Life of The New York Times* by Ruth Adler (Lippincott, $6.95) was therefore one of presumptive exhaustion. Not a bit. Miss Adler's narrative of one issue, arranged chronologically from one 3 a.m. "Good night!" to the next, reads as breathlessly as *A Night to Remember*. On the day picked by Miss Adler—it was February 28, 1969, and everyone was alerted to keep notes—President Nixon was in Paris, with four *Times* reporters covering, Eisenhower was in Walter Reed Hospital near death, the Soviets were threatening new restrictions on access routes to West Berlin. Miss Adler follows the hour-by-hour coverage of the major breaking stories.

The book is fascinating for exposing unexpected corners of the business and little-known facts. How, for example, did Craig Claiborne, gastronomically speaking, handle his assignment? By traveling to restaurants incognito insofar as possible and by merely sampling each dish—never going for the full meal. The two key editorial conferences leading to Page 1 make-up decisions are held at 4 and 5:30 p.m. and are conducted briskly, each lasting no more than fifteen minutes. "Fronting cables" listing the Page 1 stories and their play are dispatched to London, Paris, Tokyo, and Washington within minutes of the conference decisions and are transmitted to 300 newspaper and magazine clients of the News Service.

Extraordinary efforts are required to get *The Times* through its day, but Miss Adler, who edits the paper's house organ, *Times Talk*, wraps it all up deftly, with the help of the many eyes of the staff. She has turned a seemingly impossible trick. One day of news chosen at random becomes a textbook in newspapering.

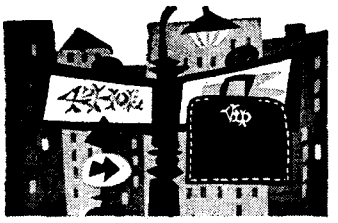
One Year of Comment: Charles Scribner, who entered into the publishing business in 1846, died in 1871 at the age of fifty. There is less than a column devoted to him in *Scribner's Monthly, 1871* (Scribner's, $10), a fat, red package of a book his publishing house has put out in celebration of its 125th year. Page for page the book reproduces all the issues of the magazine in that year, including the one with Charles's obit. A New Yorker fond of Astor Place because of its proximity to Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater, will read here that of a Saturday afternoon in 1871 smart strolling New Yorkers thronged the reading room of the Mercantile Library in the still-standing Clinton Hall to pick up the newest releases.

Morals and manners were different then. *Scribner's* Christmas message, 1871, extolled "the harmony of social relations that made life so sweet and safe." A piece on hurricanes and cyclones is so detailed and well illustrated that one wonders exactly how great an advance has been made in the science of meteorology, and Yellowstone National Park in black-and-white engravings preserves an awesomeness lost in color reproductions. In short, this thick reprint is an honorable memorial to the first Charles Scribner.

—Stuart W. Little.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madison Avenue



When an Ad Agency Goes Public

If the big time for a publicly owned company means being listed on the New York Stock Exchange, then there are now four big-time operators within the advertising agency fraternity. And since two of the four just made it to the Big Board in August, this is a good time to look at these pacesetters from a financial point of view.

The Big Four, in order of their listing, are Foote, Cone & Belding Communications (FCB is its stock ticker symbol), J. Walter Thompson Company (JWT), Wells, Rich, Green (WRG), and the Interpublic Group of Companies (IPG). There are a number of other public agencies, of course—Papert, Koenig, Lois was the first to go public in the "modern" era in 1962—but they are either listed on the smaller American Stock Exchange or traded over-the-counter.

Publicly owned agencies are certainly under greater pressure to turn a larger profit every year, if not every quarter, than those that are owned by their management or employees. Shops listed on the New York exchange, moreover, are faced with even greater pressure than the other public agencies because of the more intensive scrutiny they receive from stockholders and the investment community—not to mention their competitors and clients.

Foote, Cone & Belding is the nation's tenth largest agency, with worldwide advertising billings last year of $240.6-million. In addition to its typical agency activities, it owns a group of CATV systems—although it sold off two other money-losing cable television systems earlier this year. The agency suffered a loss after extraordinary items last year of $641,000 but has returned to profitability in the first half of 1971, albeit at less than half the amount earned in the year-ago period. Its stock, which was issued in 1963 at $15.50 a share and went on the New York Stock Exchange in 1968, was selling recently for $11.12½.

J. Walter Thompson is the world's largest advertising agency—and has been so for more than twenty-five years—with billings of $764-million in 1970. Six years ago, it bought the highly profitable Puerto Rican-American Insurance Company and in 1967 acquired control of Electronic & Alloys, a manufacturer of scientific instruments. This summer its name has been widely bandied about both in the trade and financial press when it lost parts of two big prestigious accounts from the Ford Motor Company and Pan American World Airways.

JWT's earnings rose to $7.3-million in 1970 and to $3.5-million in the first six months of 1971. After coming out at a price of $38 a share in 1969, its stock reached a high of $60 last year after it was admitted to the Big Board, before falling off to its current $43.25.

Throughout its short five-year history Wells, Rich, Green has been known largely for the creative brilliance and public relations consciousness of its president, Mary Wells Lawrence. Now billing close to $100-million annually, the agency has been on the winning side of some of the most talked-about account switches in years (Trans World Airlines, Alka Seltzer) and, now twenty-fourth on the list of agencies by size, has been the fastest-growing shop in the memory of many denizens of Madison Avenue. In its fiscal year ended last October, WRG earned $2-million on media commissions and fees of $13.7-million—there's that 15 per cent everyone talks about—and did almost as well for only the first nine months of its current year, with net income of $1.9-million. WRG went public in 1968 at $17.50 and joined the select group on the New York Stock Exchange two months ago. Recently its common stock was selling at $21.50.

Interpublic, the final member of this quartet, is the parent company of McCann-Erickson, the country's second biggest agency, with world billings of $712.8-million. After falling into serious financial trouble a few years ago as a result of helter-skelter expansion into

a variety of advertising and nonadvertising areas, Interpublic trimmed its sails, made a number of management changes, and returned to a profitable basis. IPG had $2.2-million in profits last year, less than half of its 1969 earnings after extraordinary items, but net income increased sharply to $1.5-million during the first half of 1971. IPG stock was made available to the public earlier this year at $17.50, found its way to the Big Board six days after Wells, Rich, Green, and was recently valued at $26.25.

Despite the fact that individuals rather than fixed assets play such an important role in agencies—a common cliché is "Our assets leave every night in the elevator"—there's bound to be more publicly owned agencies in the future as demand for working capital and desire for personal profits increase among those in the inner circle of their shops. As these public companies achieve the qualifications for a listing on the New York Stock Exchange, many will want to grasp the opportunity to be counted among Exchange ranks. And they will.

—Leonard Sloane.

"A Day in the Life of The New York Times"

could have been written by only one person — Ruth Adler . . . She knows every inch of the place, knows everybody from the publisher to the copyboys on intimate terms, and she has written a most revealing account of what goes on within the thick walls."—Gay Talese

A New York Times book. Illus., index.

At bookstores now
$6.95
Lippincott

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 I c, 2Hj, 3Jf, 4Bd, 5Ag, 6Da, 7Eb, 8Ge, 9Fi, 10 Ch.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 37: lathers, slather, halters, thalers.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your Illusions about Russian Women Shattered for only $2.95

ILLUSION: Russian women are burly, masculine creatures.

This is an illusion you will enjoy having shattered—when you discover Natasha in "War and Peace". . . a woman so wholly and intricately feminine that it's hard to remember this great novel was written by a man. Natasha will make you forget all you may have believed about Russian women. But you will never forget Natasha.

What is the greatest reward that reading can give you? Isn't it the ability to feel and understand the deep complexities of human passions and behaviours? Nowhere will you find this truer than in the Great Russian Classics.

Often these complexities have been hard to unravel because of inadequate translations. Now in the lively modern translations of this New Anniversary Edition you can discover much that was obscure before. And enjoy having a few more illusions about the Russian character shattered, into the bargain. . . .

ILLUSION: Russians are insensitive to human feelings. You will find more sensitivity and sheer humanity in the Russian Classics than in any other books you've read.

ILLUSION: The Russians have no sense of humour. Laugh this idea away with the comic classics of Gogol—and the rich vein of earthy humour that runs deep through all Russian literature.

Start your illusion-shattering now! Accept *War and Peace* (possibly the greatest novel of all time) complete in 3 lavishly bound and illustrated volumes for the absurdly low price of only $2.95. For all 3 volumes!

Celebrate with us the 100th Anniversary of the completion by Tolstoy of this breath-taking epic . . . and not only the narrative will take your breath away.

When you see these volumes resplendent in their rich 100th Birthday bindings, you'll wonder how such a price is possible.

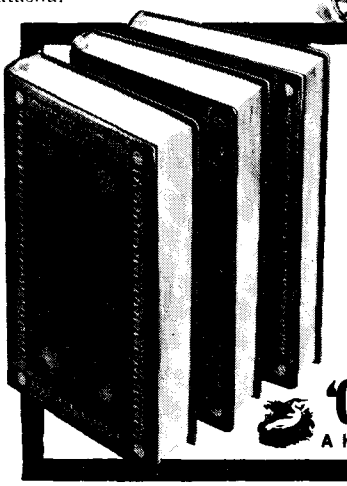
As you discover the brilliant translations that we have selected for you, you will feel all the emotions and moods of the countless great characters brought vividly alive as never before. You may forget some of their names. But one name and character will haunt you for the rest of your life . . . *Natasha.*

ARE WE MAD? In making this offer, we may appear to have taken leave of our senses.

Just because it is the 100th Anniversary of *War and Peace*, here we are introducing you to the glories of the Russian Classics in translations more vivid than any before . . . in editions more worthy of the materpieces they contain than any you have ever seen . . . in exquisitely beautiful bindings . . . and, after all that, we appear to be giving them away!

Believe it or not—and probably you will believe it—there is method in our apparent madness. Our aim is to arouse your collector's instinct.

For these are indeed editions for the collector: *War and Peace* in our special centennial edition . . . the other great Russian Classics in sumptuous red Czar Nicholas style bindings. All covered with luxurious soft-as-kid Skivertex and golden-stamped.



100th ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL
ACCEPT TOLSTOY'S

War and Peace

COMPLETE IN 3 SUPERBLY BOUND AND ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES
ALL 3 FOR ONLY $2.95

as your giant money-saving introduction to our 100th Anniversary Edition of the Great Russian Classics

WITH DOSTOEVSKY'S
'Crime and Punishment' FREE

A HERON BOOKS COLLECTION

Post the coupon and we will send you five magnificent volumes to admire and enjoy for 10 days free of any commitment. The three volumes of Tolstoy's *War and Peace;* Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* and Pushkin's *The Captain's Daughter.*

If these books do not arouse your collector's instinct, you may simply send them back after 10 days, and owe nothing. But once you have appreciated their superb value, we believe you will want to keep them. This you may do—the 3-volume set of *War and Peace* for only $2.95, *Crime and Punishment* free . . . and *The Captain's Daughter* at the special low subscriber price of only $3.89.

We believe too that you will want to collect the other great Russian Classics to come: Anna Karenina, Taras Bulba, Fathers and Sons, The Artamonov Business, Resurrection . . . and others

But this is a gamble on our part—as acceptance of the volumes we send on 10-day approval does not commit you to accept any more volumes than you really want!

Each of these further great classics in the series can be yours at the special low subscriber price. We will send them to you at the rate of one volume a month—each in matching Czar Nicholas binding—till you ask us to stop. There is no minimum number of books you must accept. You can stop after the first volume. But once you read our translations and see our bindings, we doubt that you will.

There's no risk. You may return your books in 10 days without paying a penny if you're not delighted. And there's a charming bonus for a prompt reply. So post the coupon today.

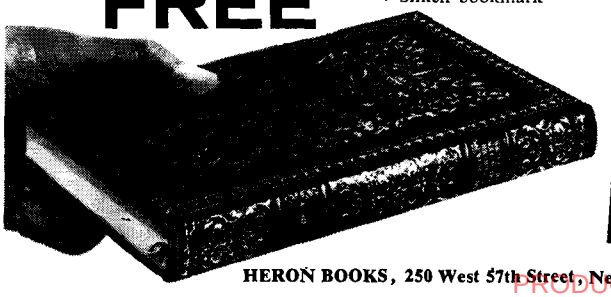
BOUND IN EUROPE IN OLD WORLD STYLE

The quality of printing and binding in this Centennial Edition is seldom seen in the U.S.A. The covers have the look and feel of a kid glove. They are gold-stamped in a delicate design. The books are full of gracious touches you have not seen in years: decorated endpapers, silk headbands, sewn-in bookmarks, period illustrations. A perfect expression of good taste in decorating as well as in literature.

EXTRA INTRODUCTORY GIFT
ACCEPT DOSTOEVSKY'S

'Crime and Punishment' FREE

* Sumptuously bound in Czar Nicholas style
* In Cardinal-red Skivertex, golden embossed
* Silken bookmark



also
FREE ICON

Help us estimate our print order accurately by responding in 5 days, and we will reward you with this faithful full colour reproduction of Russian medieval art — an Icon showing St. George and the Dragon—as a gift which you may keep even if you return your books. But you must send the coupon in the next 5 days.

FREE RESERVATION COUPON

HERON BOOKS
250 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me in luxurious golden-stamped Czar Nicholas Skivertex binding *Crime and Punishment* and *The Captain's Daughter* in the Great Russian Classics series plus your 3-volume Centennial Edition of *War and Peace.* If not delighted, I shall return the books post paid in 10 days and owe nothing. Otherwise, I shall pay only $2.95 (plus p & p) for the complete 3-volume set of *War and Peace,* and for *The Captain's Daughter* the special low subscriber price of only $3.89 (plus p & p) with *Crime and Punishment* FREE. Then at approximately monthly intervals I will receive a new volume in matching Czar Nicholas binding at the special subscriber price until I tell you my collection is complete.

☐ *REPLYING IN 5 DAYS? Tick box to receive medieval Russian Icon reproduction as a gift which you may keep even if you return your*

Signature _____
(or parent's signature, if you are under 18)

Name _____

Address _____ RA-1

City _____

State _____ Zip code _____

CANADA: Return coupon to . . . Arrangements for servicing Canadian subscri . . . ve been made.

WACCA WACCA VALLEY ARCHIVES

HERON BOOKS, 250 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communications Letters

(Continued from page 64)

will find him not only approachable, but also glad that they came.

G. Stephen Hammer,
Rochester, N.Y.

Carrot Over Whip

Marcus Cohn's article "Should the FCC Reward Stations That Do A Good Job?" [*SR*, Aug. 14] was excellent. As a broadcaster who operates five radio stations, I completely concur with Mr. Cohn's principle of positive reinforcement by the FCC for stations whose performance exceeds their promise. In fact, it is a principle that B. F. Skinner would heartily support—one that should be made general throughout all areas of the government's regulatory system.

In my twenty-seven years of experience as a broadcaster, there has been entirely too much whip and not enough carrot. If the FCC were to pick up on Cohn's recommendation and extend the term of a station's license for outstanding community service, I believe there could be some interesting improvement in the quality of American broadcasting.

While the carrot has never been used, the whip has been wielded many times. Experience has shown that the carrot is a far more effective motivator.

Erny Tannen,
Managing Director,
The MEDIAmerica Company,
Silver Spring, Md.

Virtuous "Times"?

As a sometime victim of editorial liberties, I was most interested in R.L.T.'s editorial "Letters You Write to the Editor" [*SR*, Aug. 14]. My attention was particularly drawn to his remarks on the virtuous policy of *The New York Times*. Alas, I have found that the mighty have the same foibles as the not so mighty, at least when they are dealing with those of us who are not "relatively famous."

Some years ago I commented on two book reviews in the *Times*, and they saw fit to publish my letter. Though they did use ellipses in one instance, they also misquoted, combined separate sentences, and paraphrased in other instances without a by-your-leave. Particularly annoying was the paraphrasing that neither saved space nor clarified, but merely changed. That is the all-too-common contemporary practice, frequently resulting in changed connotation that has no place in honest journalism.

From the *Times's* response to my protest, I would guess that the disparity between *Times's* "policy" and practice occurs more frequently than your editorial implies.

Michael D. Mahler,
Major, U.S. Army,
APO New York.

It would be nice to be able to believe R.L.T.'s statement that *The New York Times* fully realizes an editorial obligation to convey accurately the intent of writers of Letters to the Editor. Let me assure you the *Times* does not.

On two recent occasions, I wrote fairly lengthy letters to the *Times* on what I thought important matters. One concerned the regulation of airlines, the other defense budgets of the past several years. The first, published in the Sunday business section, was changed in ways I could not have approved and, when I questioned it, I was told the *Times* used the standard editorial license to make alterations. I dismissed that as not too significant, since the incident did involve the Business Section.

In the second instance, I was aiming at an article written by a member of the editorial board for the Op-Ed page. First, I was called by phone to discuss possible changes to the letter; I was told at the time that the letter, in its final form, would have to be "cleared" by the editorial board member who had written the initial article. I was then told I would be sent by mail the *Times's* suggested rewrite, or editing, of the letter, *before* publication. Nothing happened for about ten days, then an edited version suddenly appeared on the editorial page. When I protested—more strongly this time since, after all, the *Times* had called me and made the proposal for coordination—the response was that they had "intended" to do what they had promised, but that "time constraints" and the desirability of grouping the letter with others on similar subjects had made it impossible to live up to the promise. As published, the letter did not *appear* to have been changed.

At the most, then, the *Times* must have only "good intentions." Perhaps it accords the treatment you outline to individuals it regards as members of *its* Establishment, e.g., Ivy League professors and members of the Council on Foreign Relations. I have some doubt that I am the only letter writer so treated, and I must conclude that your statement is nothing more than another example of the New York cultural establishment congratulating itself on its commitment to editorial responsibility.

Frederick C. Thayer,
Associate Professor,
Graduate School of Public and
International Affairs,
University of Pittsburgh,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Letters to the Editor departments have long suffered as the unfortunate victims of a shortsighted attitude which, unhappily, is common among editors of established publications. It is an attitude of smugness, of contempt for the reader, which is traceable to the stubborn one-way journalism of thought. Thus R.L.T.'s editorial was both important and appropriate, though I think a bit naive.

Last year, while completing graduate work in journalism at Pennsylvania State University, I authored "Managing the Mail: Letters to the Editor During a Season of Unrest," which I believe is the most comprehensive study ever undertaken on this subject.

In the course of my research I interviewed the then letters editors of *The New York Times*, *Newsweek*, *Time*, and *The Wall Street Journal*, as well as those of several other mass circulation periodicals. I was surprised to learn how capricious were the criteria by which letters were selected to appear in these publications, even at *The Times*, where there was a great atmosphere of seriousness about letters to the editor.

Further, these letters editors—none of whom apparently sought their positions but somehow "fell" into them, sometimes involuntarily—were almost totally unfamiliar with the research, admittedly a small amount, already available on letters to the editor. They were curious, however, to know about the responsibilities and functions of their counterparts at rival publications.

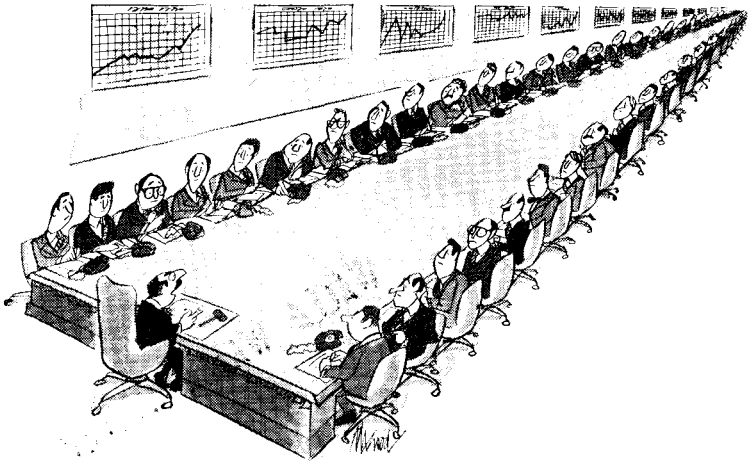
Finally, I think it worthy of note that, with a minor exception, not a single letters editor I interviewed had *ever* written a letter to the editor. In fact, they seemed to evidence a veritable derision for such letters.

Editors would be wise to pay more attention to mail from their readers and to display it more prominently on their pages. I believe an enlightened approach to letters to the editor would serve well the cause of a responsive, two-way press.

H. Charles Neuhaus,
Lake Hiawatha, N.J.

First Embassy, Then Trans-Lux

The matter of priority is raised by Albert Boyars in his letter [Sept. 11] claiming



"Either we buy a new desk or we stop adding to the conglomerate."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that "in March 1931, this country's first exclusively newsreel theater, the Trans-Lux, opened on Madison Avenue and 58th Street." That honor belongs to the Embassy, then, as now, located on Seventh Avenue near 47th Street. In what had previously been used for reserved-seat presentations of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures—one of them *The Merry Widow* starring John Gilbert—the first newsreel program unreeled at the beginning of November 1929.

Assessing this notable event in the New York *Herald Tribune* on November 2, 1929, Marguerite Tazelaar, the assistant film critic, provided this account:

> The Embassy, which will officially open today as the world's first newsreel theater, held last night a preview of its inaugural program. Without ceremony it steadily unwinds news and short features, educational or of current importance, with the detachment and terseness of one's daily newspaper. It substitutes photography for stories of the press and manages to keep pretty well an editorial edge to its facts and figures. . . .
>
> Last night's presentation ranged from such important "shots" as the recent attempted assassination of the Crown Prince of Italy, to Miss Helen Spring's new ocelot (for your information, a baby leopard). Each candidate for Mayor had his say, showing the voters his most typical attitudes. Miss Ishbel MacDonald said goodbye to the Embassy audience, and Winston Churchill, Charles Schwab and Mrs. Sabin reported briskly on their favorite topics. B. C. Forbes gave convincing arguments for investing your money during panics and the grape growers of southern France were discovered stamping the good fruit with their bare feet. Fashions and the pending doom of the turkey were not neglected nor was the Navy-Princeton game.
>
> In this opinion, the small intimate theater's new idea ought to work out well provided news is kept fresh, variable and short.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

From the Mayor of Honolulu

M. L. STEIN's article "News Access Isn't Only a Washington Problem" [*SR*, Aug. 14] discusses attempts by state and local governments to control and restrict the free press. The lead paragraph mentions the fact that I had banished reporters from the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* from my office for several months.

I am sure that the city hall press corps would agree that this is an unusually open administration, with key city executives readily available and willing to speak to the press.

The *Star-Bulletin* was banned from my office because it was editorial policy to distort and twist all news out of city hall. The situation became so bad that I took what was admittedly a drastic step to focus attention on the problem. I must emphasize that Honolulu's other daily, the *Advertiser*, had full and complete access to me and my department heads during this period. So, too, did the radio and television reporters.

I believe that my action helped to bring a bad situation to a head. One of the *Bulletin's* best reporters finally quit in disgust because "persons unknown" persistently tampered with his stories—changing the meaning to reflect badly upon me or my administration. Still another reporter quietly disappeared when the distortions became so blatant, so obvious, that a peer group rose up in indignation and brought pressure to bear on paper management.

So, you see, far from being an attempt to control or censor, my actions were aimed at restoring some degree of honesty and credibility to city hall reports in the pages of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*.

Things have improved greatly. Though, to my amusement, I note that for every pro-Fasi letter that appears on the editorial page of the *Bulletin*, five anti-Fasi letters are printed. I really don't mind that sort of thing—as long as it's kept out of the news pages.

FRANK F. FASI,
Mayor,
City and County of Honolulu,
Honolulu, Hawaii.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Date of filing: October 1, 1971.
2. Title of Publication: Saturday Review.
3. Frequency of Issue: Weekly.
4. Location of known office of publication: 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.
6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher, William D. Patterson, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017; Editor, Norman Cousins, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017; Managing Editor, Roland Gelatt, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.
7. Owner: Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Sole Stockholder: SRI Industries, Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.
8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None.
9. FOR OPTIONAL COMPLETION BY PUBLISHERS MAILING AT THE REGULAR RATES (Section 132.121, Postal Service Manual)

39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at *the rates provided under this subsection unless he* files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates."

In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in Item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626.

(Signature and title of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner) WILLIAM D. PATTERSON, Publisher.

10. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates (Section 132. 122, Postal Manual).

11.

		Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date
A.	Total No. copies printed	688,377	691,872
B.	Paid Circulation		
	1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	16,403	15,030
	2. Mail subscriptions	614,952	624,737
C.	Total paid circulation	631,355	639,767
D.	Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means		
	1. Samples, complimentary, and other free copies	20,725	21,306
	2. Copies distributed to news agents, but not sold	27,942	24,960
E.	Total distribution	680,022	686,033
F.	Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	8,355	5,839
G.	Total	688,377	691,872

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

WILLIAM D. PATTERSON, Publisher

Dance

(Continued from page 57)

been supplied with beakers of foaming mead to dull their senses. Eleo Pomare's company followed, and a dancer made one beautiful gesture just before the rains came. This single gesture was dance; what preceded it was not.

Pomare and his company, at a later program that I attended, provided some impressive dancing as did another black artist, George Faison, especially in his delightful *Suite Otis*. Bhaskar, the dancer from India, was brilliant as Shiva and in several traditional Hindu dances, and classical ballet was handsomely served by the ebullient Violette Verdy, the explosive John Prinz, and other ballet artists. José Limón was represented by two of his finest works, *The Moor's Pavane* and *La Malinche*, performed, without Limón himself, by a second generation of Limón dancers. Clyde Morgan was excellent as Othello, and the other Limón artists did well, although Daniel Lewis, with a beard and long hair tied in a tail, looked more like a character from a Chanukah festival than El Indio (*La Malinche*). His Iago was considerably better.

Norman Walker, Lar Lubovitch, Rod Rodgers, and Paul Sanasardo were there with their expert companies, and so also was Twyla Tharp (with her ensemble of girls), who drives some of us right up the wall and yet fascinates many others. And there were yet more contributors to this New York Dance Festival, a major event in the city's great dance panorama.

A few words, I think, will suffice to report on a Soviet film of the Petipa-Ivanov *Swan Lake* (Tchaikovsky), updated by Konstantin Sergeyev and danced by the Kirov Ballet of Leningrad. It was shown here in New York at Philharmonic Hall and is presently touring other cities. It is an abridged version of the great four-act masterpiece; missing, for example, are several of the national dances in Act III, the pas de trois in Act I, and that most famous of "white" *corps* dances, the great ensemble that all American balletomanes think of as the "Rosie O'Grady" number (since the musical theme starts out with this popular tune) by the enchanted Swans.

Today's Russian tamperers with the classics seem to think they are modernizing the old pieces by omitting all the mime. This is rather like dropping all recitative from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century operas—the story line is lost. In this butchered *Swan Lake* you haven't a clue to the marvels of *Swan* itself except for fragments of lovely dancing.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.40 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers; Phone Numbers count as two words. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.20 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.25 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.30 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.35 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC, 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

XEROX COPIES. 3¢ per copy plus postage. Allow 3 days. Gnomon Copy, 103 North Pleasant Street, Amherst, Massachusetts 01002. For more information call collect 413-253-7393.

LIBRARY INFORMATION and research service. Literature searches by professional librarians. All fields. Photocopies furnished. Box D-159.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR, provable major credits, will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS! Speeches, articles, novels, family histories. Robert Hogrogian. 201-489-0637.

RESEARCH, writing, translations expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box T-820.

REPORTS, MANUSCRIPTS, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team at work. RG Research, 11 Ontario, Oak Park, Illinois 60302.

PROFESSIONAL EDITOR, midwest, for manuscripts, articles. Design, write pamphlets, brochures. Box D-599.

AVOID COSTLY, TIME-CONSUMING individual queries. Reach 2,175 editors simultaneously. Book, Magazine & Photo Markets, 37 West 10th Street, NYC, 10011. Free brochure.

BOOKS

EPIC OF LATIN AMERICA. John Crow, completely revised, Doubleday, $12.50. "A brilliant broad-scale history" —New Yorker.

LAST WHOLE EARTH CATALOGUE—448 pages, $5.35. Saturday Booksellers, 507A Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10017.

BOOKS ON MEXICO. Free lists. Mexican Books, St. Peters, Pennsylvania 19470.

BIG PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS catalogue, free. Bookseller, Box 54S, Sherman, Connecticut 06784.

25% OFF current Best Sellers. Read details under Personals. BOOKQUICK, INC.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

FIRST EDITIONS, rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, Rowe Road, RFD 3, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230.

GOOD USED BOOKS—Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Write for lists. Editions, Desk SR Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

BOOKS

RARE BOOKS. FIRST EDITIONS. Prints, Letters. Give the unusual gift this season. Send $1 for our catalogue of over 450 items: Bindings, framed prints, political and literary letters and autographs, plus other interesting and unusual gifts. Money refundable against purchase. The Current Company, P.O. Box 46, Bristol, R.I. 02809.

FIRST LISTING rare and out-of-print Southwestern Americana. Write Calvin Horn Publisher, Inc., Box 4204, Albuquerque, N.M. 87106.

COLLECTORS! SCHOLARS! Catalogue 21. Economics, History, Politics. 1688-1848. Durham Books, Durham, Connecticut 06422.

FOREIGN BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street),NYC, 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Personalizing and Special designing. ANTIOCH BOOKPLATE, Box 28A, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

UNIQUE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS. Handsome contemporary or antique Bookplates. Send 25¢ for catalogue, refunded with order. BERLINER-McGINNIS, Box 5B, Nevada City, California 95959.

OUT-OF-PRINT

CINEMA CATALOGUE MONTHLY. 50¢ (coins). Dels, 17303-G Gard, Artesia, California 90701.

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

BOOKS LOCATED without obligation. Coleman Locator Service, 12524 East 212th Street, Lakewood, California 90715.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Large stock, free search. Dabney Co., Box 31061-R, Temple Hills, Maryland 20031.

ART

CHRISTMAS CARDS by thirteen young artists—mod, colorful, Christocentric, peaceful. For 16 usable samples, send 35¢ to Seminary Press, Dept. SR, Box 11437, St. Louis, 63105.

COLLECT FINE ORIGINAL ETCHINGS and lithographs by the world's great artists including Rembrandt, Picasso, Rouault, Soyer, Landau and Florsheim. Free illustrated catalogue and Master Print Supplement. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10022.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS," 25¢. Whittemore, Box D2065, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339.

RECORD MART

MAHLER SCHOLAR? In league with Grieg? Boyce your choice? They're alive and well and appear frequently in "Masterpieces in the Mail," offering LP treasures at bargain prices. For free subscription write: Dept. SRC, The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, NYC, 10017.

FREE 64 PAGE CATALOGUE offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Introductory records as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings. In Stereo only. MHS Records, Box 932-SR, New York, 10023.

SHOW ALBUMS — Rare, Out-of-Print LPs. Large list 25¢. Broadway/Hollywood Recordings, Georgetown, Connecticut 06829.

COLLECTOR THINNING COLLECTION. Shows, pop. Catalogue 25¢. Records, 3973 Glenfeliz, Los Angeles, 90039.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

RENAISSANCE/BAROQUE LUTES. Master crafted. Renaissance Gilde, Cambridget, Wisconsin 53523.

HARPSICHORDS with the most beautiful sound, from North America's leading makers. For brochure send 25¢ to SABATHIL & SON, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, or John Allen, 500 Glenway, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

BECHSTEIN: We have yet to meet our first dissatisfied customer. Piano Imports, John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101.

UNCOMMON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Historical woodwinds, brass. Lutes, gambas, harps, dulcimers, kanteles, balalaikas, bouzoukis, fine guitars. Catalogue $1, refundable. Classical Instruments, Gateway Building, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130.

TUNE YOUR OWN PIANO textbook, all tools necessary. Book worth $12.90. Get complete kit, $29.95 plus $1.00 handling. Nashua House, Box 651S, Nashua, N.H. 03060.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

LEARN POPULAR PIANO — Short, interesting course. Bernard Spencer, M.A., Steinway Hall, COlumbus 5-1418 NYC.

THE SHERMAN BUNKER Piano Course. A complete beginning adult program. Learn at your own pace. 3½ hours of cassette tape with accompanying 40 page text. $34.95. Brochure. Write: Adwell Audio-Visual Company, Inc., 241-15 Braddock Avenue, Bellerose, New York 11426. 212-343-4462.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK DATED MAGAZINES! Send needs. Midtown, Box 917-SR, Maywood, N.J. 07607.

BACK COPIES SR available, $1.50 each, from JESSE JONES BOX CORPORATION, Box 5120, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19141.

COLOR SLIDES

35mm COLOR SLIDES, 10,671 individually sold, described encyclopedia-catalogue. 10¢. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 7-101, Los Angeles, California 90025.

TEACHER INSTITUTES

PRESCHOOL PERCEPTION DEVELOPMENT. Correspondence course based on "A Sensory-Motor Approach to Music Learning" (MCA Music). Carabo-Cone Method Teachers Association, Carnegie Hall Building, NYC, 10019.

SCHOOLS

VERSHIRE SCHOOL—Coed secondary school combining pioneering (our 4th year), scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff background Foreign Service, business, education, Peace Corps. Blending also Peace Corps approaches (study in Mexico, Europe) and imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent scenery. Thirty horses and indoor riding ring . . . all very secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire, Vermont 05079. 802-685-4547.

ROOSEVELT SCHOOL. Shippan Point, Stamford, Connecticut 06902. 203-325-2231. Coed. Day and Boarding, 7th to 12th grade. Faculty student ratio 1-7. Individual programming, supervised study halls. 3 year high school graduation. Classes start September 30th.

COLLEGES

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND—SCHILLER COLLEGE, Liberal Arts. See "STUDIES ABROAD."

NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE IN OLD ENGLAND—Arundel campus in Arundel, Sussex, England. Four year Liberal Arts programs available. Transfers accepted for year abroad. 4-1-4 Academic Calendar. Coed. New England College accredited by NEAC&SS. Write Director of Admissions, Box R, New England College, Henniker, N.H. 03242.

CHAPMAN COLLEGE. See ad under Studies Abroad.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLEGES

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for well-informed, highly motivated adults 26 and over wishing to complete liberal arts undergraduate education. Two-week resident periods on Goddard campus alternate with six-month independent study projects carried on at home under faculty supervision. Program leads to Goddard Bachelor of Arts degree. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017. Dept. SR or Educational Development Center, 165 East Tenth Street, Claremont, California 91711, Dept. SR.

WANDERJAHR—Post-high school men. Unique educational alternative. Practical experience. Life planning. Bo Drobish, *Far View Ranch, Marysville, California 95901.*

HOBBIES

"BOTTLE PRICING GUIDE." New! Accurately prices, lists over 3,400 old, new bottles. 18 categories. Over 1,000 sharp, detailed photographs. Helps you buy, sell for fun, profit. 274 pages. $5.95 postpaid. Guaranteed. Cleveland, 320AAX Main, San Angelo, Texas 76901.

FOR THE GOURMET

WINEMAKING KIT—$4.98. Free catalogue and recipes. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. 101, 799 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003.

CHEESECAKE BY MAIL. Box 498, Lenox Hill Station, NYC, 10021.

SECRET, TREASURED Kagi-Yagi™ recipe. Send $1.00 to HOT POTS™, Box 203, Garrett Park, Maryland 20766.

WORLD'S MOST ELEGANT CHOCOLATES—Now available by mail: "Our Famous Assortment" 1 lb. $4.75, 2 lb. $8.50 delivered. Write for our complete brochure on chocolates and gourmet foods. BISSINGER'S, 205 West 4th Street, Dept. SR-10, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

PERSONALS

PUTNEY SCHOOL HARVEST FESTIVAL, Putney, Vermont, October 9th. Carol Brown will be there (and at home).

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your *Autographs.*" *Catalogues issued.* Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th Street, NYC, 10021. 212-628-1666.

BRAIN-WAVE FEEDBACK. Electroencephalophone teaches alpha-wave control. J & J Enterprises, 8102-H, Bainbridge, Washington 98110.

NEEDLEPOINTERS—Send $2 for fabulous new 44-page full-color catalogue of original designs. Mazaltov's, Dept. S10, 758 Madison Avenue, NYC, 10021.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

25% OFF most current general interest books including Best Sellers. Orders filled in under 48 hours on 200,000 current in-stock hardcover titles. Request order forms or subtract discount from list price, add 39¢ handling and send check or money order to: BOOKQUICK, INC., Box 1058, Department 404, Somerville, New Jersey 08876.

CITRUS SEASON begins November. Shipping Florida's finest Grapefruit and Oranges to 47 states, Canada and Europe. Free Brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

FLEMING BOTTLE CUTTER. Recycle no-return bottles into attractive goblets, glasses, candleholders, bowls, etc. Complete instructions. Learn in five minutes. Practice conservation at home, club or scouts. $9.95 postpaid. The Environmentals Company, Box 965, Ashburnham, Massachusetts 01430.

IMPROVE YOUR ENVIRONMENT! Plant a think tank! Details, LaFitte's Hideaway, Box 4324, Carrollton Station, New Orleans, Louisiana 70118.

PERSONALS

WHAT YOUR ANCESTORS put in the attic you'll probably find at the New York Flea Market, 26th Street and 6th Avenue, Sundays, 1-7.

PEACE CHRISTMAS CARDS, 15/$2.75. Samples 50¢. International McClelland, SR, Beverly Hills, 90210.

DON'T LET Europeans beat you to the best rental houses for 1972. Plan now. Choice properties Western Europe, Caribbean and Mexico. Also U.S. agent for Swiss Automobile Club chalets in Switzerland, Spain, Italy and France. Cornelius E. O'Connor, Overseas Real Estate, 1133 Sixth Avenue, NYC, 10036. 212-757-5150.

SLEEP-LEARNING Equipment—Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-SR, Olympia, Washington.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS. CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

HANDWEAVERS: table, floor, tapestry, inkle and other looms and all accessories. Available from stock. Free catalogue. Dept. SR, School Products Co. Inc., 312 East 23rd Street, NYC, 10010.

UNIQUE, DISTINCTIVE personalized address labels. Brochure. Pirogue Pier, Box 4324, Carrollton Station, New Orleans, Louisiana 70118.

FREE CATALOGUE: Low direct prices. Diamonds, Sapphires, Silks, Cosmetics, Crystal, Hunting, Fishing, Camping Supplies. Herter's Inc., Dept. CS, Waseca, Minnesota 56093.

BLUE GLASS LINERS for silver saltcellars, condiment holders. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC, 10016.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKOUT—Perfect prints, 8 or 12-shot rolls, $2; 20-shot rolls, $3; 36-shot rolls, $5. Money-back guarantee. We pay postage both ways! Send $$ and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut 06355.

POSTERS (over 300, many antiwar), buttons (over 175), patches, bumper stickers and other peace items. Wholesale and retail. Catalogue with pictures 25¢ (refund 1st order). BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, 94103.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import $10.95 up; Purcell from $6. Student Special, Corelli $5; Recorder Instruction Kit, Soprano Recorder, Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $5.95, add sales tax and shipping $1.50. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free catalogue. 10-1-B, HARGAIL, 28 West 38th Street, NYC, 10018.

THE HUMANIST MANIFESTO. Victory strategy for '72. *America needs this book!* Send $2.25. *Cypress House,* Box 217, Miami, Florida 33156.

ALPHAPHONE™ *headset—brain-wave trainer. Free literature.* Aquarius Electronics, Box 627-C, Mendocino, California 95460.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York, 10021. 212-RE 4-3902 Established 1887.

RADIO SCRIPTS WANTED. Nationally known narrator needs Personal Motivation "Capsules." Send self-addressed, stamped request for format. Royalties paid. Auditus Unlimited, 2150 44th Street, S.E., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49508.

GENUINE BUCKSKIN JACKETS and hundreds of unique leather items. Send 50¢ for buckskin money poke and big color catalogue. Berman Buckskin Company, Dept. 37, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

WE COPY AND RESTORE old photos and documents. Repro Associates, Sonith Building, Pine and Daly Streets, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

PICKFORD, BARRYMORE, ARBUCKLE, STROHEIM, 8mm Silent Feature Film Classics. Free Catalogue. Milestone Movies, P.O. Box 3347, Grand Central Station, NYC, 10017.

INDIAN AMULET—Longhorn leather, draw thong pouch, $1.00, with genuine onyx amulet, $2.00 ppd. T&G Company, 162 Lincoln Street, Garden City, N.Y. 11530.

SAVE EARTH stationery, Yes—Yes, No—No Cards, $2.00 package. HAYDEN'S, Sharon, Wisconsin 53585.

PERSONALS

BENNINGTON COLLEGE, Bennington, Vermont, October 12th, big collection of Carol Brown's wares.

GLOVE CLEANING BY MAIL. $1.25 pair. Free glove mailing envelope. Roblin Leather, 190 Glencove Avenue, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

TASHA TUDOR ENTHUSIASTS—Write to the Tasha Tudor Room, The Dutch Inn Gift Shop, Mill Hall, Pennsylvania 17751 (enclosing 16 cents in stamps for handling and mailing), for our catalogue of TASHA TUDOR items immediately available. About 40 different titles illustrated by and in many cases written by this noted artist (two new books this year), all her Christmas cards and note cards currently in print, numerous original paintings, etc. Or send $6.25 for a sample set of her 1971 Christmas cards, from which it is possible to order cards in multiples of 25, with or without names. (Pennsylvania residents include 6% sales tax with orders.)

CARIBBEAN BOUND? Send for your copy of "Saturday Review in the CARIBBEAN." 40-page booklet containing more than a year's worth of articles and features on the Caribbean from the pages of SR. $1.00 postpaid. Saturday Review Booklet, 19th Floor, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

GREAT GIFTS from a great museum. Christmas cards and gifts reproduced from the collections of the Detroit Institute of Arts. Send 25¢ for illustrated catalogue to Sales, Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, Michigan 48202.

TOP NAME PERFUMES: 25% off. Perfume Advertising, Box 48, Ardmore, Pennsylvania 19003.

KENNEDY CENTER OPENING NIGHT PROGRAM plus EXCLUSIVE SAMPLER RECORDING OF LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S "MASS"—The very same 144-page Program Magazine received by the opening night audience September 8th at the gala opening of the John F. Kennedy Center in Washington. A genuine collector's item. Plus an exclusive 7-inch sampler recording of Bernstein's "Mass, a Theatre Piece for Singers, Players and Dancers," commissioned expressly for the opening of the Kennedy Center. A full recording will not be available until 1972. Opening night Program/Magazine and Recording only $6.95. Add postage and handling, 50 cents plus local taxes. Available only while they last. Saturday Review Programs, Dept. SC, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

HARPSICHORDS AND CLAVICHORDS—New Flemish harpsichord, curved bentside, uncompromising classic construction and detail, $295. Other kits from $100. Send for free brochure. Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Dept. S, 160 Sixth Avenue, New York, 10013.

TOY THEATRES—Reproduction of authentic 1836 toy—cardboard stage and play, $3.00. Box 1184, Santa Monica, California 90406.

GUATEMALAN COFFEE BEAN NECKLACES, tapestry potholders. $2.25 each, postpaid. Box 8984, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19135.

INITIALS OF YOUR CHOICE!! Nationally advertised quality plastic coated playing cards. Double deck, $4.25. GVL Associates, 575CA Oakdale, Massapequa Park, New York 11762.

UNIQUE! PERSONALIZED CHRISTMAS POEMS. First letter of each line spells your Business or Personal name down side of poem. Printing available, Christmas stationery. Time limited. Details, The Hedrick Associates, 1711 Huff, Wichita Falls, Texas 76301.

ANIMAL KINDNESS COLORING BOOK—delightful, educational. Domestic, wild animals. 64 pages, $1. Humane Society of U.S., 1604 "K" Street, Washington, D.C. 20006.

"BATTLE" OF ARMAGEDDON not biblical. Brochure mailed free. The Crawfords, Box 42, Sun City, California 92381.

STUDENT SEEKING meaningful alternative to college life. Help. Box D-812.

LITERARY AGENTS: Looking for new talent? Young poet captured today and the environment! Are you interested representing such talent who needs publisher? Box D-592.

ELECTRONIC MIND TRIPS, Half-hour tape, reel or cassette, $5. Eye/West, Box 473, Portland, Oregon 97207.

WORKING WIDOW—Enjoys skiing, sailing, hiking, reading. Wants someone whose interests and situation are comparable share expenses of spacious home, travel. References exchanged. Box D-817.

YOGA CORRESPONDENCE COURSE—Swami Kriyananda. Information Ananda-D, Nevada City, California 95959.

(Continued on page 84)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 83)

SITUATIONS WANTED

LIBRARIAN-M.A.L.S.—experienced with serials, cataloguing and law. Seeks challenging position in New England Academic Library. Box D-578.

Ph.D. METALLURGIST. Seven years' industrial R&D experience, one year teaching experience. Desires position in international technological development. Box D-810.

AMHERST-PRINCETON M.P.A., knowledge economics, three foreign languages, excellent writer, experience, seeks challenge in public affairs. Alan Hershey, 8 Gramatan Road, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

UNATTACHED FEMALE. 25 to 45, to assist couple managing resort apartments on beach. Salary, room, board, travel vacations, as a family. Job requirement: informal congeniality. Box 236, Ocean City, N.J. 08226.

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA—Fortyish, literate, male salesperson bake shop. Room, board, winter. 5-day week. Box D-531.

ART SALES EXECUTIVE wanted by Palo Alto art dealer. Please submit qualified resume to Mr. Williams, 304 Bryant, Palo Alto, California.

PROFILES IN LIVING—Sydney, San Juan or Zurich. Guides to housing, schools, living conditions. $5.00 each. International Relocation Services, Sandy Spring, Maryland 20860.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU ! ! ! Government assisted passage. 1972 government information and forms. Most complete information available. $1.00. Reports on Employment, Business, Taxes, Education, Teaching, Housing, Ranching, Maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

HIGH PAYING OVERSEAS JOBS. Construction, other projects, Bonuses, travel expenses, extras. International Information. 108 Cortez, Florida 33522.

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 (printing and handling) for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

JOBS EUROPE guaranteed and salaried — England, Switzerland, year-round, young people, 18-26. General help in 1st class hotels. For details send $1.00 to Princeton Research Corporation, 13355 Cantara Street, Panorama City, California 91402.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 232-MS, Cumberland, Indiana 46229.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706P70, Orinda, California 94563.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA NEEDS YOU—New 1971 Australian Handbook describing free passage, employment opportunities, business, farming, teaching, etc. $1.00. Employment directories: Australian business, $1.00, U.S. businesses there, $1.00. All three, $2.00. (550 employers listed.) Buckeye, Box 1032DG, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Gracious, small, 18th century estate situated on approximately 5 acres of land in the bucolic heart of the island. Grounds include beautiful old trees, pond, stream and miniature island. Main house, dating from 1715, contains 4 fireplaces, exposed beams, oil heat, and all conveniences. Separate, completely equipped, guest/party barn with spacious decks, swimming pool, and barbeque. Impeccable condition throughout. Available immediately at justified high price. Write: Manning, Box 124, West Tisbury, Massachusetts 02575.

NEWTOWN, CONNECTICUT—Unique barn converted into home and studio on country road. 3 acres. 30' x 30' studio, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 fireplaces. 30' x 30' gallery. 3 stall stable. $69,500. Manzo Realty, 43 Main, Newtown, Connecticut 06470. 203-426-4301.

For Sale—Furnished

ADIRONDACKS. Magnificent mountain view; 20 wooded acres. Near skiing. 3 bedrooms; completely furnished. 4½ hours NYC. $32,000. 516-671-3452.

For Rent—Furnished

VILLA RENTALS. Select residences with staff for holiday rental in Europe, Caribbean, Mexico. For brochure: At Home Abroad, Inc., 136 East 57th Street, NYC, 10022. 212-421-9165.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

OCEANFRONT, DEL RAY BEACH, Florida, estate. Whole block. Pool. Central heat, a/c. Caretaker. Immaculate condition. Inquiries invited. Brochure. Crafts, Box 1398, Stow, Ohio 44224, 216-688-3048.

For Winter Rental

SKI VERMONT—De luxe chalet. Mad River, Sugarbush nearby. Osmun, Bristol, 05443.

HOUSE WANTED

Furnished

THREE BEDROOM HOUSE in Connecticut or Hudson River Valley area, New York, for foundation behind International Walk for Development Weekend. Box D-589.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

ROOM AVAILABLE

For Winter Rental

SKIERS: Double room, kitchen privileges. Private home in a Berkshire Hills village. Weekends for entire season, $600. Box 208, Pittsfield, Massachusetts 01201.

ISLAND FOR RENT

PRIVATE ISLAND for rent, Florida Keys. 2 bedroom home. Art Nilsen Realty, 1225 South Biscayne Point, Miami Beach, Florida 33141.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

SCARCE OCEANFRONT LAND on Hawaii Island — $20,000. Kapoho, Puna, Hawaii. Write Helene Hale, Realtor, 38 Kalakaua, Hilo, Hawaii 96720.

80 ACRES in N.H. mountains. 5,000 ft. stream frontage. 10 minutes to skiing. Terms to suit. $50,000. George Schroeder, Center Ossipee, N.H. 03814.

BAR HARBOR, WINTER HARBOR, Deer Isle, Prospect Harbor, Castine, Dark Harbor, Sullivan, Stonington, Steuben, Islesboro. Make your investment in enduring beauty on the incomparable coast of Maine. We can offer you that vanishing treasure—a privately owned homesite on the oceanfront in these select resort communities . . . bold ocean views . . . 4 acre hillside sites on a pond . . . deepwater frontage as low as $5,750 for 150 feet on the shore . . . high shorefront with long views, $7,500 for 173 feet of frontage . . . 2 to 5 acres with adjacent shore privileges for $3,000 to $5,000 . . . 1¾ acres between the golf course and the sea for $4,500. Deed covenants protect environmental beauty. Terms: 15% down, balance 7¾% for six years. Call Whitecaps, 207-667-5956 or Box 45-SB, Bar Harbor, Maine.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . low as $1.00 acre! Vacationing, Investment, Homesteading! All provinces! "Opportunities in Canadian Land" includes complete purchase information! Send $1.00. Canadian International, Box 29193-MV, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

VERMONT PROPERTIES—Lovely country homes. For considerate service, Frank Punderson Agency, Pittsford, Vermont. 802-483-6517.

100 ACRES WOODLAND on river in Province of New Brunswick, Canada. Excellent hunting and fishing. Box D-820.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

IN BEAUTIFUL KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE, near unpolluted beach and rivers and all other outdoor activities. New motel and restaurant for sale as such—or can be ideally used for very special private school with almost no conversion. Owner ill but anxious to sell to someone who will properly care for it. Asking $290,000. $165,000 can be assumed. Call 207-967-4424 or write Showalter, Box 118, Kennebunkport, Maine 04046.

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 763B, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

RETIREMENT LIVING

YEARLY FREE VACATION—World's warm areas. Furnished facilities. Box D-591.

VACATIONS

VIRGIN ISLANDS. St. Thomas, Cowpet Bay villa. Luxurious 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, living room, dining area, complete kitchen, patio overlooking beautiful white beach on Caribbean. Air conditioned. Maid service. Reasonable rates. Call collect 215-247-5388.

BE A TURTLE—Your family shell for a week is a fully equipped rental Florida houseboat. Boating experience unnecessary. Write for brochure: Waterbird, S-18, Box 617, Jensen Beach, Florida 33457.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up Brochure S.

TIKI—YOUR TROPIC ISLAND HOME. Sanibel, Florida. Private cottage; Gulf beach. Swimming, fishing, shelling. Brochure. L.I., 621-3252. SR Box A-90.

JAMAICA, NORTH COAST AREA. Two separately located Villas on Sea, also swimming pool. No housekeeping worries. Adults only. Contact "Resort Villas," P.O. Box 299, Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.

THE OLD TAVERN at Grafton, Vermont. The most elegant little Inn in all New England. For information write Wilf & Lois Copping, Innkeepers.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury hotels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-S, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $17 to $22 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

CARIBBEAN SEA—Remarkable resort Idyllic coconut beach. Efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

PUERTO RICO—Beautiful Luquillo Beach. Oceanfront, all conveniences. Sleeps 4. Basketball, tennis, pool. $175 weekly. Write Cumpiano, Box 4551, San Juan, P.R. Phone 809-725-3914.

ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES—Modern Falmouth Harbour Beach Studio Apartments. Maid, shopping service. Private white sand beach. Swim, sunbathe, fish, sail, snorkel. No charge for use of boats. Write for color brochure or see your Travel Agent. N.Y. Rep: F. Junge, 51 East 42nd Street, New York. 212-867-7585. Owner: Hancarib, 770 Welch Road, Palo Alto, California. 415-325-5627.

VACATIONS

THANKSGIVING & CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS in Arizona are even more joyous when celebrated at The Wigwam, in Litchfield Park, just minutes from Phoenix. There's a round of specially planned Holiday activities designed to keep your family's mood happy and festive, with the emphasis on entertainment; including swimming, tennis, dinner dancing, riding on spectacular desert trails, and for Dad, great golf on two Robert Trent Jones courses. Lovely accommodations brighten the spirit, too, as does the excellent food. Attractive American Plan rates. For spectacular brochures, rates, further information and reservations, contact: Reade Whitwell, Vice President, THE WIGWAM, Litchfield Park, Arizona 85340. Telephone: 602-935-3811.

BATTERIES RECHARGED—We use a secret age-old formula that combines sea and shore, pollution free air and water, the sound of music created by a trillion birds accompanied by the ocean's roar. Call or write Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn, Oceanfront Cottages & Hostelry, "On the Brink o' the Beach," Montauk, Long Island, New York 11954, Planet Earth, U.S.A. 516-668-2345. Open All Year.

NEW MEXICO. Nature oriented Bear Mountain Lodge, Silver City. 505-538-2538.

BAYFRONT-UNIQUE—Lighthouse Cottages, Clearwater Beach, Florida 33515. Fall from $85 week. Also Christmas, Winter Season. Apartments, too. Brochure.

WRITER'S BLOCK? Try a "workation" in a lush tropical setting. Hotel School Casa Monte in cool hills high above Kingston has quiet guest rooms, excellent food, swimming pool, gardens, low rates. Special 20% discount for writers staying 3 weeks, 25% for month's stay. Write Jamaica Tourist Board, Box 284, Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.

CRUISE INLAND FLORIDA—Relax, 5 idyllic days on LAZY BONES plus airboat and swamp buggy jaunts in Everglades country. $149 complete—November through April. Featured on Jack Douglas TV series. Brochures, reservations, write Capt. Maurer, Shanty Boat Cruises, Rt 1, Box 366SR, Ft. Myers, Florida 33905.

BUCKS COUNTY—If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a quiet, very charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. We would be delighted to have you visit us. For a detailed brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24: 4 persons $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN — SCHILLER COLLEGE —see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West Studies.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — FRANCE — SPAIN — ENGLAND — SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal arts; B.A., M.A. (German, French, theatre), M.M. curricula; academic year programs in Heidelberg, Berlin, Bonnigheim Castle (near Stuttgart), Paris, Madrid, London. American credit system. Special programs: music, theatre, fine arts. Stimulating European Travel Program. Choice of graduate and undergraduate summer courses. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. New lower rates. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—French, Dance, Music, Art-History, Painting, Cuisine, Sculpture, Theatre, Photography, Cinema. 1. Academic year, two semesters. 2. Interim program, January 4th-February 1st. 3. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. 4. Christmas in Paris and London, December 23rd-January 2nd. Eminent artist/professors. Write airmail (3 International coupons) to: PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

TRAVEL

AMERICAN, living, working Majorca, will find you living quarters. Davis, Soller, Majorca, Spain.

LOOKING FOR an interpersonal, cross-cultural experience that provides professional and personal rewards? If you're between the ages of 24 and 45, speak a second language, and would enjoy helping a group of U.S. students explore one of 35 countries next summer, consider Experiment leadership. Expenses plus honorarium. Write: Leadership, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

TIMBUCTU — 17 days all inclusive tour New York/Timbuctu, the fabulous Sahara Capitol. $565 land portion. Departures first Saturday every month. Write for brochures. African Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z1L Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

VENEZUELA! THE INSIDE TRACK. Personal guide: Herrick, Apartado 61963, Caracas.

TRAVEL COMPANIONS & ESCORTS—For children, invalids (including wheel chairs and stretchers), elderly, blind, and infants from or to any point in the world by air, land, or sea. Highly trained personnel including registered nurses. Multilingual if requested. Short trips or long cruises. No time limitations. Write International Travel Companions, Inc., Box 107 SR, Cochranville, Pennsylvania 19330. Tel. 215-869-8500.

GREECE: THE MAGIC SPRING. Harper, $8.95; Epic of Latin America, Doubleday, $12.50, John Crow, Indispensable books for travelers.

VENTURETREK in remote parts of West Africa and Southern Sahara. Parties organized to go, winter and spring. Write Explorers "A" Ltd., Box 161, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140, for Brochure S.

VIRGIN ISLANDS CHARTER—41' Reliant auxiliary yawl, crewed or bare boat. Low summer rates until December 1st. Brochure. Olof Hedstrom, Box 167, Hartford City, Indiana 47348.

BUY OR RENT a new car for your trip abroad. Free Catalogue. Europe By Car, Inc., 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

AFRICAN WITCHCRAFT TOUR limited to six people who want adventure and education. Summer 1972. Not for typical tourist. Write Box 70, Norwich, Vermont 05055.

JOIN THE CREW in the Virgin Islands for 8 days sailing aboard popular sailing ship, "MAVERICK." From $190, all inclusive. Free folder. Stateside phone 201-566-6416, or Airmail WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, Box 2131S, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

SOUTH AMERICA—"Green Hell Tour" of the Amazon Jungle. 18 days $565 land portion. "Central America by Motorcoach." 15 days $415 land portion. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

LYSISTRATA—Cruise the Greek Islands with Professor A. D. Winspear in his private yacht. Swift, clean ship, excellent food, interpretative lectures. Two week cruises $330 (U.S.) inclusive. Write for 1972 brochure, P.O. Box 3263, Postal Station B, Calgary 41, Alberta, Canada.

TUDOR HOTEL. 304 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017. N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. Adjacent to U.N., shopping, theatres, sightseeing only steps away. All newly decorated accommodations with private bath, television and air conditioning. Cocktail lounge and English Pub. Singles from $12; double from $15. Family rooms featuring 2 baths. Write for new brochure. 212-YU 6-8800.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1957

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS

A. Lake, 185 sq. mi., S central Sweden

B. Small island in the Firth of Forth, NW of Leith

C. District, SW Hampshire, Eng., set aside as a hunting ground by William the Conqueror (2 wds.)

D. Son of Launcelot and Elaine, fated to retrieve the Holy Grail

E. The ceremonious drinking of wine or other beverage

F. English prince (1060?-1125?) grandson of Edmund Ironside (full name)

G. Another name for Rhondda, Wales

H. Iteration

I. Confidential, secret (3 wds.)

J. Residential district, London; home of Lord's Cricket Ground (3 wds.)

K. Diligent in purpose; of earnest intent; scholarly

L. Meanwhile (3 wds.)

WORDS

10 46 51 73 79 85 124 140 151

172 197 215 4 48 59 74 117

160 168 183 210 224 233 11 23 35

61 72 96 100 121 135 167

18 27 45 55 63 86 93 101

116 177 203 214 225 234 3 36 47 105 130 162 84

219 229 12 32 75 22 113 143 148 53 94 137

141 150 157 171 182 192 201 230 2 8

44 87 34 37 68 104 166 175 179 187 204 211

58 64 223 227 57 170 185 41 67 156 102

112 120 136 231 5 40 60 70

91 208 235 138 161 196 21 24 30 39 97 127

DEFINITIONS

M. Complete; pure; not limited; positive

N. Anything inducing a pleasurable sensation of forgetfulness

O. Drunken

P. Disclosure that startles one into a fresh realization (comp.)

Q. Cruisers and aircraft carriers, for instance (2 wds.)

R. Tin lizzie; shaky vehicle

S. Flexible, accommodating, tolerant

T. Fr. painter and etcher (1836-1902) who did water-colors of the Bible

U. One who makes a tour of inspection on foot; in England, baby carriage

V. All wet (2 wds.)

W. Hit (a golf ball) high in the air

X. Not working; without effect

Y. Map maker

Z. Equal, fifty-fifty (comp.)

WORDS

144 17 43 159 26 165 173 178

228 13 80 99 28 49 90 125

133 181 186 205 236 82 174

190 119 126 207 103 213 238 19 169

226 7 123 153 163 222 111 114 216 16 180 189

212 31 71 76 134 199 89 191 110 128

132 145 154 164 77 106 56

81 108 195 200 237 129

147 217 14 83 221 1 194 146 184 9 65 176

209 66 98 118 20 50 54

155 193 29 107

38 42 142 158 122 15 25 149 206 131 232

109 62 220 218 152 202 92 115

33 6 69 52 88 139 78 198 188 95

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

		1 U	2 H	3 F	4 B		5 K	6 Z	7 Q	8 H		9 U	10 A	11 C		12 G	13 N	14 U
15 X	16 Q	17 M	18 E	19 P		20 V	21 L	22 G		23 C	24 L	25 X	26 M	27 E	28 N		29 W	30 L
31 R	32 G	33 Z	34 I		35 C	36 F	37 I	38 X	39 L		40 K	41 J	42 X		43 M	44 I	45 E	46 A
47 F	48 B	49 N	50 V		51 A	52 Z	53 G		54 V	55 E	56 S	57 J		58 J	59 B	60 K	61 D	62 Y
63 E		64 J	65 U		66 V	67 J	68 I	69 Z	70 K	71 R	72 D	73 A	74 B		75 G	76 R	77 S	78 Z
79 A	80 N	81 T	82 O		83 U	84 F	85 A	86 E	87 I	88 Z	89 R		90 N	91 L	92 Y		93 E	94 G
95 Z		96 D	97 L	98 V	99 N		100 D	101 E	102 J		103 P	104 I	105 F	106 S	107 W	108 T	109 Y	110 R
111 Q		112 K	113 G	114 Q	115 Y	116 F	117 B		118 V	119 P		120 K	121 D	122 X		123 Q	124 A	125 N
—	126 P	127 L	128 R	129 T	130 F	131 X	132 S		133 O	134 R	135 D	136 K	137 G	138 L	139 Z	140 A	141 H	
142 X	143 G		144 M	145 S	146 U		147 U	148 G	149 X	150 H	151 A	152 Y	153 Q	154 S	155 W		156 J	157 H
158 X	159 M	160 C	161 L	162 F	163 Q	164 S		165 M	166 I	167 D	168 C	169 P		170 J	171 H	172 B	173 M	174 O
175 I	176 U		177 F	178 M	179 I	180 Q	181 O	182 H		183 C	184 U	185 J		186 O	187 I	188 Z		189 Q
190 P	191 R	192 H	193 W	194 U	195 T		196 L	197 B	198 Z	199 R	200 T	201 H	202 Y	203 F	204 I	205 O	206 X	207 P
208 L		209 V	210 C		211 I	212 R	213 P	214 F	215 B	216 Q	217 U	218 Y	219 G		220 Y		221 U	222 Q
223 J	224 C	225 F		226 Q	227 J	228 N	229 G	230 H	231 K	232 X	233 C	234 F	235 L	236 O	237 T	238 P		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which beach is Tahiti?

The uncrowded, unhurried, uninhibited one.

And not just one. Hundreds.

Because our part of the world is like a bracelet of ten turquoise gems spread out on a deep blue cushion.

Each one its own little world of beaches, waterfalls, sunsets, and night life.

The brightest gem is Tahiti.

And nearby are Moorea, Raiatea, Bora Bora, Huahine, Rangiroa, Manihi, Ua Huka, Tupuai, and Maupiti.

The fish still teem in our lagoons. The coconut tree still rules our skyline.

The experience of it all will fill you with a love for life we call oa oa.

It's what the French call joie de vivre, only ten times better.

Come. You'll see.

But first, see our lovely literature.
Write: Tahiti Tourist Board, P.O. Box 3720, Hollywood, CA 90028, Dept. K.

TAHITI

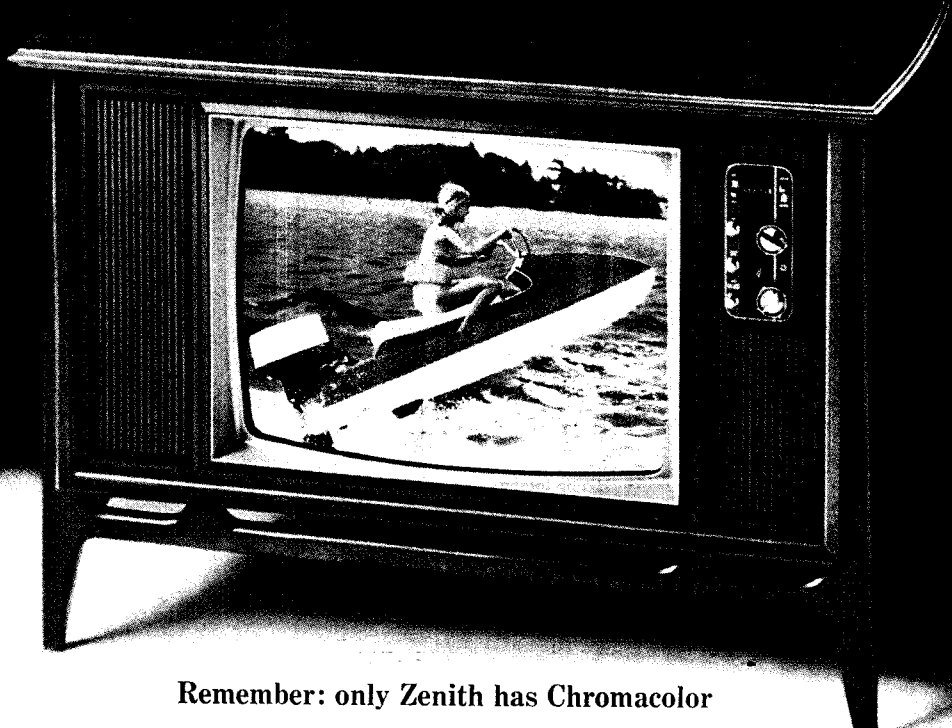
What more could you want?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

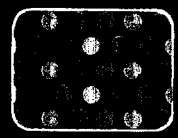
ZENITH®

CHROMACOLOR®

The color picture so sharp, so bright, with so much contrast and detail, it's become the standard of excellence in color TV.



In color TV, there's one name to remember: Zenith Chromacolor. The totally advanced color TV system featuring Zenith's dependable Handcrafted chassis. Customized Tuning. And the patented Chromacolor picture tube—the first tube to fully illuminate every



color dot on a jet-black background. To bring you a color picture so good, you have to *see* it, to see why it's become the standard of excellence.

Chromacolor—over a million people have already bought it.

At Zenith, *the quality goes in before the name goes on.*®

Remember: only Zenith has Chromacolor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EAKINS Model C4745W
Simulated TV Picture